AS YOU WERE

A Portable Library of American Prose and Poetry Assembled for Members of the Armed Forces and the Merchant Marine

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A PORTABLE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN PROSE AND POETRY ASSEMBLED FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES AND THE MERCHANT MARINE

EDITED BY

Alexander Woollcott

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TO
FRODE JENSEN
OVERSEAS

CONTENTS

AMERICAN FICTION

AMERICAN VERSE

AMERICAN FACT

FOREWORD

YOU hold in your hands at this moment a variety of reading matter—just verse and prose as the young man in *Crome Yellow* said when asked the nature of his literary work—prose and verse here reprinted on thin paper in a pocket size volume for the convenience of men who are mostly on the move and must travel light Since many of them will read it overseas its contents have been limited to American letters in the hope that one part or another will reach them as a fond familiar voice from the land they've left behind them

The editor takes full responsibility for all the more debatable choices made—why so much Frost and so little Longfellow for example or why to mention only four of the more conspicuous absentees such writers as Tom Paine Herman Melville Stephen Crane and Edgar Lee Masters are for the most various reasons missing altogether But he must avow his indebtedness to many neighbors whom he drafted as consultants In particular his thanks are due to Stephen Vincent Benet Mark Van Doren, Carl Carmer Booth Tarkington Willa Cather J T Winterich Thornton Wilder Carl Sandburg David McCord, E. B White and Felix Frankfurter

The editor must next identify himself as a tottering noncombatant who however did serve in the ranks of what it is comforting to call not the Last War but the Next To The Last War Like most old soldiers he is wont to talk prosily of that lesser and fast fading ad
and his cases in point are likely to be drawn from it.
now

For whenever the talk turns to soldiers and books two episodes float back to me from the world of twenty five years ago One deals with those haze hung months in the first half of 1919 when as a member of the editorial council of the original *Stars and Stripes* I had my sleeping-quarters in a small malodorous hotel on the Ile de la Cité where it touches the Pont Neuf and so came to know the twisting path to the boulevards from that ghost thronged bridge as well as ever I knew any equivalent neighborhood in Kansas City Philadelphia or New York True the hotel had only one *salle-de bain* but as none of its other clients used water for any purpose I even enjoyed the illusion of a private bath

Indeed the only fly in my ointment the only cracker crumb between my sheets was the M P Just then the sole duty and pleasure of the M P was frustrating the A W O L Many times a day I must halt in my innocent tracks and produce from the depths of my blouse a document establishing that I had any right to be in Paris at all There were unnerving stories of M P s so testy that when a challenged soldier would show his pass they would examine it critically find it in order tear it up and drag him to the hoosegow anyway

Then came a day when I roamed all Paris without once being stopped M P s might glance at me with distaste but they all let me pass by unmolested I meditated on this phenomenon Why had I seemed less suspect? Wherein lay the difference I could think of only one By chance that day I was carrying a book I determined to experiment Thereafter I never ventured onto the highways unless armed with a prop volume I do not recall that I ever looked inside this treasure but soon I would as lief have stepped out without my wrap-puttees For not once in the remaining months of my servitude was I ever called upon to account for myself To the

simple minds of the army s spoilsports it was unthinkable that a bookish soldier could be on the loose Wherefore it is hereby recommended to all men in the ranks when they go A.W O L. that they take this volume with them and *display it prominently*

The other memory recalls the only night I ever spent on the British front It was in midsummer of 1918 on the eve of the great advance which was never in more than twenty years to be retraced I had traveled four hundred kilometers to reach my destination had completed my mission and the sun having long since set had thought to turn in for the night then and what was more ingenuous of me there But room for casuals was not available Tersely it was suggested that I get the hell out of there Plodding back in the general direction of Amiens I hardly noticed the boom of the big guns the whine of the shells overhead, the chatter of the archies What I did notice what halted me in my tracks was a sight much more sensational It was a thread of forbidden light Inside a brick farmhouse of which the family had vanished and the top-floor had been blown away and of which the long glassless windows were inadequately curtained with gunnysack some bold spirit had lighted a candle

That someone pro ed to be a courteous giant from the Antipodes Like most of his countrymen then in France this Australian was young and wide and handsome Because of the disabling wounds he incurred at Gallipoli he had been entrusted with the cushy job of fetching the mail Now on his way forward with the latest batches of mail from down under he was turning in for the night He offered me a swig of the tea he was making and ensconced on a heap of rubble he talked sagaciously and tolerantly of many things—of the Americans and what might be expected of them once they had gained a little

experience of the weary British and why the Australians were worried about them of the day already in sight when the guns would cease firing

Then each of us cleared a place on the dirty floor which might serve as a be l For his pillow mine host took the mail bag from Sydney and gave me the one from Melbourne Then I saw him adjust the remains of his candle to a perch beside him produce a book from somewhere as if by prestidigitation (I remember it was *The Sunderin*, *Flood* by William Morris) and start—a forgotten luxury—to read himself to sleep In the blackness outside the artillery fire intensified and the blood-soaked earth of the Somme Valley trembled and twitched like a setter bitch dreaming of the chase in her sleep Beyond the blackness the lamp lit world watched and held its breath Meanwhile my young friend from Australia had half a candle a few moments to himself and a book

As I dozed off I found myself thinking of him as a lean and strong hand cupping a candle flame in wind and darkness The task of building well a new world after the war I thought might hopefully be left to the likes of him I still think I was right about that The likes of him could have managed it But to quote a better soldier than I ever was—I said a better not an older soldier Did I say older?—there were not enough of them That's all

Alexander Woollcott

Bomoseen Vermont
January 1943

American Fiction

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IT'S a story they tell in the border-country where Massachusetts joins Vermont and New Hampshire

Yes, Dan'l Webster's dead—or at least they buried him But every time there's a thunderstorm around Marshfield they say you can hear his rolling voice in the hollows of the sky And they say that if you go to his grave and speak loud and clear Dan'l Webster—Dan'l Webster! the ground'll begin to shiver and the trees begin to shake And after a while you'll hear a deep voice saying Neighbour how stands the Union? Then you better answer the Union stands as she stood rock bottomed and copper sheathed one and indivisible or he's liable to rear right out of the ground At least, that's what I was told when I was a youngster

You see for a while he was the biggest man in the country He never got to be President but he was the biggest man There was thousands that trusted in him right next to God Almighty—and they told stories about him and all the things that belonged to him that were like the stories of patriarchs and such. They said when he stood up to speak stars and stripes came right out in the sky—and once he spoke against a river and made it sink into the ground They said when he walked the woods with his fishing rod Killall the trout would jump out of the streams right into his pockets for they knew it was no use putting up a fight against

him—and when he argued a case he could turn on the harps of the blessed and the shaking of the earth underground That was the kind of man he was and his big farm up at Marshfield was suitable to him The chickens he raised were all white meat down through the drumsticks the cows were tended like children and the big ram he called Goliath had horns with a curl like a morning glory vine and could butt through an iron door But Dan'l wasn't one of your gentlemen farmers—he knew all the ways of the land and he'd be up by candlelight to see that the chores got done A man with a mouth like a mastiff a brow like a mountain and eyes like burning anthracite—that was Dan'l Webster in his prime And the biggest case he argued never got written down in the books for he argued it against the Devil nip and tuck and no holds barred And this is the way I used to hear it told

There was a man named Jabez Stone lived at Cross Corners New Hampshire He wasn't a bad man to start with but he was an unlucky man If he planted corn he got borers if he planted potatoes he got blight He had good enough land but it didn't prosper him—he had a decent wife and children but the more children he had the less there was to feed them If stones cropped up in his neighbour's field boulders boiled up in his—if he had a horse with the spavins he'd trade it for one with the staggers and give some thing extra There's some folks bound to be like that apparently But one day Jabez Stone got sick of the whole business

He'd been ploughing that morning and he'd just broke the ploughshare on a rock that he could have sworn hadn't been there yesterday And as he stood looking at the ploughshare the off horse began to cough—that ropy kind of cough that means sickness and horse

doctors There were two children down with the measles his wife was ailing and he had a whitlow on his thumb It was about the last straw for Jabez Stone

"I vow he said and he looked around him kind of desperate I vow it s enough to make a man want to *sell his soul to the Devil! And I would too for two cents!*

Then he felt a kind of queerness come over him at having said what he d said though naturally being New Hampshire he wouldn t take it back But all the same when it got to be evening and as far as he could see no notice had been taken he felt relieved in his mind for he was a religious man But notice is always taken sooner or later just like the Good Book says And sure enough next day about suppertime a soft spoken dark-dressed stranger drove up in a smart buggy and asked for Jabez Stone

Well Jabez told his family it was a lawyer come to see him about a legacy But he knew who it was He didn t like the looks of the stranger nor the way he smiled with his teeth They were white teeth and plentiful—some say they were filed to a point but I wouldn t vouch for that And he didn t like it when the dog took one look at the stranger and ran away howling with his tail between his legs But having passed his word more or less he stuck to it and they went out behind the barn and made their bargain Jabez Stone had to prick his finger to sign and the stranger lent him a silver pin The wound healed clean but it left a little white scar

After that all of a sudden things began to pick up and prosper for Jabez Stone His cows got fat and his horses sleek his crops were the envy of the neighbourhood and lightning might strike all over the valley but it wouldn t strike his barn Pretty soon he was one of

the prosperous people of the county—they asked him to stand for selectman and he stood for it—there began to be talk of running him for State Senate All in all you might say the Stone family was as happy and con tented as cats in a dairy And so they were except for Jabez Stone

He d been contented enough the first few years It s a great thing when bad luck turns—it drives most other things out of your head True every now and then especially in rainy weather the little white scar on his finger would give him a twinge And once a year punctual as clockwork the stranger with the smart buggy would come driving by But the sixth year the stranger lighted and after that his peace was over for Jabez Stone

The stranger came up through the lower field switching his boots with a cane—they were handsome black boots but Jabez Stone never liked the look of them particularly the toes And after he d passed the time of day he said "Well Mr Stone you re a hummer! It s a very pretty property you ve got here Mr Stone"

"Well some might favour it and others might not" said Jabez Stone for he was a New Hampshireman

"Oh—no need to decry your industry!" said the stranger very easy showing his teeth in a smile "After all we know what s been done—and it s been accord ing to contract and specifications So when—ahem —the mortgage falls due next year you shouldn t have any regrets"

"Speaking of that mortgage Mister said Jabez Stone and he looked around for help to the earth and the sky I m beginning to have one or two doubts about it."

Doubts?" said the stranger not quite so pleasantly

"Why yes said Jabez Stone "This being the U S A and me always having been a religious man He cleared his throat and got bolder Yes sir" he said "I m beginning to have considerable doubts as to that mortgage holding in court

"There s courts *and* courts said the stranger clicking his teeth Still—we might as well have a look at the original document and he hauled out a big black pocket book full of papers Sherwin—Slater—Stevens—Stone" he muttered I Jabez Stone—for a term of seven years—oh it s quite in order I think——

But Jabez Stone wasn t listening for he saw something else flutter out of the black pocket book. It s something that looked like a moth but it wasn t a moth And as Jabez Stone stared at it it seemed to speak to him in a small sort of piping voice terrible small and thin but terrible human Neighbour Stone! it squeaked "Neighbour Stone! Help me—for God s sake help me!

But, before Jabez Stone could stir hand or foot the stranger whipped out a big bandanna handkerchief caught the creature in it just like a butterfly and started tying up the ends of the bandanna

Sorry for the interruption he said As I was saying——

But Jabez Stone was shaking all over like a scared horse

"That s Miser Stevens voice! he said in a croak "And you ve got him in your handkerchief!

The stranger looked a little embarrassed

"Yes I really should have transferred him to the collecting box" he said with a simper "but there were some rather unusual specimens there and I didn t

want them crowded Well well these little *contre temps* will occur——"

I don t know what you mean by contertan" said Jabez Stone but that was Miser Stevens voice! And h ain t dead! You can t tell me he is! He was just as spry and mean as a woodchuck Tuesday!"

In the midst of life said the stranger kind of pious "Listen! Then a bell begun to toll in the valley and Jabez Stone listened with the sweat running down his face For he knew it was tolled for Miser Stevens and that he was dead

These long standing accounts said the stranger with a sigh One really hates to close them But business is business

He still had the bandanna in his hand and Jabez Stone felt sick as he saw the cloth struggle and flutter

Are they all as small as that? he asked hoarsely

Small? said the stranger Oh I see what you mean Why they vary He measured Jabez Stone with his eyes and his teeth showed Don t worry Mr Stone he said You ll go with a very good grade I wouldn t trust *you* outside the collecting box Now a man like Dan'l Webster of course—well we d have to build a special box for him and even at that I imagine the wing spread would astonish you He d certainly be a prize—I wish we could see our way clear to him! But in your case as I was saying——

"Put that handkerchief away! said Jabez Stone and he begun to beg and pray But the best he can get at the end is a thre years extension with conditions

But till you make a bargain like that you ve got no idea of how fast four years can run By the last months of those years Jabez Stone s known all over the State and there s a talk of running him for Governor—and it s dust and ashes in his mouth For every day when

he gets up he thinks "Theres one more night gone" and every night when he lies down, he thinks of the black pocket book and the soul of Miser Stevens and it makes him sick at heart. Till finally he cant bear it any longer and in the last days of the last year he hitches up his horse and drives off to seek Dan'l Webster For Dan'l was born in New Hampshire only a few miles from Cross Corners and its well known that he has a particular soft spot for old neighbours

It was early in the morning, when he got to Marshfield but Dan'l was up already talking Latin to the farmhands and wrestling with the ram Goliath and trying out a new trotter and working up speeches to make against John C Calhoun But when he heard a New Hampshireman had come to see him he dropped everything else he was doing, for that was Dan'ls way *He* gave Jabez Stone a breakfast that five men couldnt eat, went into the living history of every man and woman in Cross Corners and finally asked him how he could serve him

Jabez Stone allowed that it was a mortgage-case

"Well I havent pleaded a mortgage-case in a long time and I dont generally plead now except before *the Supreme Court,* said Dan'l. *But if I can I'll help* you"

"Then I've got hope for the first time in ten years" said Jabez Stone and told him the details

Dan'l walked up and down as he listened hands behind his back now and then asking a question now and then plunging his eyes at the floor as if they'd bore through it like gimlets When Jabez Stone had finished he puffed out his cheeks and blew Then he turned to Jabez Stone and a smile broke over his face like the sunrise over Monadnock

"You've certainly given yourself the Devils own road

on the stroke of eleven-thirty he reached over and grabbed Dan'l Webster by the arm.

"Mr Webster Mr Webster! he said and his voice was shaking with fear and a desperate courage For God's sake Mr Webster harness your horses and get away from this place while you can!

"You've brought me a long way neighbour to tell me you don't like my company said Dan'l Webster quite peaceable pulling at the jug

"Miserable wretch that I am! groaned Jabez Stone "I've brought you a devilish way—and now I see my foll Let him take me if he wills—I don't hanker after it, I must say but I can stand it But you're the Union's stay and New Hampshire's pride! He mustn't get you Mr Webster! He mustn't get you!'

Dan'l Webster looked at the distracted man all grey and shaking in the firelight and laid a hand on his shoulder

I'm obliged to you Neighbour Stone" he said gently It's kindly thought of But there's a jug on the table and a case in hand And I never left a jug or a case half finished in my life

And just at that moment, there was a sharp rap on the door

"Ah" said Dan'l Webster very coolly I thought your clock was a trifle slow Neighbour Stone" He stepped to the door and opened it Come in! he said

The stranger came in—very dark and tall he looked in the firelight He was carrying a box under his arm—a black japanned box with little air holes in the lid At the sight of the box Jabez Stone gave a low cry and shrank into a corner of the room

Mr Webster I presume said the stranger very polite but with his eyes glowing like a fox's deep in the woods

"Pressed or not you shall not have this man! he thundered. Mr Stone is an American citizen—and no American citizen may be forced into the service of a foreign prince! We fought England for that in 12 and we'll fight all Hell for it again

"Foreign?" said the stranger And who calls me a foreigner?"

"Well I never yet heard of the Dev—of your claiming American citizenship said Dan'l Webster with surprise

And I who with better right said the stranger with one of his terrible smiles "When the first wrong was done to the first Indian—I was there When the first slaver put out for the Congo—I stood on her deck Am I not in your books and stories and beliefs from the first settlements on? Am I not spoken of still in every church in New England? 'Tis true the North claims me for a Southerner and the South for a Northerner—but I am neither I am merely an honest American like yourself—and of the best descent—for to tell the truth Mr Webster though I don't like to boast of it my name is older in this country than yours"

Aha! said Dan'l Webster with the veins standing out in his forehead "Then I stand on the Constitution! I demand a trial for my client!

"The case is hardly one for an ordinary court" said the stranger his eyes flickering "and indeed the lateness of the hour——

Let it be any court you choose so it is an American judge and an American jury! said Dan'l Webster in his pride "Let it be the quick or the dead—I'll abide the issue!

"You have said it said the stranger and finger at the door And with that and all of a

smooth voice went on and on Every time he d raise an objection it d be Objection sustained but whenever Dan l objected it d be "Objection denied" Well you couldn t expect fair play from a fellow like this Mr Scratch

It got to Dan l in the end and he began to heat like iron in the forge When he got up to speak he was going to flay that stranger with every trick known to the law and the judge and jury too He didn t care if it was contempt of court or what would happen to him for it He didn t care any more what happened to Jabez Stone He just got madder and madder thinking of what he d say And yet curiously enough the more he thought about it the less he was able to arrange his speech in his mind

Till finally it was time for him to get up on his feet and he did so—all ready to bust out with lightnings and denunciations But before he started he looked over the judge and jury for a moment such being his custom And he noticed the glitter in their eyes was twice as strong as before and they all leaned forward Like hounds just before they get the fox they looked —and the blue mist of evil in the room thickened as he watched them Then he saw what he d been about to do—and he wiped his forehead as a man might who s just escaped falling into a pit in the dark

For it was him they d come for—not only Jabez Stone He read it in the glitter of their eyes and in the way the stranger hid his mouth with one hand And if he fought them with their own weapons he d fall into their power—he knew that though he couldn t have told you how It was his own anger and horror that burned in their eyes—and he d have to wipe that out or the case was lost He stood there for a moment his black eyes burning like anthracite And then he began

to speak He started off in a low voice though you could hear every word They say he could call on the harps of the blessed when he chose And this was just as simple and easy as a man could talk But he didn t start out by condemning or reviling He was talking *about the things that make a country a country and* a man a man

And he begun with the simple things that everybody s known and felt—the freshness of a fine morning, when you re young and the taste of food when you re hungry and the new day that s every day when you re a child He took them up and he turned them in his hands They were good things for any man But, without freedom they sickened And when he talked of those enslaved and the sorrows of slavery his voice got like a big bell. He talked of the early days of America and the men who had made those days It wasn t a spread eagle speech but he made you see it He admitted all the wrong that had ever been done *But he showed how* out of the wrong and the right, the suffering and the starvations something new had come And everybody had played a part in it, even the traitors

Then he turned to Jabez Stone and showed him as he was—an ordinanry man who d had hard luck and wanted to change it. And because he d wanted to change it now he was going to be punished for all eternity And yet there was good in Jabez Stone—and he showed that good He was hard and mean in some ways—but he was a man There was sadness in being a man but it was a proud thing too And he showed what the pride of it was till you couldn t help feeling it. Yes even in hell if a man was a man you d know it. And he wasn t pleading for any one person any more—though his voice rang like an organ He was telling the story and the failures and the endless journey

of mankind They got tricked and trapped and bamboozled but it was a great journey And no demon that was ever foaled could know the inwardness of it—it took a man to do that

The fire began to die on the hearth and the wind before morning to blow The light was getting grey in the room when Dan'l Webster finished And his words came back at the end to New Hampshire ground—and the one spot of land that each man loves and clings to He painted a picture of that—and to each one of that jury he spoke of things long forgotten For his voice could search the heart and that was his gift and his strength And to one his voice was like the forest and its secrecy and to another like the sea and the storms of the sea and one heard the cry of his lost nation in it and another saw a little harmless scene he hadn't remembered for years But each saw something And when Dan'l Webster finished he didn't know whether or not he'd saved Jabez Stone But he knew he'd done a miracle For the glitter was gone from the eyes of judge and jury and for the moment they were men again and knew they were men

"The defence rests" said Dan'l Webster and stood there like a mountain His ears were still ringing with his speech and he didn't hear anything else till he heard Judge Hathorne say The jury will retire to consider its verdict

Walter Butler rose in his place and his face had a dark gay pride on it.

"The jury has considered its verdict he said and looked the stranger full in the eye "We find for the defendant, Jabez Stone

With that the smile left the stranger's face but Walter Butler did not flinch

Perhaps tis not strictly in accordance with the evi dence" he said But even the damned may salute the eloquence of Mr Webster"

With that the long crow of a rooster split the grey morning sky and judge and jury were gone from the room like a puff of smoke and as if they had never been there The stranger turned to Dan'l Webster smiling wryly

Major Butler was always a bold man" he said "I had not thought him quite so bold Nevertheless—my congratulations as between two gentlemen

I'll have that paper first if you please said Dan'l Webster and he took it and tore it into four pieces It was queerly warm to the touch. And now" he said I'll have you! and his hand came down like a bear trap on the strangers arm For he knew that once you bested anybody like Mr Scratch in fair fight his power on you was gone And he could see that Mr Scratch knew it too

The stranger twisted and wriggled but he couldn t get out of that grip Come come Mr Webster he said smiling palely "This sort of thing is ridic—ouch!—is ridiculous If you re worried about the costs of the case —naturally I'll be glad to pay——"

And so you shall! said Dan l Webster shaking him till his teeth rattled. For you'll sit right down at that table and draw up a document, promising never to bother Jabez Stone nor his heirs or assigns nor any other Newhampshireman till Doomsday! For any Hades we want to raise in this State we can raise ourselves with out assistance from strangers"

Ouch!" said the stranger Ouch! Well they never did run very big to the barrel but—ouch! I agree!

So he sat down and drew up the document B

Dan'l Webster kept his hand on his coat-collar all the time

And now—may I go? said the stranger quite humble when Dan'l s seen the documents in proper and legal form

Go? said Dan'l giving him another shake "I m still trying to figure out what I'll do with you For you ve settled the costs of the case but you haven t settled with me I think I'll take you back to Marshfield" he said kind of reflective I ve got a ram there named Goliath that can butt through an iron door I d kind of like to turn you loose in his field and see what he d do

Well with that the stranger began to beg and to plead And he begged and he pled so humble that finally Dan l who was naturally kind hearted agreed to let him go The stranger seemed terrible grateful for that and said just to show they were friends he d tell Dan'l s fortune before leaving So Dan l agreed to that *though he didn t take much stock in fortune tellers* ordinarily But naturally the stranger was a little different

Well he pried and peered at the lines in Dan'l s hands And he told him one thing and another that was quite remarkable But they were all in the past

Yes all that s true and i happened" said Dan'l Webster But what s to come in the future?

The stranger grinned kind of happily and shook his head

The future s not as you think it he said It s dark You have a great ambition Mr Webster

"I have said Dan'l firmly for everybody knew he wanted to be President

It seems almost within your grasp" said the stranger But you will not attain it Lesser men will

be made President and you will be passed over"

And if I am I'll still be Daniel Webster said Dan'l Say on"

"You have two strong sons" said the stranger shaking his head You look to found a line But each will die in war and neither reach greatness"

Live or die they are still my sons" said Dan'l Webster "Say on

"You have made great speeches said the stranger "You will make more

Ah! said Dan'l Webster

But the last great speech you make will turn many of your own against you said the stranger They will call you Ichabod—they will call you by other names Even in New England some will say you have turned your coat and sold your country and their voices will be loud against you till you die"

So it is an honest speech it does not matter what men say" said Dan'l Webster Then he looked at the stranger and their glances locked

One question" he said I have fought for the Union all my life Will I see that fight won against those who would tear it apart?

Not while you live said the stranger grimly "But it will be won And after you are dead there are thousands who will fight for your cause because of words that you spoke

"Why then you long barrelled slab sided lantern jawed fortune telling note shaver! said Dan'l Webster with a great roar of laughter "be off with you to your own place before I put my mark on you! For by the Thirteen Original Colonies I'd go to the Pit itself to save the Union!

And with that he drew back his foot for a kick that

would have stunned a horse It was only the tip of his shoe that caught the stranger but he went flying out of the door with his collecting box under his arm

"And now said Dan'l Webster seeing Jabez Stone beginning to rouse from his swoon let's see what's left in the jug for it's dry work talking all night I hope there's pie for breakfast Neighbour Stone"

But they say that whenever the Devil comes near Marshfield even now he gives it a wide berth And he hasn't been seen in the State of New Hampshire from that day to this I'm not talking about Massachusetts or Vermont

TOM WHIPPLE

BY W ALTER D EDMONDS

Here the author of Drums Along the Mohawk *retells an American l gend first recorded in 1840 by L Maria Child In the first half of the nineteenth century Mrs Child flooded this country with her literary works and al enated conservatives by her int ansigence as an abolitionist*

ON a late October morning in 1837 just after sun rise a woman and a grown boy approaching the Cortlandt Street wharf asked a deck hand if that was the steamboat for Albany When he said it was the boy turned to the woman

S e ma You didn t miss it anyhow

Her voice was timid I was only feared the Amboy boat had made us late I d be feared to stay all day in a big city like this one Washington City was big enough for me She cast an anxious glance over her shoulder New Yo k was waking up and the frosty streets echoed with the clatter of drays and water carts Hadn t we ought to get on to the boat Tom?

Might as well

Beside her small bent figure he looked tall He was a big boy anyway with the flesh on him not yet grown up to his bones He was carrying a small satchel and a bundle rolled up in a cotton print and his hands hung well below the cuffs of his shabby coat showing the wrist joints

Choosing a corner behind the stove in the main saloon they stowed the satchel under the seat and the woman sat down This here s real nice she said looking up

at her son "I think it's prettier than the other boat don't you Tom?"

"Yes ma"

He was looking out of the window that faced south He could see the bay beyond the river's mouth the white gulls against the sky and a ship sailing past the Castle Garden

She watched his face for a moment thinking perhaps that it favored her own more than his father's

Then he turned to her and fixed his eyes on a nail in the wall about two feet over her shawled head "You ought to get home all right" he said

"We ought to" she said sharply as if she had been seeing into his mind for some time "You don't mean—"

He nodded and said "Yep"

She said then angrily "You know I'm feared of traveling alone It ain't right of you to leave me here Tom This way In this big boat" She saw that she was getting nowhere "Ain't it enough for you to go see Washington City? Didn't we traipse all the way over to that Mount Vernon? And we rode on the cars Ain't many boys done that much Not even Supervisor Utley has rode on railroad cars Besides how'm I going to run the place?"

He was still looking over her head His face was blank as only a seventeen year-old boy's can be defensive and stubborn She took the end of her shawl to put it to her eyes "When pa moved us from New Haven way out into York State he promised I was to have a home permanent in Westernville And then he died and I calculated you would grow up there and take care of me Remember how you promised pa? What will I say to the Utleys?"

"Tell them I aim to see something of the world" Tom said "I aim to look me around a spell I'll come

home maybe in the spring You'll be all right You got your widow pension off the government d dn t you? You can hire help now

She sniffed two or three times Oh Tom" she said where'll you go to?

I don t know he said shuffling his feet Maybe Europe Maybe I'll go to China"

But oh Tom you ain t got money You ain t never been nowhere

That s it I ain t been nowhere he said

Passengers were coming onto the boat their feet crackling sharply on the deck outside She saw that his face was set, and she looked at the freckles as if she wanted to count them over before he left her His father had been just as stubborn you couldn t turn him wasn t anything more stubborn she thought with a little twinge of pain and pride than a Whipple man when he got dead set.

He cast a look around and saw that they were partly screened by the stove He bent down awkwardly to kiss her

Good by ma he said See you come spring I guess

The warning bell began to toll as he stepped off the boat

'Well bub said the man with the hedge of black chin whiskers 'What do you want?

"You re hiring help ain t you? asked Tom Whipple

The man shoved the stiff visored cap back on his head and put his feet on the box he had been writing on He had a square face the skin like red leather on his cheeks His eyes were piercing gray and hard

"Yep he said "What can you do? Milk perty g hey? Pitch hay? Say maybe you can make butter

I could said Tom I ain t done much but my ma makes dandy butter We sell ourn to Supervisor Utley"

Yew deaow hey? The mate got a big laugh from the men in the three-cent gin shop where he was signing on the crew Now that s real handy of yeaow

Tom Whipple stared at him He said I calculate you must come from Massachusetts State

This time he got the laugh and the mate s eyes narrowed But though he let it go anybody could see he wasn t going to let Tom Whipple out of his hands after that

His voice was even and cold Ever been to sea? he asked

"No said Tom

The mate turned to the saloonkeeper for sympathy Jeff did you ever see a crummier lot of ditch lice? He wheeled round again on Tom This is a ship not a farm You ll get eleven dollars a month and you don t milk cows But we make a ship sail see?

Yes said Tom That s what I want I want to travel

You ll travel all right aboard the *Flora Bascom* The mate smiled thinly Name?

Tom Whipple

The mate s pen squeaked

All right he said Next man

Just a minute Tom said Where s the *Flora Bascom* sailing to?

"It s none of your business said the mate He rose behind the box My name is Mr Bullett" he said evenly I don t want remarks from you I don t want questions But when you speak, I m Mister Understand?

All right Tom said good naturedly

He didn t know what happened The mate did not

move from behind his box but his fist hit Tom between the eyes The next he knew he was lying on the floor and Mr Bullett was saying Misterl and breathing gently on his knuckles Mr Freel he said take him aboard and see if you can pick some of the straws out of his ears

A thick shouldered man yanked Tom to his feet and shoved him toward the door Come along hayfoot he said He smelled of tar and plug tobacco and gin and a peculiar kind of hair grease Half a dozen of the other new hands came after them but their sycophants laughter stopped as they emerged into the rumbling clatter of South Street

The mate s a bully ain t he?' one asked

Not too bad if you look sharp and jump when he spits replied the second mate Besides he s found himself a toy He nodded at Tom who was giddily trying to avoid a cart horse

Tom spent all that day trying to do what he was told along with the other men The idea seemed not so much to get work done as to keep the hands busy and there were moments when Mr Freel scratched the bald spot on his head and looked hopefully toward Mr Bullett

At noon and at four the men were allowed ashore for an hour but Tom was kept on board for Mr Freel had an idea he might clear out He told Tom that somebody had to keep watch on the ship Tom didn t know his rights of course Nobody told him that the one armed old fellow smoking a clap pipe amidships was the shipkeeper hired accord ng to law He was glad enough to stay on board and take the hour admiring the vessel Mr Freel brought him some scraps of food from the captain s table Mr Freel it appeared did not eat in

the cabin but like other second mates lived a kind of ghostly existence halfway between the forecastle and the cabin And because Tom had proved handy with the ropes he acted friendly

One of the first things he asked was whether Tom had any money

Tom said no but he expected to have plenty when they docked across the ocean Eleven dollars a month was good pay for an apprentice he thought Mr Freel, whittling a plug into a horny palm grunted

"You'll need clothes he said Sea boots and a pea jacket You'll have to buy them from the slop chest And you'll pay the master a hundred and fifty per cent profit on the transaction he said

Tom thought about it for a while before he said That don t seem honest

Maybe not Mr Freel said shortly "But it s regular He keeps good stuff in the slop which is more than some do You won t have such a hell of a big fortune though when you reach St Petersburg

Tom cleaned up his beans and said Where s that Mr Freel?

Russia And a damned cold place they say"

"Ain t you never been there?

"No And I ain t got much desire to go

Tom lay on his back and looked up into the rigging The sun and the wind put a kind of shine on the spars that was foreign to the hull

"I m glad we re going to Russia" he said I ve had a fancy to see that place Maybe I'll get to see the Emperor Have you ever seen an emperor Mr Freel?

No" said Mr Freel Captain Stath is emperor enough for me Him and Mr Bullett What do you want to see the Emperor for anyway? he asked

"Oh said Tom "I d kind of like to talk to him When you want to find out about something Supervisor Utley says you want to ask the top man as long as you aint buying"

Tom Whipple had the bunk in the peak of the fore castle where the air still smelled of the Dago Portuguese who had occupied it on the preceding voyage When the crew laid aft to be chosen into watches he was taken by Mr Bullett. The choosing was done under the eye of Captain Stath, a clean shaven man with a calculating face He was short with the first mate and he did not speak to the second except to give orders but he took the ship down the river in fine style By evening the brig was a lonely box on the waves with eighteen men and a spotted cat and America was a place on which the sun had set

He was sick and the cold bit as the sun went under and Mr Bullett who had been driving him since the *Flora Bascom* dropped Castle Garden ordered him aloft with a ball of marline for the boatswain

Stay up there till he tells you to bring it down Maybe the wind will blow the hayseed out"

Tom took the ball in his right hand and worked him self onto the shrouds He could hear the hiss of the water under him and the cross ropes pushed against his chest. But he went up and the only time he looked down he could see Mr Bullett and Mr Freel both look ing up at him and Captain Stath coming out of the cabin Mr Freel looked anxious the captain showed nothing on his face at all but Mr Bullett was smiling his thin smile

"Damn him Tom said to himself "I m just as good as he is off this ship"

He didn t stop again. He felt the back wind off the sails against his face the curve of them made dingy feather beds to lure a man to let go but he went up

He saw after a while the noncommittal face of the boatswain leaning over the yard The boatswain s feet were like glue and his hands were careless and he laid a long line of tobacco spit level on the wind.

I ve seen a snail go up a bush! he shouted "But he got there too bub!

It wasn t praise exactly but it made Tom feel easier He found the yard a comfortable pressure on his belly He let it carry his weight gingerly then with more confidence Then he looked down and saw the hull slitting the water like a needl that a bug might straddle

"It s bigger than it looks! shouted the boatswain "But don t look at it too long bub! You'll see plenty of it when you re down!

So Tom looked out while the boatswain worked He saw the night on the Atlantic the great heaving mass of it was leveled from that height and he felt himself swoop over it a little like the motion of a gull. But a gull didn t fly in the squeak and crash and booming of rigging He had feathers to silence the wind

Out there was Russia he thought, and back of him was Westernville He could imagine his mother when she got home telling Mrs Utley and the supervisor what had become of him She would say he was on a ship maybe for Europe maybe for China He could imagine her crying and saying He didn t have any money He didn t want any You know how Tom is Always going round with his pocket full of nails and things he picks up thinking he is as good as the richest man alive " She would think of him asleep in bed possibly She would never imagine him up alone in the wind with the yard against his belly and his feet balanced on a spider

thread Ana the supervisor would clear his throat and say Pshaw Mrs Whipple and ask where his supper was

Thinking of supper at the Utley s made Tom hungry For the first time since the brig had met the Atlantic swell he felt his stomach take a rational shape By holy he said to himself I m all right

Then the marline ball was slapped against his palm and the boatswain said Get down bub And take it easy Any man can climb

He went down easy and when he hit the deck the roll met his feet squarely He could smell pork in the galley vent Mr Bullett came stamping aft along the deck His eyes had not changed and he was still smiling thinly But all he said was Take the marline back to Mr Freel"

After a week or so Tom was getting along well enough with the officers But the fact that he was planning to see the Emperor was too much for Mr Freel to keep to himself and once the foremast hands got wind of it they talked about it all the way to Russia

It didn t bother Tom a great deal though He didn t know himself how he was going to get to talk with him He didn t even know what his name w s and nobody in the forecastle was able to tell him They were a pretty mixed crew Tom was the only genuine American citizen in the forecastle except a man from New Orleans and he wasn t hardly what Tom thought of as a Yankee He saw they didn t mean harm they had to have something to occupy their minds but he thought they plain didn t understand how a man could get along He wasn t worried except about finding out the Emperor s name

The bos n told him that Russian names didn t count You couldn t pronounce them anyway And the carpenter said they didn t have last names in Russia at all the names all ended in sky which meant son of" The cook said why didn t he ask the old man? So Tom said maybe he would

But he didn t make up his mind to it till the *Flora Bascom* had worked her way across the Baltic Sea and was heading in for the gulf At the wheel was the dim witted Swede but he could steer a ship like a dreaming archangel It was Tom s turn at polishing the brass work and he was rubbing up the binnacle when Captain Stath came up for his morning constitutional

All the time Tom worked he could hear the smart crack of the captain s heels on the frosty deck measuring out his exact rectangle It was easy to tell that the captain was feeling brisk So Tom gave the shining brass a last flourish of the rag and caught the captain on his twenty third quarter turn

He touched his forelock smartly with the knuckle of the hand holding the brass polish and said Excuse me captain Could you tell me the name of the Emperor of Russia?

The captain wheeled like a speared sturgeon and roared What? in a t gallant bellow that brought the entire crew up standing

Tom saw that he had put his foot in it but he had to get out the question now so he asked it again

The captain s voice cut like the ice spray as he shouted for Mr Bullett The rest of the crew all grinned for they had been waiting this minute only the Swede didn t change face but he wiggled his ears for a moment, as if he felt a shift coming in the wind The sight of them didn t help the captain By the time Mr Bullett came up he was in a state of frenzy

Do you know whats happened mister? he demanded leveling his voice

No sir said Mr Bullett

I ve been interrupted on my own deck by one of the watch Your watch Mr Bullett And do you know what he wanted to know? He wanted to know the name of the Emperor of Russia Mr Bullett! Are you going to stand there like a blasted gaping marble image Mr Bullett? Aint you going to do something?

Mr Bullett did He hailed Tom down amidships and had a couple of seamen hold him over a barrel and he put a rope s end on his bare back twenty times

When he was through they rolled Tom over on his back and emptied buckets of sea water over him and told him to put his shirt on and get to work Tom felt sore inside as well as out the captain had taken up his walk at the exact point at which he had left off and the only times he watched the flogging was during the short space when he was coming forward and crossing to starboard The crew thought it was a prodigious joke discussing it in the forecastle when the watch was off It was the carpenter s opinion that none of the officers knew the Emperor s name

Somehow the word of that got aft, and the rest of the voyage became pretty brisk for all of them and Tom wasnt sorry to jump the brig as soon as she berthed in Kronstadt

But when he reached St Petersburg he got to feeling better He couldnt talk to anybody They all looked foreign and many of them had a queer fat smell that made him think of a sheeps carcass hanging in the cool room He was immensely excited by what he saw and spent days walking the streets New York, he thought, or even Washington City wasnt in it, for

strange sights He saw all sorts of different appearing people and they didn t all talk one language either even a stranger could tell that He could tell it was a big country and the urge to find out about it got more and more intense and he felt surer than ever that the only way to do that was to have a talk with the man at the top the Emperor

He tried two or three times at the palace and he kept watch on the gates until he began to realize that to get next to the Emperor he would have to have letters or something of that sort

He didn t know how to get hold of letters and he had been there two weeks and his money was about gone He was feeling a bit low that afternoon standing outside a pub when he saw a sailor ambling down the street and looking as footloose as himself

He hadn t dared go back to the port in all this time for fear of being picked up by Mr Bullett So seeing that this sailor was a stranger he hailed him and they shook hands like two white men in a foreign country fingering the few coins left in his pockets he asked the sailor in for a drink Its just a pot likker" he said But it warms a person

The sailor turned out to be off a British ship and he was sympathetic He had Toms drink and then he bought Tom one and they got so friendly that Tom told him how he had been trying to get to see the Emperor but didn t know how to go about it

The sailor said it appeared to him like a difficult problem "Can t your minister help you out?" he asked

Tom said "My minister? and the sailor said "Yes The minister of the United States"

Tom said he hadn t been to see him He hadn t thought of it as a matter of fact it had not even occurred to him that there could be such a job It made

him feel that the United States was a pretty fine country to send a minister all the way to St Petersburg He felt considerably better immediately it was the next best thing to seeing a picture of Old Hickory himself on the wall Well said the sailor why didn t Tom go to see him? Taking care of the interests of American citizens in Russia was what the American minister was paid to do "And he s got to look after you same as the British minister has to look after me he said That s what they collect the taxes off us for Tom said he would go The sailor offered to lend him the money to hire a sled with but Tom declined He didn t care to be beholden to a man he didn t know well and a foreigner at that. So he said good by and started off for the American embassy He had a good idea of the direction because there turned out to be a Frenchman in the pub who said he knew

Well the minister lived in a mighty fine big house with the American flag flying over it, and when he saw it Tom Whipple felt good While he was looking at it, a man came walking from the other direction and he was dressed in a good American coat you could tell it a mile He had a sealskin cap on his head with the flaps up pretty near exactly like the one Supervisor Utley wore when he got into the cutter behind the bays and drove down to a Sunday dinner in Rome But even without those garments Tom could have told he was an American by the way he walked He was coming right along and you could see he meant business So Tom stepped across the roadway dodging a couple of droshkies with their jingling bells and touched his hat to the American and asked whether the American minister was to home

The man looked Tom up and down from his worn

felt hat and pea jacket to the old pants and the sea boots He looked at Toms freckled face and his young turkey neck and his rawboned wrists and he gave him a smile

No he said the ministers not home yet but he will be in two shakes Come in and let me see what I can do for you He took off his hat so Tom took his off and they went in the outer door

My names Dallas said the man Im the minister

"Whipple said Tom Im pleased to meet you

Well when they came to the inner door the minister stood to one side to let Tom in first and then a couple of Russian dressed servants came up and one took the ministers hat and coat and one took Toms hat and his pea jacket They went upstairs together to where the minister had a kind of office There was coal burning in a tiled stove there were books on the walls and there was a table something like a dresser laid out with about every kind of bottle there was

Mr Dallas pointed to it and asked whether Tom would have anything to drink But Tom declined

There aint nothing Id like now except a glass of fresh buttermilk he said I aint been able to find none anywhere Mr Dallas I cant figure out no Russian for it either

Mr Dallas smiled He said he hadnt thought of buttermilk himself but if there was anything that would taste good to him at that moment buttermilk was what it would be So he pulled a velvet rope hanging on the wall and a servant came and went and pretty soon he came in with two big glasses on a gold tray Mr Dallas took one and Tom the other Mr Dallas raised his and said Your very good health Mr Whipple So Tom raised his and returned the compliment and they took chairs and drank the buttermilk Tom thought it wasnt

near so good as what came out of his mother s churning but he didn t like to say so And after being so long without it he had to admit is tasted pleasant.

The minister talked plain to him He asked how the U S A was getting along and Tom said that money was awful tight He told how he and his mother had been to Washington to get her pension and how he had seen the President go by down the avenue He said he had gone over to Mount Vernon And then he told about putting his mother on the Albany steamboat and how he had signed on the *Flora Bascom* He hadn t known she was coming to Russia when he did it but he was mighty glad when he learned for he had heard about the Russians licking Napoleon Bonaparte so he knew it was a great country and he had made up his mind to see the Emperor That as a matter of fact was what he had called on Mr Dallas about He would like to get a letter from Mr Dallas saying who he was and that he would like a little con ersation with the Emperor

Mr Dallas looked at him for a moment before he said picking his words You know Whipple the Empe or s a pretty hard man to get to see Then he tried to expla n how it was in an emp re as compared to a democratic country Tom thought it over but he shook his head He said he couldn t see it that way He could see it might apply to a Russian farmer in a manner of speak ng but, he was a United States citizen Martin Van Buren now he could see the Emperor couldn t he? Mr Dallas nodded his head that was true Then why couldn t Tom Whipple?

Well, they sawed away at it for a spell and Mr Dallas was as friendly a man as you could ask to argue with But Tom got the best of him at every turn and finally he agreed to write a letter to the imperial court chamberlain for Tom But he said there was one thing

get to see the Emperor at all but he didn t hold it against him Mr Dallas had been as neighborly as any man could be

The clerk was a dapper man Tom could tell at first glance that he wasn t the quality of man Mr Dallas was As soon as they got round the corner he asked Tom whether he had the minister s letter Tom slapped his coat pocket to show he did and the clerk said "Well come on then

It amused Tom some to see how walking alongside of him made the clerk uneasy He kept pressing forward as if he was trying to leave Tom behind but he couldn t walk worth a duck It didn t bother Tom He could imagine how the clerk would look setting out to pitch hay

But the clerk knew where to go and whom to speak to Inside the palace he kept whispering to Tom not to make such a hooraw with his boots but you can t help making some noise with sea boots on a tile floor so Tom went the quietest he could without tiptoeing and let it go at that He knew people were looking at him they in their Russian costumes and he in his pea jacket made kind of a mixture he could see But it d dn t bother him They liked to wear that kind of clothes and he liked his own When they got to the chamberlain s room the clerk gave h s message to a flunky and pretty soon this man came out and told them to go in through the inner door

Tom had supposed that the clerk would go in with him to see the chamberlain but the clerk was through He said In there to Tom as if he was driving a pig to a sticker and turned on his heel Tom let him go He d dn t feel that the clerk would have been much help anyhow

In the chamberlain s office there was a handsome bearded elderly man sitting at a desk He got up and bowed when Tom entered and Tom handed him Mr Dallas letter and the chamberlain said he was honored in very unsteady English but understandable He read the letter and then he looked at Tom for a spell

He said "You know the Emperor is a very busy man Mr Whipple

I calculate he must be running a country this size and without no congress either so far as I know said Tom

The chamberlain bowed For instance today he has five audiences in the morning then an hour of state papers to sign and the imperial policies to consider Then he has to go to a military review Then he eats with the Empress Then this afternoon he receives a delegation of Cossacks and must inspect the Palace Guard and decorate a grand duke and in the evening he has to appear at the opera You see he is busy

I expected he would be Tom said But I dont aim to take a lot of his time

Well said the chamberlain using my influence I might be able to arrange an audience with him next April

But that didn t suit Tom s book at all Its this way" he said I ain t got the money to stay here that long In fact if I don t see the Emperor in the next day or two I'll have to just take ship without seeing him at all I d hate to do that You tell him seeing he s so all fired busy I won t take any of his time I'll just give him my present and wish him luck and clear out"

"Well said the chamberlain I will see But perhaps you would give me the present to present it for you"

'I wouldn t said Tom He wanted to be polite though so he added "I got this present in America mister and I d like to give it to the Emperor with my own hand

Well the chamberlain hadn t ever come up against a genuine Yankee and he couldn t make him out He looked baffled biting the inside whiskers of his mustache as if he d like to turn Tom over to a squad of Cossacks maybe but there was Mr Dallas letter in his hand so he couldn t do that And after a couple of minutes of thinking he made up his mind

I'll take your letter in to the Emperor now he sa d

Thats fine said Tom Just put it up to him Its a fair proposition

Well in about ten minutes back came the chamberlain and along with him was a fine tall man From the way he walked Tom saw he was a man who didn t have to fiddle with this and that but marked h s first chip and axed right to the line He was a good deal b gger than the chamberlain and he had a bold sharp eye He wasn t dressed so fancy but he didn t have to be dressed fancy to tell a person he was somebody There wasn t any doubt he was the Emperor And then Tom realized he didn t know the man s name

He hesitated a moment and then he decided even though he was younger the thing was up to him so as not to embarrass the man So he took three steps forward and held out his hand

My name s Tom Whipple he said I m from the U S A I ain t been in your country long but it seems like a fine country and before I left I wanted to give you a present

The Emperor looked at him a minute His eyes went

acorn Emperor I picked that up in Mount Vernon That was the place George Washington lived and died at This nuts right off one of his own personal trees" Then he felt a little bashful so he added 'I thought you'd appreciate it being as it comes from the home of the greatest man of the U S A greater even than Old Hickory

I do Tom said the Emperor "I ve studied the his tory of your country and I admire General Washington more than about any man I know of

'Well you ought to said Tom And over there we admire you folks too The way you licked Napoleon Bonaparte I calculate that took some doing too

I value this acorn a lot Tom said the Emperor "and I'll tell you what I plan to do We'll have a good talk till the day warms up some and then we'll go out and plant this acorn I'll have them thaw out a piece in my own palace garden and you and I'll plant this acorn there together An American and a Russian"

"That sounds just proper to me Tom agreed

"And then we'll have lunch with my wife and family said the Emperor just as Supervisor Utley might have said it But now you sit down

Well the Emperor put Tom right through the busi ness He wanted to know all about America He was most interested in the railroads and the schools and the steamboats and Tom was proud that he had been through grammar school and had ridden on the railroad cars He was able to tell the Emperor a lot he didn t know

Then they talked about tight money and the Emperor told him about a famine he had had and it seemed in Russia you didn t have a money panic at all you a famine—which was simpler in a way

book He hadn t read Mrs Trollope s book himself but he had heard Supervisor Utley talk about it enough to know the kind of nonsense that was in it

The Empress admitted she had so Tom told her that while poor folks did their own work—and weren t ashamed to either—rich people in the U S A were just like other folks and had servants and plenty of them But the Empress said you didn t call them servants but help and Tom said that was so but it always seemed to him like a good idea The Emperor seemed pleased by the conversation and he made one of his daughters go out for some crocheting or some kind of fancywork she had been doing and Tom admired it The Emperor s girls were fine girls modest and well mannered but shy of him When he praised the fancywork the girl that had made it colored all up and made him a curtsy and then asked him if he would take it back to his mother as a present from her

That made Tom blush but he said he would He hadn t felt so much at home since he left Westernville and he made up his mind he would have to show the crocheting to Mr Dallas

Well they talked all through the afternoon and the Emperor called in some Russian dancers to show Tom how they danced in Russia and he tried to show them a square dance but only the girl who had given him the fancywork and the Emperor himself seemed to catch on The rest weren t handy at it at all But he put that down to their being bashful and foreign and it didn t bother him

Then the Emperor said he would have to get back to work but he asked Tom where he was staying so he could send round a sleigh for him in the morning to go see the cows Tom told him he was getting

Europe to Germany for the gulf was frozen over and no ships leaving To Tom that seemed like putting the Emperor to a lot of trouble but he told Tom to think nothing of it If a man had to get to work he had to So they shook hands and Tom said good by to the Empress and her girls and he called on Mr Dallas who was surprised and interested to hear his story Then the Emperor s Cossacks took Tom out of Russia.

When he got to Westernville in the spring though he was mighty glad to be home He had kept think ing of maple sirup and buckwheat cakes all the way across the Atlantic and sure enough his mother had them for him when he sat down to supper

After supper they went up to the Utleys and there he told them all about the trip The women could hardly credit the wonders Tom had seen till he pulled out the fancywork the Emperor s girl had sent to Mrs Whipple Then he showed them a big watch and chain with a ruby stone hanging to it that the Emperor had given him in return for the acorn It struck its own hours and half hours and was made of gold

But even then it seemed like a fairy story to Mrs Whipple—the great people treating her Tom like a prince—and she remarked on it so often that Super visor Utley was obliged to say Pshaw Mrs Whipple Any American lad like Tom here can get along any where on earth

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

This piece of fiction was written by an alumnus of the University of Virginia who, after soldiering for three years and then flunking out of West Point, abandoned the military art and took to the trade of writing. Originally published in Philadelphia in the April 1841 issue of Graham's Gentlemen's Magazine *(of which the author as editor could judiciously accept his own contributions), "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was the world's first detective story. After two or three more demonstrations of great brilliance—among them "The Purloined Letter" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget"—Poe himself lost interest in the form; but he soon had imitators in Paris and in London, and a generation later a needy young English medico took the hint and Sherlock Holmes was the result. After him, the deluge.*

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical are in themselves but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disentangles. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talents into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have in truth the

whole air of intuition The faculty of re solution is pos sibly much invigorated by mathematical study and especially by that highest branch of it which unjustly and merely on account of its retrograde operations has been called as if *par excellence* analysis Yet to calcu late is not in itself to analyze A chess player for example does the one without effort at the other It follows that the game of chess in its effects upon mental character is greatly misunderstood I am not now writ ing a treatise but simply prefacing a somewhat pe culiar narrative by observations very much at random I will therefore take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess In this latter where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions with various and variable values what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound The *attention* is here called powerfully into play If it flag for an instant an oversight is committed resulting in injury or defeat The possible moves being not only manifold but involute the chances of such oversights are multiplied and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers In draughts on the contrary where the moves are *unique* and have but little varia tion the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished and the mere attention being left comparatively unem ployed what advantages are obtained by either party *are obtained by superior acumen To be less abstract*— Let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings and where of course no oversight is to be expected It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement the result of some

strong exertion of the intellect Deprived of ordinary re sources the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent identifies himself therewith and not unfre quently sees thus at a glance the sole methods (some times indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it while eschew ing chess as frivolous Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analy sis The best chess player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more im portant undertakings where mind struggles with mind When I say proficiency I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived These are not only manifold but multiform and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding To observe attentively is to remember distinctly and so far the concentrative chess player will do very well at whist while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechan ism of the game) and sufficiently and generally compre hensible Thus to have a retentive memory and to pro ceed by the book are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters be yond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced He makes in silence a host of observations and inferences So perhaps do his companions and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation The necessary knowl

edge is that of *what* to observe Our player confines himself not at all nor because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game He examines the countenance of his partner comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand often counting trump by trump and honor by honor through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each He notes every variation of face as the play progresses gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty of surprise of triumph or chagrin From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table A casual or inadvertent word the accidental dropping or turning of a card with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment the counting of the tricks with the order of their arrangement embarrassment hesitation eagerness or trepidation—all afford to his apparently intuitive perception indications of the true state of affairs The first two or three rounds having been played he is in full possession of the contents of each hand and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis The consecutive or combining power by which ingenuity is usually manifested and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ supposing it a primitive faculty has been so frequently seen in those whose in

tellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy as to have at tracted general *observation among writers on morals* Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed than that b tween the fancy and the imagination but of a character very strictly analogous It will be found in fact that the in genious are always fanciful and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than analytic

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a comm ntary upon the propo sitions just advanced

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18— I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C Auguste Dupin This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family but by a variety of untoward events had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character suc cumbed beneath it and he ceased to bestir himself in the world or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes By courtesy of his creditors there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony and upon the income arising from this he managed by means of a rigorous economy to procure the necessaries of life without troubling himself about its superfluities Books indeed were his sole luxuries and in Paris these are easily obtained

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable vol ume brought us into closer communion We saw each other again and again I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme I was astonished too at the vast extent of his reading and above all I felt my sou

enkindled within me by the wild fervor and the vivid freshness of his imagination Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price and this feeling I frankly confided to him It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own I was permitted to be at the expense of renting and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper a time-eaten and grotesque mansion long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St Germain

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world we should have been regarded as madmen —although perhaps as madmen of a harmless nature Our seclusion was perfect We admitted no visitors Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris We existed within ourselves alone

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake and into this *bizarrerie* as into all his others I quietly fell giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon* The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always but we could counterfeit her presence At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building lighted a couple of tapers which strongly perfumed threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading writing or conversing until warned by the clock of the advent of

the true Darkness Then we sallied forth into the streets arm and arm continuing the topics of the day or roaming far and wide until a late hour seeking amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin He seemed too to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived He boasted to me with a low chuckling laugh that most men in respect to himself wore windows in their bosoms and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract his eyes were vacant in expression while his voice usually a rich tenor rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation Observing him in these moods I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi Part Soul and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent

Let it not be supposed from what I have just said that I am detailing any mystery or penning any romance What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited or perhaps of a diseased intelligence But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street in the vicinity of the Palais Royal Being both apparently occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least All at once Dupin broke forth with these words

He is a very little fellow that's true and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*"

"There can be no doubt of that I replied unwittingly and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations In an instant afterwards I recollected myself and my astonishment was profound

Dupin said I gravely this is beyond my comprehension I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed and can scarcely credit my senses How was it possible you should know I was thinking of ———? Here I paused to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought

——— of Chantilly said he why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St Denis who becoming stage mad had attempted the *role* of Xerxes in Crebillon's tragedy so called and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains

"Tell me for Heaven's sake" I exclaimed the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express

It was the fruiterer replied my friend "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*"

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago

I now remembered that in fact a fruiterer carrying upon his head a large basket of apples had nearly thrown me down by accident as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin I will explain he said and that you may comprehend all clearly we will first retrace the course of your meditations from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly Orion Dr Nichols Epicurus Stereotomy the street stones the fruiterer

There are few persons who have not at some period of their lives amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained The occupation is often full of interest and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting point and the goal What then must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth He continued

We had been talking of horses if I remember aright just before leaving the Rue C—— This was the last subject we discussed As we crossed into this street a fruiterer with a large basket upon his head brushing quickly past us thrust you upon a pile of paving stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair You stepped upon one of the loose fragments slipped slightly strained your ankle appeared vexed or sulky muttered a few words turned to look at the pile

and then proceeded in silence I was not particularly attentive to what you did but observation has become with me of late a species of necessity

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing with a petulant expression at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones) until we reached the little alley called Lamartine which has been paved by way of experiment with the overlapping and riveted blocks Here your countenance brightened up and perceiving your lips move I could not doubt that you murmured the word stereotomy a term very affectedly appl ed to this spec es of pavement I knew that you could not say to yourself stereotomy without being brought to think of atomies and thus of the theories of Epicurus and since when we discussed this subject not very long ago I mentioned to you how singularly yet with how little notice the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upwards to the great *nebula* in Orion and I certainly expected that you would do so You did look up and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly which appeared in yesterday s *Musee* the satirist making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler s change of name upon assuming the buskin quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed I mean the l ne

Perdidit antiquum l tera prima sonum

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion formerly written Urion and from certain pungencies connected with this explanation I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear therefore that

you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips You thought of the poor cobbler s immolation So far you had been stooping in your gait but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chan tilly At this point I interrupted your meditations to re mark that as in fact he *was* a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*

Not long after this we were looking over an evening edition of the Gazette des Tribunaux when the fol lowing paragraphs arrested our attention

EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS —This morning about three o clock the inhabitants of the Quartier St Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks issuing apparently from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue known to be in the sole oc cupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye After some delay occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner the gateway was broken in with a crowbar and eight or ten of the neighbors entered ac companied by two *gendarmes* By this time the cries had ceased but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs two or more rough voices in angry contention were distinguished and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house As the second landing was reached these sounds also had ceased and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which being found locked with the key inside was forced open) a spectacle presented itself which struck every

one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the fur niture broken and thrown about in all directions There was only one bedstead and from this the bed had been removed and thrown into the middle of the floor On a chair lay a razor besmeared with blood On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair also dabbled in blood and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots Upon the floor were found four Napoleons an earring of topaz three large silver spoons three smaller of *métal d'Alger* and two bags containing nearly four thousand francs in gold The drawers of a *bureau* which stood in one corner were open and had been apparently rifled although many articles still remained in them A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead) I was open with the key still in the door It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of littl consequence

Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace a search was made in the chimney and (hor rible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter head down wards was dragged therefrom it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable dis tance The body was qu te warm Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived no doubt occas oned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged Upon the face were many severe scratches and upon the throat dark bruises and deep indenta tions of finger nails as if the deceased had been throttled to death

After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without farther discovery the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building

where lay the corpse of the old lady with her throat so entirely cut that upon an attempt to raise her the head fell off The body as well as the head was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet we believe the slightest clue"

The next day's paper had these additional particulars

"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair (the word *affaire* has not yet in France that levity of import which it conveys with us) but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it We give below all the material testimony elicited

Pauline Dubourg laundress deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years having washed for them during that period The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other They were excellent pay Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living Believed that Madame L told fortunes for a living Was reputed to have money put by Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home Was sure that they had no servant in employ There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story

Pierre Moreau tobacconist deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L Espanaye for nearly four years Was born in the neighborhood and has always resided there The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years It was formerly occupied by a jeweler who under let the upper rooms to various persons The house

was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant and moved into them herself refusing to let any portion The old lady was childish Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter a porter once or twice and a physician some eight or ten times

Many other persons neighbors gave evidence to the same effect No one was spoken of as frequenting the house It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L and her daughter The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened Those in the rear were always closed with the exception of the large back room fourth story The house was a good house—not very old

"*Isidore Musèt gendarme* deposes that he was called to the house about three o clock in the morning and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway endeavoring to gain admittance Forced it open at length with a bayonet—not with a crowbar Had but little difficulty in getting it open on account of its being a double or folding gate and bolted neither at bottom nor top The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out not short and quick Witness led the way upstairs Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice the other much shriller—a very strange voice Could distinguish some words of the former which was that of a Frenchman Was positive that

was not a woman's voice Could distinguish the words *sacré* and *diable* The shrill voice was that of a foreigner Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday

"*Henri Duval* a neighbor and by trade a silversmith deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general As soon as they forced an entrance they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd which collected very fast notwithstanding the lateness of the hour The shrill voice the witness thinks was that of an Italian Was certain it was not French Could not be sure that it was a man's voice It might have been a woman's Was not acquainted with the Italian language Could not distinguish the words but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian Knew Madame L. and her daughter Had conversed with both frequently Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased

"—— *Odenheimer restaurateur* This witness volunteered his testimony Not speaking French was examined through an interpreter Is a native of Amsterdam Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks They lasted for several minutes—probably ten They were long and loud—very awful and distressing Was one of those who entered the building Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman Could not distinguish the words uttered They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh Could not call it a shrill voice The gruff

voice said repeatedly *sacre diable* and once *mon Dieu*

Jules Mignaud banker of the firm of Mignaud et Fils Rue Deloraine Is the elder Mignaud Madame L Espanaye had some property Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year —— (eight years previously) Made frequent deposits in small sums Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death when she took out in person the sum of 1000 francs This sum was paid in gold and a clerk sent home with the money

"*Adolphe Le Bon* clerk to Mignaud et Fils deposes that on the day in question about noon he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4000 francs put up in two bags Upon the door being opened Mademoiselle L appeared and took from his hands one of the bags while the old lady relieved him of the other He then bowed and departed Did not see any person in the street at the time It is a bye street—very lonely

William Bird tailor deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house Is an Englishman Has lived in Paris two years Was one of the first to ascend the stairs Heard the voices in contention The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Could make out several words but cannot now remember all Heard distinctly *sacré* and *mon Dieu* There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman Appeared to be that of a German Might have been a woman s voice Does not understand German

Four of the above named witnesses being recalled deposed that the door of the chamber in which was

found the body of Mademoiselle L was locked on the inside when the party reached it Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind Upon forcing the door no person was seen The windows both of the back and front room were down and firmly fastened from within A door between the two rooms was closed but not locked The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked with the key on the inside A small room in the front of the house on the fourth story at the head of the passage was open the door being ajar This room was crowded with old beds boxes and so forth These were carefully removed and searched There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys The house was a four story one with garrets (*mansardes*) A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five The door was opened with difficulty

Alfonzo Garcio undertaker deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue Is a native of Spain Was one of the party who entered the house Did not proceed upstairs Is nervous and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation Heard the voices in contention The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Could not distinguish what was said The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this Does not understand the English language but judges by the intonation

"*Alberto Montani* confectioner deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs Heard the voices in question The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman Distinguished several words The speaker appeared to be

expostulating Could not make out the words of the shrill voice Spoke quick and unevenly Thinks it the voice of a Russian Corrobates the general testimony Is an Italian Never conversed with a native of Russia

Several witnesses recalled here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being By sweeps were meant cylindrical sweeping brushes such as are employed by those who clean chimneys These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while th party proceeded up stairs The body of Mademoiselle L Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the himney that it could not be got down until four or five of the pa ty united their strength

Paul Dumas physician deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L was found The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would suffi ciently account for the e appearances The throat was greatly chafed There were several deep scratches just below the chin together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers The face was fearfully discolored and the eyeballs pro truded The tongue had been partially bitten through A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stom ach produced apparently by the pressure of a knee In the opinion of M Dumas Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown The corpse of the mother was horribly muti lated All the bones of the right leg and arm were mo e or less shattered The left *tibia* much splintered as well as all the ribs of the left side Whole body dreadfully

bruised and discolored It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted A heavy club of wood or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large heavy and obtuse weapon would have produced such results if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon *The head of the deceased when seen by witness* was entirely separated from the body and was also greatly shattered The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor

Alexandre Etienne surgeon was called with M *Dumas to view the bodies Corroborated the testimony* and the opinions of Mr Dumas

Nothing farther of importance was elicited although several other persons were examined A murder so mysterious and so perplexing in all its particulars was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature There is not however the shadow of a clue apparent"

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re searched and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted but all to no purpose A postscript however mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner for he made no comments It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering

them an insoluble mystery I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer

"We must not judge of the means said Dupin "by this shell of an examination The Parisian police so much extolled for *acumen* are cunning but no more There is no method in their proceedings beyond the method of the moment They make a vast parade of measures but not unfrequently these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed as to put us in mind of Mon sieur Jourdain s calling for his *robe de chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique* The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising but for the most part are brought about by simple diligence and activity When these qualities are unavailing their schemes fail Vidocq for example was a good guesser and a per severing man But without educated thought he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations He impaired his vision by holding the object too clo e He might ee perhaps one or two points with unusual clearness but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole Thus there is such a thing as being too profound Truth is not always in a well In fact as regards the more important knowledge I do believe that she is invariably superficial The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her and not upon the mountain tops where she is found The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the con templation of the heavenly bodies To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side long way by turning to wards it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more sus ceptible of feeble imp essions of light than the interior) is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best ap preciation of its luster—a luster wh ch grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it"*

greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained too concentrated or too direct

As for these murders let us enter into some examinations for ourselves before we make up an opinion respecting them An inquiry will afford us amusement (I thought this an odd term so applied but said nothing) and besides Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful We will go and see the premises with our own eyes I know G—— the Prefect of Police and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission

The permission was obtained and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St Roch It was late in the afternoon when we reached it as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided The house was readily found for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters with an objectless curiosity from the opposite side of the way It was an ordinary Parisian house with a gateway on one side of which was a glazed watch box with a sliding panel in the window indicating a *loge de concierge* Before going in we walked up the street turned down an alley and then again turning passed in the rear of the building—Dupin meanwhile examining the whole neighborhood as well as the house with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object

Retracing our steps we came again to the front of the dwelling rang and having shown our credentials were admitted by the agents in charge We went up

stairs—into the chamber where the body of Made moiselle L Espanaye had been found and where both the deceased still lay The disorders of the room had as usual been suffered to exist I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the Gazette des Tribunaux *Dupin scrutinized everything—not excepting the bodies* of the victims We then went into the other rooms and into the yard a *gendarme* accompanying us through out The examination occupied us until dark when we took our departure On our way home my companion stopped in for a moment at the office of the daily papers

I have said that the whims of my friend were mani fold and that *Je les menageais* —for this phrase there is no English equivalent It was his humor now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder until about noon the next day He then asked me sud denly if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word peculiar which caused me to shudder with out knowing why

No nothing *peculiar* I said nothing more at least than we both saw stated in the paper

The Gazette he repl ed has not entered I fear into the unusual horror of the thing But dismiss the idle opinions of this print It appears to me that this mystery is cons dered insoluble for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solu tion—I mean for the *outré* character of its features The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive —not for the murder itself—but for the atrocity of the murder They are puzzled too by the seeming impos sibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye and

there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending The wild disorder of the room the corpse thrust with the head downwards up the chimney the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady these considerations with those just mentioned and others which I need not mention have sufficed to paralyze the powers by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen* of the government agents They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way if at all in its search for the true In investigations such as we are now pursuing it should not be so much asked what has occurred as what has occurred that has never occurred before In fact the facility with which I shall arrive or have arrived at the solution of this mystery is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment

I am now awaiting continued he looking towards the door of our apartment— I am now awaiting a person who although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration Of the worst portion of the crimes committed it is probable that he is innocent I hope that I am right in this supposition for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle I look for the man here—in this room—every moment It is true that he may not arrive but the probability is that he will Should he come it will be necessary to detain him Here are pistols and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use"

I took the pistols scarcely knowing what I did or believing what I heard while Dupin went on very much as if in a soliloquy I have already spoken of his

abstract manner at such times His discourse was ad dressed to myself but his voice although by no means loud had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance His eyes vacant in expression regarded only the wall

That the voices heard in contention he said 'by the party upon the stairs were not the voices of the women themselves was fully proved by the evidence This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter and afterward have committed suicide I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly un equal to the task of thrusting her daughter s corpse up the chimney as it was found and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self destruction Murd r then has b en committed by some third party and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony Did you observe anything peculiar about it?

I remarked that whil all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill or as one individual termed it the harsh voice

"That was the evidence itself said Dupin 'but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence You have observed nothing distinctive Yet there *was* something to be ob served The witnesses as you remark agreed about the gruff voice they were here unanimous But in regard to the shrill voice the peculiarity is—not that they dis agreed—but that while an Italian an Englishman a Spaniard a Hollander and a Frenchman attempted to describe it each one spoke of it as that of *a foreigner*

Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard and might have distinguished some words *had be been acquainted with the Spanish* The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman but we find it stated that *not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter* The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German and *does not understand German* The Spaniard is sure that it was that of an Englishman but judges by the intonation altogether *as he has no knowledge of the English* The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian but *has never conversed with a native of Russia* A second Frenchman differs moreover with the first and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian but *not being cognizant of that tongue* is like the Spaniard convinced by the intonation Now how strangely unusual must that voice have really been about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones* even denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris but without denying the inference I will now merely call your attention to three points The voice is termed by one witness harsh rather than shrill It is represented by two others to have been quick and *unequal* No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable

I know not" continued Dupin what impression I may have made so far upon your own understanding but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions

even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give *direction to all farther progress in the investigation of* the mystery I said legitimate deductions but my meaning is not thus fully expressed I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is however I will not say just yet I merely wish you to bear in mind that with myself it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber

Let us now transport ourselves in fancy to this chamber What *shall* we first *seek* here? The means of egress employed by the murderers It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in præternatural events Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not de stroyed by spirits The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision —Let us ex amine each by each the possible means of egress It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Made moiselle L'Espanaye was found or at least in the room adjoining when the party ascended the stairs It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues The police have laid bare the floors the ceilings and the masonry of the walls in every direc tion No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigi lance But not trusting to *their* eyes I examined with my own There were then *no* secret issues Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked with the keys inside Let us turn to the chim neys These although of ordinary width for some eight

or ten feet above the hearths will not admit through out their extent the body of a large cat The impossi bility of egress by means already stated being thus absolute we are reduced to the windows Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street The mur derers *must* have passed then through those of the back room Now brought to this conclusion in so un equivocal a manner as we are it is not our part as reasoners to reject it on account of apparent impossi bilities It is only left for us to prove that these apparent impossibilities are in reality not such

There are two windows in the chamber One of them is unobstructed by furniture and is wholly visible The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it The former was found securely fastened from within It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it A large gimlet hole had been pierced in its frame to the left and a very stout nail was found fitted therein nearly to the head Upon examining the other window a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions And *therefore* it was thought a matter of supereroga tion to withdraw the nails and open the windows

My own examination was somewhat more particular and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was I knew that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality

I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori* The mur derers *did* escape from one of these windows This being so they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside as they were found fastened —the

consideration which put a stop through its obviousness to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter Yet the sashes *were* fastened They *must* then have the power of fastening themselves There was no escape from this conclusion I stepped to the unobstructed casement withdrew the nail with some difficulty and attempted to raise the sash It resisted all my efforts as I had anticipated A concealed spring must I now knew exist and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises at least were correct however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring I pressed it, and satisfied with the discovery forbore to upraise the sash

I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced The conclusion was plain and again narrowed in the field of my investigations The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window Supposing then the springs upon each sash to be the same as was probable there *must* be found a difference between the nails or at least between the modes of their fixture Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead I looked over the head board minutely at the second casement Passing my hand down behind the board I readily discovered and pressed the spring which was as I had supposed identical in character with its neighbor I now looked at the nail It was as stout as the other and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head

"You will say that I was puzzled but, if you think *so you must have misunderstood the nature of the in*duct ons To use a sporting phrase I had not been once at fault The scent had never for an instant been lost

There was no flaw in any link of the chain I had traced the secret to its ultimate result—and that result was *the nail* It had I say in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with th consideration that here at this point terminated the clue There *must* be something wrong I said about the nail I touched it and the head with about a quarter of an inch of the shank came off in my fingers The rest of the shank was in the gimlet hole where it had been broken off The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust) and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer which had partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash the head portion of the nail I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible Pressing the spring I gently raised the sash for a few inches the head went up with it remaining firm in its bed I closed the window and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect

The riddle so far was now unriddled The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed) it had become fastened by the spring and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—farther inquiry being thus considered unnecessary

The next question is that of the mode of descent Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning

rod From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself to say nothing of entering it I observed however that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single not a folding door) except that the upper half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands In the present instance these shutters were fully three feet and a half broad When we saw them from the rear of the house they were both about half open—that is to say they stood off at right angles from the wall It is probable that the police as well as myself ex amined the back of the tenement but if so in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done) they did not perceive this great breadth itself or at all events failed to take it into due consideration In fact having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter they would naturally bestow here a very cursory exam ination It was clear to me however that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would if swung fully back to the wall reach to within two feet of the lightning rod It was also evident that by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and cour age an entrance into the window from the rod might have been thus effected —By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis work Letting go then his hold upon the rod placing his feet securely against the wall and springing boldly from it he might have swung

here The drawers of the bureau it is said had been rifled although many articles of apparel still remained within them The conclusion here is absurd It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies If a thief had taken any why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud the banker was discovered in bags upon the floor I wish you therefore to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive* engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives without attracting even momentary notice Coincidences in general are great stumbling blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration In the present instance had the gold been gone the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence But under the real circumstances of the case if we are to suppose gold the

motive of this outrage we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together

Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice that unusual agility and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength and thrust up a chimney head downwards Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this Least of all do they thus dispose of the murdered In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney you will admit that there was something *excessively outre*—something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men Think too how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!*

"Turn now to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair These had been torn out by the roots You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together You saw the locks in question as well as myself Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time The throat of the old lady was not merely cut but the head absolutely severed from the body the instrument was a mere razor I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds Of the bruises

upon the body of Madame L Espanaye I do not speak Monsieur Dumas and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument and so far these gentlemen are very correct The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed This idea however simple it may now seem escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because by the affair of the nails their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the po sibility of the windows having ever been opened at all

If now in addition to all these things you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the cham ber we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agil ty astounding a strength superhuman a ferocity brutal *a butchery without motive* a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity and a voice for eign in tone to the ears of men of many nations and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabif cation What result then has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question A madman I said has done this deed—some raving maniac escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Sante*

In some respects he replied your idea is not ir relevant But the voices of madmen even in their wild est paroxysms are never found to tally with that pecul iar voice heard upon the stairs Madmen are of some nation and their language however incoherent in its words has always the coherence of syllabification Be sides the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold

in my hand I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame LEspanaye Tell me what you can make of it

Dupin! I said completely unnerved this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair

I have not asserted that it is said he but before we decide this point I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper It is a *facsimile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as dark bruises and deep indentations of fingernails upon the throat of Mademoiselle LEspanaye and in another (by Messrs Dumas and Etienne) as a series of livid spots evidently the impression of fingers

You will perceive continued my friend spreading out the paper upon the table before us that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold There is no *slipping* apparent Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself Attempt now to place all your fingers at the same time in the respective impressions as you see them

I made the attempt in vain

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial he said "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it and try the experiment again

I did so but the difficulty was even more obvious than before

"This I said is the mark of no human hand"

Read now replied Dupin this passage from Cuvier"

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive

account of the large fulvous Orang-Outang of the East Indian Islands The gigantic stature the prodigious strength and activity the wild ferocity and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all I understood the full horrors of the murder at once

"The description of the digits" said I as I made an end of reading "is in exact accordance with this drawing I see that no animal but an Orang Outang of the species here mentioned could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them This tuft of tawny hair too is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery Besides there were *two* voices heard in contention and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman

True and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously by the evidence to this voice—the expression *mon Dieu!* This under the circumstances has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation Upon these two words therefore I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place The Orang Outang may have escaped from him He may have traced it to the chamber but under the agitating circumstances which ensued he could never have recaptured it It is still at large I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect and since I could not pretend to make

them intelligible to the understanding of another We will call them guesses then and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed as I suppose innocent of this atrocity this advertisement which I *left last night upon our return home* at the office of Le Monde (a paper devoted to the shipping interest and much sought by sailors) will bring him to our residence

He handed me a paper and I read thus

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne early in the morning of the — inst* (the morning of the murder) *a very large tawny Orang Outang of the Bornese species The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again upon identifying it satisfactorily and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping Call at No — Rue— Faubourg St Germain — au troisième*

How was it possible I asked that you should know the man to be a sailor and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

I do *not* know it" said Dupin I am not *sure* of it Here however is a small piece of ribbon which from its *form* and from its greasy appearance has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond Moreover this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie and *is peculiar* to the Maltese I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning rod It could not have belonged *to* either of the deceased Now if after all I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement If I am in error he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he

will not take the trouble to inquire But if I am right a great point is gained Cognizant although innocent of the murder the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Orang Outang He will reason thus — I am innocent I *am poor my Orang Outang is of great value—to one* in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is within my grasp It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clue Should they even trace the animal it would be impos sible to prove me cognizant of the murder or to im plicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance Above all *I am known* The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value which it is known that I possess I will render the animal at least liable to sus picion It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast I will answer the advertisement get the Orang Outang and keep it close until this matter has blown over

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs

Be ready said Dupin with your pistols but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself

The front door of the house had been left open and the visitor had entered without ringing and advanced several steps upon the staircase Now however he seemed to hesitate Presently we heard him descending Dupin was moving quickly to the door when we again heard him coming up He did not turn back a second

time but stepped up with decision and rapped at the door of our chamber

Come in said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone

A man entered He was a sailor evidently —a tall stout and muscular looking person with a certain dare devil expression of countenance not altogether unpre possessing His face greatly sunburnt was more than half hidden by whisker and *mustachio* He had with him a huge oaken cudgel but appeared to be otherwise unarmed He bowed awkwardly and bade us "good evening in French accents which although some what Neufchatelish were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin

Sit down my friend said Dupin I suppose you have called about the Orang Outang Upon my word I almost envy you the possession of him a remarkably fine and no doubt a very valuable animal How old do you suppose him to be?

The sailor drew a long breath with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burthen and then replied, in an assured tone

I have no way of telling—but he can t be more than four or five years old Have you got him here?

Oh no we had no conveniences for keeping him here He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg just by You can get him in the morning Of course you are prepared to identify the property?

"To be sure I am sir

"I shall be sorry to part with him said Dupin

I don t mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing sir" said the man Couldn t expect it Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say anything in reason"

"Well," replied my friend that is all very fair to be

sure Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you My reward shall be this You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue"

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone and very quietly Just as quietly too he walked towards the door locked it and put the key in his pocket He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it without the least flurry upon the table

The sailor s face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel but the next moment he fell back into his seat trembling violently and with the countenance of death itself He spoke not a word I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

My friend said Dupin in a kind tone you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed We mean you no harm whatever I pledge you the honor of a gentleman and of a Frenchman that we intend you no injury I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue It will not do however to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them From what I have already said you must know that I have had means of information about this matter —means of which you could never have dreamed Now the thing stands thus You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing certainly which renders you culpable You were not even guilty of robbery when you might have robbed with impunity You have nothing to conceal You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know An innocent man is now imprisoned charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind in a great measure while Dupin uttered these words but his original boldness of bearing was all gone

So help me God said he after a brief pause I *will* tell you all I know about this affair —but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did Still I *am* innocent and I will make a clean breast if I die for it

What he stated was in substance this He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago A party of which he formed one landed at Borneo and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure Himself and a companion had captured the Orang Outang This companion dying the animal fell into his own exclusive possession After great trouble occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris where not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors he kept it carefully secluded until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot received from a splinter on board ship His ultimate design was to sell it

Returning home from some sailors frolic on the night or rather in the morning of the murder he found the beast occupying his own bedroom into which it had broken from a closet adjoining where it had been as was thought securely confined Razor in hand and fully lathered it was sitting before a looking glass attempting the operation of shaving in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious and so well able to use it the man for some moments was at a loss what to do He had been accustomed however to quiet the creature even in its fiercest moods by the

use of a whip and to this he now resorted Upon sight of it the Orang Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber down the stairs and thence through a window unfortunately open into the street

The Frenchman followed in despair the ape razor still in hand occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer until the latter had nearly come up with it It then again made off In this manner the chase continued for a long time The streets were profoundly quiet as it was nearly three o clock in the morning In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue the fugitive s attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L Espanaye s chamber in the fourth story of her house Rushing to the building it perceived the lightning rod clambered up with inconceivable agil ty grasped the shutter which was thrown fully back against the wall and by its means swung itself directly upon the head board of the bed The whole feat did not occupy a min ute The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang Outang as it entered the room

The sailor in the meantime was both rejoiced and perplexed He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured except by the rod where it might be intercepted as it came down On the other hand there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive A lightning rod is as cended without difficulty especially by a sailor but when he had arrived as high as the window which lay far to his left his career was stopped the most that he could accompl sh was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror Now

tation throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved and dragging the bed from the bedstead In conclusion it seized first the corpse of the daughter and thrust it up the chimney as it was found then that of the old lady which it immediately hurled through the window headlong

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burthen the sailor shrank aghast to the rod and rather gliding than clambering down it hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery and gladly abandoning in his terror all sol citude about the fate of the Orang Outang The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman s exclamations of horror and affright co mingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute

I have scarcely anything to add The Orang Outang must have escaped from the chamber by the rod just before the breaking of the door It must have clo ed the window as it passed through it It was subsequently caught by the owner himself who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes* Le Bon was instantly released upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police This functionary however well disposed to my friend could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business

Let them talk said Dupin who had not thought it necessary to reply Let him discourse it will ease his conscience I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle Nevertheless that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it for in truth our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be p

his wisdom is no *stamen* It is all head and no body like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna —or at best all head and shoulders like a codfish But he is a good creature after all I like him especially for one master stroke of cant by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity I mean the way he has *de nier ce qui est et d'expliquer ce qui n est pas*

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS

FROM *Death Comes for the Archbishop*

BY WILLA CATHER

I

The White Mules

IN mid March Father Vaillant was on the road re turning from a missionary journey to Albuquerque He was to stop at the *rancho* of a rich Mexican Manuel Lujon to marry his men and maid servants who were *living in concubinage and to baptize the children There* he would spend the night To morrow or the day after he would go on to Santa Fé halting by the way at the Indian pueblo of Santo Domingo to hold service There was a fine old mission church at Santo Domingo but the Indians were of a haughty and suspicious disposition He had said Mass there on his way to Albuquerque nearly a week ago By dint of canvassing from house to house and offering medals and religious colour prints to all who came to church he had got together a con siderable congregation It was a large and prosperous pueblo set among clean sand hills with its rich irrigated farm lands lying just below in the valley of the Rio Grande His congregation was quiet dignified attentive They sat on the earth floor wrapped in their best blan kets repose in every line of their strong stubborn backs He harangued them in such Spanish as he could com mand and they listened with respect But bring their children to be baptized they would not The Spaniards

A little wine very willingly and bread too But not until afterward I meant to catch you all at dinner but I am two hours late because my horse is bad Have someone bring in my saddle-bags and I will put on my vestments Send out to the fields for your men Senor Lujon A man can stop work to be married

The swarthy host was dazed by this dispatch 'But one moment, Padre There are all the children to baptize why not begin with them, if I cannot persuade you to wash the dust from your sainted brow and repose a little

'Take me to a place where I can wash and change my clothes and I will be ready before you can get them here No I tell you Lujon the marriages first, the baptisms afterward that order is but Christian I will baptize the children to-morrow morning and their parents will at least have been married overnight

Father Joseph was conducted to his chamber and the older boys were sent running off across the fields to fetch the men Lujon and his two daughters began constructing an altar at one end of the *sala* Two old women came to scrub the floor and another brought chairs and stools

'My God but he is ugly the Padre!' whispered one of these to the others He must be very holy And did you see the great wart he has on his chin? My grandmother could take that away for him if she were alive poor soul! Somebody ought to tell him about the holy mud at Chimayo That mud might dry it up But there is nobody left now who can take warts away

'No the times are not so good any more the other agreed And I doubt if all this marrying will make them any better Of what use is it to marry people after they have lived together and had children? and the man

is maybe thinking about another woman like Pablo I saw him coming out of the brush with that oldest girl of Trinidad s only Sunday night

The reappearance of the priest upon the scene cut short further scandal He knelt down before the im provised altar and began his private devotions The women tiptoed away Senor Lujon himself went out toward the servants quarters to hurry the candidates for the marriage sacrament The women were giggling and snatching up their best shawls Some of the men had even washed their hands The household crowded into the *sala* and Father Vaillant married couples with great dispatch

To morrow morning the baptisms he announced And the mothers see to it that the children are clean and that there are sponsors for all

After he had resumed his travelling clothes Father Joseph asked his host at what hour he dined remarking that he had been fasting since an early breakfast

We eat when it is ready—a little after sunset usu ally I have had a young lamb killed for your Rever ence

Father Joseph kindled with interest Ah and how will it be cooked?

Senor Lujon shrugged Cooked? Why they put it in a pot with chili and some onions I suppose

Ah that is the point I have had too much stewed mutton Will you permit me to go into the kitchen and cook my portion in my own way?

Lujon waved his hand My house is yours Padre Into the kitchen I never go—too many women But there it is and the woman in charge is named Rosa

When the Father entered the kitchen he found a crowd of women discussing the marriages They quickly dispersed leaving old Rosa by her fireplace where

hung a kettle from which issued the savour of cooking mutton fat all too familiar to Father Joseph He found a half sheep hanging outside the door covered with a bloody sack and asked Rosa to heat the oven for him announcing that he meant to roast the hind leg

But, Padre I baked before the marriages The oven is almost cold It will take an hour to heat it and it is only two hours till supper

'Very well I can cook my roast in an hour

Cook a roast in an hour! cried the old woman Mother of God Padre the blood will not be dried in it!

'Not if I can help it' said Father Joseph fiercely 'Now hurry with the fire my good woman

When the Padre carved his roast at the supper table the serving girls stood behind his chair and looked with horror at the delicate stream of pink juice that followed the knife Manuel Lujon took a slice for politeness but he did not eat it Father Vaillant had his *gigot* to himself

All the men and boys sat down at the long table with the host the women and children would eat later Father Joseph and Lujon at one end had a bottle of *white Bordeaux between them It had been brought* from Mexico City on mule back, Lujon said They were discussing the road back to Santa Fé and when the missionary remarked that he would stop at Santo Domingo the host asked him why he did not get a horse there 'I am afraid you will hardly get back to Santa Fe on your own The pueblo is famous for breeding good horses You might make a trade

'No said Father Vaillant. 'Those Indians are of a sullen disposition If I were to have dealings with them they would suspect my motives If we are to save their souls we must make it clear that we want no profit for ourselves as I told Father Gallegos in Albuqu_

Manuel Lujon laughed and glanced down the table at his men who were all showing their white teeth 'You said that to the Padre at Albuquerque? You have courage He is a rich man Padre Gallegos All the same I respect him I have played poker with him He is a great gambler and takes his losses like a man He stops at nothing plays like an American

And I retorted Father Joseph I have not much respect for a priest who either plays cards or manages to get rich

Then you do not play? asked Lujon I am disappointed I had hoped we could have a game after supper The evenings are dull enough here You do not even play dominoes?

Ah that is another matter! Father Joseph declared. A game of dominoes there by the fire with coffee or some of that excellent grape brandy you allowed me to taste that I would find refreshing And tell me Manuelito where do you get that brandy? It is like a French liqueur

It is well seasoned It was made at Bernalillo in my grandfather s time They make it there still but it is not so good now

The next morning after coffee while the children were being got ready for baptism the host took Father Vaillant through his corrals and stables to show him his stock

He exhibited with peculiar pride two cream coloured mules stalled side by side With his own hand he led them out of the stable in order to display to advantage their handsome coats not bluish white as with white horses but a rich deep ivory that in shadow changed to fawn-colour Their tails were clipped at the ends into the shape of bells

"Their names said Lujon are Contenta and Angel

ica and they are as good as their names It se ms that God has given them intelligence When I talk to them they look up at me like Christians they are very com panionable They are always ridden together and have a great affection for each other

Father Joseph took one by the halter and led it about Ah but they are rare creatures! I have never seen a mule or horse coloured like a young fawn before To his host's astonishment the wiry little priest sprang upon Contenta s back with the agility of a grasshopper The mule too was astonished She shook herself violently bolted toward the gate of the barnyard and at the gate stopped suddenly Since this did not throw her rider she seemed satisfied trotted back and stood placidly beside Angelica

But you are a *caballero* Father Vaillant! Lujon ex claimed I doubt if Father Gallegos would have kept his seat—though he is something of a hunter

'The saddle is to be my home in your country Lujon What an easy gait this mule has and what a narrow back! I notice that especially For a man with short legs like me it is a punishment to ride eight hours a day on a wide horse And this I must do day after day From here I go to Santa Fé and after a day in confer ence with the Bishop I start for Mora

For Mora? exclaimed Lujon 'Yes that is far and the roads are very bad On your mare you will never do it She will drop dead under you While he talked the Father remained upon the mule s back stroking her with his hand

'Well I have no other God grant that she does not drop som where far from food and water I can carry very little with me except my vestments and the sacred vessels

The Mexican had been growing more and more

thoughtful as if he were considering something pro found and not altogether cheerful Suddenly his brow cleared and he turned to the priest with a radiant smile quite boyish in its simplicity

Father Vaillant he burst out in a slightly oratorical manner you have made my house right with Heaven and you charge me very little I will do something very nice for you I will give you Contenta for a present and I hope to be particularly remembered in your prayers

Springing to the ground Father Vaillant threw his arms about his host Manuelito! he cried for this darling mule I think I could almost pray you into Heaven!

The Mexican laughed too and warmly returned the embrace Arm in arm they went in to begin the bap tisms

The next morning when Lujon went to call Father Vaillant for breakfast he found him in the barnyard leading the two mules about and smoothing their fawn coloured flanks but his face was not the cheerful countenance of yesterday

Manuel he said at once I cannot accept your pres ent I have thought upon it overnight and I see that I cannot The Bishop works as hard as I do and his horse is little better than mine You know he lost everything on his way out here in a shipwreck at Galveston—among the rest a fine wagon he had had built for travel on these plains I could not go about on a mule like this when my Bishop rides a common hack It would be inappropriate I must ride away on my old mare

'Yes Padre? Manuel looked troubled and somewhat aggrieved Why should the Padre spoil everything? It had all been very pleasant yesterday and he had felt like a prince of generosity I doubt if she will make La

Bajada Hill he said slowly shaking his head 'Look my *horses over and take the one that suits you They are all* better than yours

'No *no* said Father Vaillant decidedly *Having seen* these mules I want nothing else They are the colour of pearls really! I will raise the price of marriages until I can buy this pair from you A missionary must depend upon his mount for companionship in his lonely life I want a mule that can look at me like a Christian as you said of these

Senor Lujon sighed and looked about his barnyard as if he were trying to find some escape from this situat on

Father Joseph turned to him with vehemence If I were a rich *ranchero* like you Manuel I would do a splendid thing I would furnish the two mounts that are to carry the Word of God about this heathen coun try and then I would say to myself *There go my Bishop and my Vicario on my beautiful cream coloured mules*

So be it Padre said Lujon with a mournful smile But I ought to get a good many prayers On my whole estate there is nothing I prize like those two True they might pine if they were parted for long They have never been separated and they have a great affection for each other Mules as you know have strong affec tions It is hard for me to give them up

'You will be all the happier for that Manuelito Father Joseph cried heartily 'Every time you think of these mules you will feel pride in your good deed

Soon after breakfast Father Vaillant departed riding Contenta with Angelica trotting submissively behind and *from his gate Senor Lujon watched them discon* solately until they d sappeared He felt he had been worried out of his mules and yet he bore no resentment He did not doubt Father Joseph s devotedness nor his singleness of purpose After all, a Bishop was a Bishop

and a Vicar was a Vicar and it was not to their discredit that they worked like a pair of common parish priests. He believed he would be proud of the fact that they rode Contenta and Angelica Father Vaillant had forced his hand but he was rather glad of it.

II

The Lonely Road to Mora

The Bishop and his Vicar were riding through the rain in the Truchas Mountains The heavy lead coloured drops were driven slantingly through the air by an icy wind from the peak. These raindrops Father Latour kept thinking were the shape of tadpoles and they broke against his nose and cheeks exploding with a splash as if they were hollow and full of air The priests were riding across high mountain meadows which in a few weeks would be green though just now they were slate-coloured On every side lay ridges covered with blue green fir trees above them rose the horny backbones of mountains The sky was very low purplish lead-coloured clouds let down curtains of mist into the valleys between the pine ridges There was not a glimmer of white light in the dark vapours working overhead—rather they took on the cold green of the evergreens Even the white mules their coats wet and matted into tufts had turned a slaty hue and the faces of the two priests were purple and spotted in that singular light

Father Latour rode first sitting straight upon his mule with his chin lowered just enough to keep the drive of rain out of his eyes Father Vaillant followed, unable to see much—in weather like this his glasses

were of no use and he had taken them off He crouched down in the saddle his shoulders well over Contenta s neck Father Joseph s sister Philomène who was Mother Superior of a convent in her native town in the Puy-de Dôme often tried to picture her brother and Bishop Latour on these long missionary journeys of which he wrote her she imagined the scene and saw the two priests moving through it in their cassocks bareheaded like the pictures of Saint Francis Xavier with which she was familiar The reality was less picturesque—but for all that no one could have mistaken these two men for hunters or traders They wore clerical collars about their necks instead of neckerchiefs and on the breast of his buckskin jacket the Bishop s silver cross hung by a silver chain

They were on their way to Mora the third day out and they did not know just how far they had still to go Since morning they had not met a traveller or seen a human habitation They believed they were on the right trail, for they had seen no other The first night of their journey they had spent at Santa Cruz lying in the warm wide valley of the Rio Grande where the fields and gardens were already softly coloured with early spring But since they had left the Espanola country behind them they had contended first with wind and sand storms and now with cold The Bishop was going to Mora to assist the Padre there in disposing of a crowd of refugees who filled his house A new settlement in the Conejos Valley had lately been raided by Indians many of the inhabitants were killed and the survivors who were originally from Mora had managed to get back there utterly destitute

Before the travellers had crossed the mountain meadows the rain turned to sleet Their wet buckskins quickly froze and the rattle of icy flakes struck them

and bounded off The prospect of a night in the open was not cheering It was too wet to kindle a fire their blankets would become soaked on the ground As they were descending the mountain on the Mora side the grey daylight seemed already beginning to fail though it was only four o clock

Father Latour turned in his saddle and spoke over his shoulder

The mules are certainly very tired Joseph They ought to be fed

Push on said Father Vaillant 'We will come to shelter of some kind before night sets in The Vicar had been praying steadfastly while they crossed the meadows and he felt confident that Saint Joseph would not turn a deaf ear

Before the hour was done they did indeed come upon a wretched adobe house so poor and mean that they might not have seen it had it not lain close beside the trail on the edge of a steep ravine The stable looked more habitable than the house and the priests thought perhaps they could spend the night in it

As they rode up to the door a man came out bareheaded and they saw to their surprise that he was not a Mexican but an American of a very unprepossessing type He spoke to them in some drawling dialect they could scarcely understand and asked if they wanted to stay the night During the few words they exchanged with him Father Latour felt a growing reluctance to remain even for a few hours under the roof of this ugly evil looking fellow He was tall gaunt and ill formed with a snake like neck terminating in a small bony head Under his close-clipped hair this repellent head showed a number of thick ridges as if the skull joinings were overgrown by layers of superfluous bone With its small rudimentary ears this head had a posi

tively malignant look The man seemed not more than half human but he was the only householder on the lonely road to Mora

The priests dismounted and asked him whether he could put their mules under shelter and give them grain feed

As soon as I git my coat on I will You kin come in

They followed him into a room where a pinon fire blazed in the corner and went toward it to warm their stiffened hands Their host made an angry snarling sound in the direction of the partition and a woman came out of the next room She was a Mexican

Father Latour and Father Vaillant addressed her courteously in Spanish greeting her in the name of the Holy Mother as was customary She did not open her lips but stared at them blankly for a moment, then dropped her eyes and cowered as if she were terribly frightened The priests looked at each other it struck them both that this man had been abusing her in some way Suddenly he turned on her

Clear off them cheers fur the strangers They won t eat ye if they air priests

She began distractedly snatching rags and wet socks and dirty clothes from the chairs Her hands were shak ing so that she dropped things She was not old she might have been very young but she was probably half witted There was nothing in her face but blankness and fear

Her husband put on his coat and boots went to the door and stopped with his hand on the latch throwing over his shoulder a crafty hateful glance at the bewil dered woman

Here you! Come right along I'll need ye!

She took her black shawl from a peg and followed him Just at the door she turned and caught the eyes of

the mules which had not been unsaddled The poor things were each munching a mouthful, but they needed no urging to be gone they did not like this place The moment they felt their riders on their backs they trotted quickly along the road which dropped immediately into the arroyo While they were descending Father Joseph remarked that the man would certainly have a gun in the house and that he had no wish to be shot in the back

Nor I But it is growing too dark for that unless he should follow us on horseback said the Bishop Were there horses in the stable?

Only a burro

Father Vaillant was relying upon the protection of Saint Joseph whose office he had fervently said that morning The warning given them by that poor woman with such scant opportunity seemed evidence that some protecting power was mindful of them

By the time they had ascended the far side of the arroyo night had closed down and the rain was pouring harder than ever

I am by no means sure that we can keep in the road said the Bishop But at least I am sure we are not being followed We must trust to these intelligent beasts Poor woman! He will suspect her and abuse her I am afraid He kept seeing her in the darkness as he rode on her face in the firelight and her terrible pantomime

They reached the town of Mora a little after mid night. The Padre s house was full of refugees and two of them were put out of a bed in ord r that the Bishop and his Vicar could get into it

In the morning a boy came from the stable and re ported that he had found a crazy woman lying in the straw and that she begged to see the two Padres who owned the white mules She was brought in her cloth ing cut to rags her legs and face and even her hair so

plastered with mud that the priests could scarcely recog
nize the woman who had saved their lives the night
before

She said she had never gone back to the house at all
When the two priests rode aw1y her husband had run
to the house to get his gun and she had plunged down
a washout behind the stable into the arroyo and had
been on the way to Mora all night She had supposed
he would overtake her and kill her but he had not She
reached the settlement before daybreak and crept into
the stable to warm herself among the animals and wait
until the household was awake Kneeling before the
Bishop she began to relate such horrible things that he
stopped her and turned to the native priest

This is a case for the civil authorities Is there a
magistrate here?

There was no magistrate but there was a retired fur
trapper who acted as notary and could take evidence
He was sent for and in the interval Fatl er Latour in
structed the refugee women from Conejos to bathe this
poor creature and put decent clothes on her and to care
for the cuts and scratches on her legs

An hour later the woman whose name was Magda
lena calmed by food and kindness was ready to tell her
story The notary had brought along his friend S1int
Vrain a Canadian trapper who understood Spanish bet
ter than he The woman was known to Saint Vrain
moreover who confirmed her statement that she was
born Magdalena Valdez at Los Ranchos de Taos and
that she was twenty four years old Her husband Buck
Scales had drifted into Taos with a party of hunters
from somewhere in Wyoming All white men knew him
for a dog and a degenerate—but to Mexican girls mar
riage with an American meant coming up in the world
She had married him six years ago and had been h

ing with him ever since in that wretched house on the Mora trail During that time he had robbed and mur dered four travellers who had stopped there for the night They were all strangers not known in the coun try She had forgot their names but one was a German boy who spoke very little Spanish and little English a nice boy with blue eyes and she had grieved for him more than for the others They were all buried in the sandy soil behind the stable She was always afraid their bodies might wash out in a storm Their horses Buck had ridden off by night and sold to Indians somewhere in the north Magdalena had borne three children since her marriage and her husband had killed each of them a few days after birth by ways so horrible that she could not relate it After he killed the first baby she ran away from him back to her parents at Ranchos He came after her and made her go home with him by threatening harm to the old people She was afraid to go anywhere for help but twice before she had man aged to warn travellers away when her husband hap pened to be out of the house This time she had found courage because when she looked into the faces of these two Padres she knew they were good men and she thought if she ran after them they could save her She could not bear any more killing She asked nothing bet ter than to die herself if only she could hide near a church and a priest for a while to make her soul right with God

Saint Vrain and his friend got together a search party at once They rode out to Scales s place and found the remains of four men buried under the corral behind the stable as the woman had said Scales himself they cap tured on the road from Taos where he had gone to look for his wife They brought him back to Mora but Saint Vrain rode on to Taos to fetch a magistrate

There was no *calabo o* in Mora so Scales was put into an empty stable under guard This stable was soon surrounded by a crowd of people who loitered to hear the blood curdling threats the prisoner shouted against his wife Magdalena was kept in the Padre s house where she lay on a mat in the corner begging Father Latour to take her back to Santa Fé so that her hus band could not get at her Though Scales was bound the Bishop felt alarmed for her safety He and the Amer ican notary who had a pistol of the new revolver model sat in the *sala* and kept watch over her all night

In the morning the magistrate and his party arrived from Taos The notary told him the facts of the case in the plaza where everyone could hear The Bishop en quired whether there was any place for Magdalena in Taos as she could not stay on here in such a state of terror A man dressed in buckskin hunting-clothes stepped out of the crowd and asked to see Magdalena. Father Latour conducted him into the room where she lay on her mat The stranger went up to her removing his hat. He bent down and put his hand on her shoul der Although he was clearly an American he spoke Spanish in the native manner

Magdalena don t you remember me?'

She looked up at him as out of a dark well some thing became alive in her deep haunted eyes She caught with both hands at his fringed buckskin knees

Cristobal! she wailed Oh Cristobal!

I'll take you home with me Magdalena and you can stay with my wife You wouldn t be afraid in my house would you?

No no Cristobal I would not be afraid with you I am not a wicked woman

He smoothed her hair 'You re a good girl Magda

lena—always were It will be all right Just leave things to me

Then he turned to the Bishop Senor Vicario she can come to me I live near Taos My wife is a native woman and she'll be good to her That varmint wont come about my place even if he breaks jail. He knows me My name is Carson

Father Latour had looked forward to meeting the scout He had supposed him to be a very large man of powerful body and commanding presence This Carson was not so tall as the Bishop himself was very slight in frame modest in manner and he spoke English with a soft Southern drawl His face was both thoughtful and alert anxiety had drawn a permanent ridge between his blue eyes Under his blond moustache his mouth had a singular refinement The lips were full and delicately modelled There was something curiously unconscious about his mouth, reflective a little melancholy—and something that suggested a capacity for tenderness

The Bishop felt a quick glow of pleasure in looking at the man As he stood there in his buckskin clothes one felt in him standards loyalties a code which is not easily put into words but which is instantly felt when two men who live by it come together by chance He took the scouts hand

I have long wanted to meet Kit Carson he said even before I came to New Mexico I have been hoping you would pay me a visit at Santa Fe

The other smiled Im right shy sir and Im always afraid of being disappointed But I guess it will be all right from now on

This was the beginning of a long friendship

On their ride back to Carsons ranch Magdalena was

put in Father Vaillants care and the Bishop and the scout rode together Carson said he had become a Catholic merely as a matter of form as Americans usually did when they married a Mexican girl His wife was a good woman and very devout but religion had seemed to him pretty much a womans affair until his last trip to California He had been sick out there and the Fathers at one of the missions took care of him

I began to see things different and thought I might some day be a Catholic in earnest I was brought up to think priests were rascals and that the nuns were bad women—all the stuff they talk back in Missouri A good many of the native priests here bear out that story Our Padre Martinez at Taos is an old scapegrace if ever there was one hes got children and grandchildren in almost every settlement around here And Padre Lucero at Arroyo Hondo is a miser takes everything a poor mans got to give him a Christian burial

The Bishop discussed the needs of his people at length with Carson He felt great confidence in his judgment The two men were about the same age both a little over forty and both had been sobered and sharpened by wide experience Carson had been guide in world renowned explorations but he was still almost as poor as in the days when he was a beaver trapper He lived in a little adobe house with his Mexican wife The great country of desert and mountain ranges between Santa Fé and the Pacific coast was not yet mapped or charted the most reliable map of it was in Kit Carsons brain This Missourian whose eye was so quick to read a landscape or a human face could not read a printed page He could at that time barely write his own name Yet one felt in him a quick and discriminating intelligence That he was illiterate was an accident he had got ahead of books gone where the printing press could

not follow him Out of the hardships of his boyhood—from fourteen to twenty picking up a bare living as cook or mule-driver for wagon trains often in the service of brutal and desperate characters—he had preserved a clean sense of honour and a compassionate heart In talking to the Bishop of poor Magdalena he said sadly 'I used to see her in Taos when she was such a pretty girl Ain t it a pity?

The degenerate murderer Buck Scales was hanged after a short trial Early in April the Bishop left Santa Fe on horseback and rode to St Louis on his way to attend the Provincial Council at Baltimore When he returned in September he brought back with him five courageous nuns Sisters of Loretto to found a school for girls in letterless Santa Fe He sent at once for Magdalena and took her into the service of the Sisters She became housekeeper and manager of the Sisters kitchen She was devoted to the nuns and so happy in the service of the Church that when the Bishop visited the school he used to enter by the kitchen garden in order to see her serene and handsome face For she became beautiful as Carson said she had been as a girl After the blight of her horrible youth was over she seemed to bloom again in the household of God

wheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep only sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering maybe The first thing to see looking away over the water was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t other side you couldn t make nothing else out then a pale place in the sky then more pale ness spreading around then the river softened up away off and warn t black any more but gray you could see little dark spots drifting along ever so far away—trading scows and such things and long black streaks—rafts sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking or jumbled up voices it was so still and sounds come so far and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there s a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way and you see the mist curl up off of the water and the east reddens up and the river and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods away on the bank on t other side of the river being a wood yard likely and p led by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres then the nice breeze springs up and comes fanning you from over there so cool and fresh and s veet to smell on account of the woods and the flowers but sometimes not that way because they ve left dead fish laying around gars and such and they do get pretty rank and next you ve got the full day and everything smiling in the sun and the song birds just going it!

A little smoke couldn t be noticed now so we would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot break fast And afterwards we would watch the lonesome ness of the river and kind of lazy along and by and by lazy off to sleep Wake up by and by and look to see what done it and maybe see a steamboat cough

ing along up stream so far off towards the other side you couldn t tell nothing about her only whether she was a stern wheel or side wheel then for about an hour there wouldn t be nothing to hear nor nothing to see—just solid lonesomeness Next you d see a raft sliding by away off yonder and maybe a galoot on it chopping because they re most always doing it on a raft you d see the ax flash and come down—you don t hear nothing you see that ax go up agin, and by the time its above the mans head then you hear the *k chunk!*—it had took all that time to come over the water So we would put in the day lazying around listening to the stillness Once there was a thick fog and the rafts and things that went by was beating tin pans so the teamboats wouldn t run over them A scow or a raft went by so close we could hear them talking and cussing and laughing—heard them plain but we couldn t see no sign of them it made you feel crawly it was like spirits carrying on that way in the air Jim said he believed it was spirits but I says

No spirits wouldn t say Dem the dern fog

Soon as it was night out we shoved when we got her out to about the middle we let her alone and let her float wherever the current wanted her to then we lit the pipes and dangled our legs in the water and talked about all kinds of things—we was always naked day and night whenever the mosquitoes would let us—the new clothes Buck s folks made for me was too good to be comfortable and besides I didn t go much on clothes nohow

Sometimes we d have that whole river all to our selves for the longest time Yonder was the banks and the islands across the water and maybe a spark—which was a candle in a cabin window and

sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two—on a raft or a scow you know and maybe you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts Its lovely to live on a raft We had the sky up there all speckled with stars and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened Jim he allowed they was made but I allowed they happened I judged it would have took too long to *make* so many Jim said the moon could a *laid* them well, that looked kind of reasonable so I didnt say nothing against it because Ive seen a frog lay most as many so of course it could be done We used to watch the stars that fell, too and see them streak down Jim allowed theyd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark and now and then she would belch a whole wo ld of sparks up out of her chimbleys and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty then she would turn a corner and her lights would wink out and her powwow shut off and leave the river still again and by and by her waves would get to us a long time after she was gone and joggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldnt hear nothing for you couldnt tell how long except maybe frogs or something

After midnight the people on shore went to bed and then for two or three hours the shores was black —no more sparks in the cabin windows These sparks was our clock—the first one that showed again meant morning was coming so we hunted a place to hide and t e up right away

One morning about daybreak I found a canoe and crossed over a chute to the main shore—it was only

two hundred yards—and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods to see if I couldn't get some berries Just as I was passing a place where a kind of a cowpath crossed the crick here comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it I thought I was a goner for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was *me*—or maybe Jim I was about to dig out from there in a hurry but they was pretty close to me then and sung out and begged me to save their lives—said they hadn t been doing nothing and was being chased for it—said there was men and dogs a coming They wanted to jump right in but I says

Don t you do it I don t hear the dogs and horses yet you ve got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a little ways then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in—that'll throw the dogs off the scent

They done it and soon as they was aboard I lit out for our towhead and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs and the men away off shouting We heard them come along towards the crick but couldn t see them they seemed to stop and fool around awhile then as we got further and further away all the time we couldn t hardly hear them at all by the time we had left a mile of woods behind us and struck the river everything was quiet and we paddled over to the towhead and hid in the cottonwoods and was safe

One of these fellows was about seventy or upwards and had a bald head and very gray whiskers He had an old battered up slouch hat on and a greasy blue woolen shirt and ragged old blue jeans britches stuffed into his boot tops and home-knit galluses—no he only had one He had an old long

tailed blue jeans coat with slick brass buttons flung over his arm and both of them had big fat, ratty looking carpet bags

The other fellow was about thirty and dressed about as ornery After breakfast we all laid off and talked and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn t know one another

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldhead to t other chap

"Well I d been selling an article to take the tartar off the teeth—and it does take it off too and generly the enamel along with it—but I stayed about one night longer than I ought to and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town and you told me they were coming and begged me to help you to get off So I told you I was expecting trouble myself and would scatter out *with* you. That s the whole yarn—what s yourn?'

"Well I d ben a runnin a little temperance revival thar 'bout a week and was the pet of the women folks big and little for I was makin it mighty warm for the rummies I *tell* you and takin as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents a head children and niggers free—and business a growin all the time when some how or another a little report got around last night that I had a way of puttin in my time with a private jug on the sly A nigger rousted me out this mornin and told me the people was getherin on the quiet with their dogs and horses and they d be along pretty soon and give me 'bout half an hour s start, and then run me down if they could and if they got me they d tar and feather me and ride me on a rail sure I didn t wait for no breakfast—I warn t hungry"

Old man" said the young one "I reckon we might double team it together what do you think?

"I aint undisposed What's your line—mainly?

Jour printer by trade do a little in patent medicines theater actor—tragedy you know take a turn to mesmerism and phrenology when there's a chance teach singing geography school for a change sling a lecture sometimes—oh I do lots of things—most anything that comes handy so it aint work What's your lay?

I've done considerble in the doctoring way in my time Layin on o hands is my best holt—for cancer and paralysis and sich things and I kin tell a fortune pretty good when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me Preachin's my line too and workin camp meetin's and missionaryin around

Nobody never said anything for a while then the young man hove a sigh and says

Alas!

"What're you alassin about? says the baldhead

"To think I should have lived to be leading such a life and be degraded down into such company And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag

"Dern your skin aint the company good enough for you? says the baldhead pretty pert and uppish

"Yes it is good enough for me its as good as I deserve for who fetched me so low when I was so high? *I* did myself I don't blame *you* gentlemen —far from it I don't blame anybody I deserve it all Let the cold world do its worst one thing I know—there's a grave somewhere for me The world may go on just as it's always done and take every thing from me—loved ones property everything but it can't take that Some day I'll lie down in it and forget

it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest" He went on a wiping

Drot your pore broken heart says the bald head what are you heaving your pore broken heart at *us* f'r? *We* hain t done nothing

No I know you haven t I ain t blaming you gentlemen I brought myself down—yes I did it myself It s right I should suffer—perfectly right—I don t make any moan

Brought you down from whar? Whar was you brought down from?

Ah you would not believe me the world never believes—let it pass—tis no matter The secret of my birth—

"The secret of your birth! Do you mean to say—"

Gentlemen says the young man very solemn I will reveal it to you for I feel I may have con fidence in you By rights I am a duke!

Jim s eyes bugged out when he heard that and I reckon mine did too Then the baldhead says "No! you can t mean it?

Yes My great grandfather eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater fled to this country about the end of the last century to breathe the pure air of freedom married here and died leaving a son his own father dying about the same time The second son of the late duke seized the titles and estates—the infant real duke was ignored I am the lineal descendant of that infant—I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater and here am I forlorn torn from my high estate hunted of men despised by the cold world ragged worn heartbroken and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!

Jim pitied him ever so much and so did I We

tried to comfort him but he said it warnt much use he couldnt be much comforted said if we was a mind to acknowledge him that would do him more good than most anything else so we said we would if he would tell us how He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him and say Your Grace or My Lord or Your Lordship—and he wouldnt mind it if we called him plain Bridgewater which he said was a title anyway and not a name and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner and do any little thing for him he wanted done

Well that was all easy so we done it All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him and says Will yo Grace have some o dis or some o dat?" and so on and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him

But the old man got pretty silent by and by—didnt have much to say and didnt look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke He seemed to have something on his mind So along in the afternoon he says

Looky here Bilgewater he says Im nation sorry for you but you aint the only person thats had troubles like that

No?

"No you aint You aint the only person thats ben snaked down wrongfully out n a high place

Alas!

"No you aint the only person thats had a secret of his birth And by jings *he* begins to cry

Hold! What do you mean?

Bilgewater kin I trust you? says the old man still sort of sobbing

"To the bitter death! He took the old man by

the hand and squeezed it and says That secret of your being speak!

Bilgewater I am the late Dauphin!"

You bet you Jim and me stared this time Then the duke says

"You are what?

Yes my friend it is too true—your eyes is lookin at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin Looy the Seventeen son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette

You! At your age! No! You mean you're the late Charlemagne you must be six or seven hundred years old at the very least"

Trouble has done it Bilgewater trouble has done it trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude Yes gentlemen you see before you in blue jeans and misery the wanderin exiled trampled-on and sufferin rightful King of France"

Well he cried and took on so that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do we was so sorry—and so glad and proud we'd got him with us too So we set in like we done before with the duke and tried to comfort *him* But he said it warn't no use *nothing but to be dead and done with it all could* do him any good though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights and got down on one knee to speak to him and always called him "Your Majesty and waited on him first at meals and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them So Jim and me set to majestying him and doing this and that and t'other for him and standing up till he told us we might set down This done him heaps of good and so he got cheerful and comfortable But the duke kind of

soured on him and *didn t look a bit satisfied* with the way things was going still the king acted real friendly towards him and said the duke s great grandfather and all the other Dukes of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father and was allowed to come to the palace considerable but the duke stayed huffy a good while till by and by the king says

Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time on this h yer raft Bilgewater and so whats the use o your bein sour? It 'll only make things oncomfortable It aint my fault I warnt born a duke it aint your fault you warnt born a king—*so* whats the use to worry? Make the best o things the way you find em says I—thats my motto This aint no bad thing that we ve struck here—plenty grub and an easy life—come give us your hand duke and les all be friends

The duke done it and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it It took away all the uncomfortableness and we felt mighty good over it because it would a been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft for what you want, above all things on *a raft is for everybody to be satisfied and feel* right and kind towards the others

It didn t take me long to make up my mind that these liars warnt no kings nor dukes at all but just low-down humbugs and frauds But I never said nothing never let on kept it to myself its the best way then you dont have no quarrels and dont get into no trouble If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes I hadnt no objections 'long as it would keep peace in the family and it warnt no use to tell Jim so I didnt tell him If I never learnt nothing else out of pap I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way

They asked us considerable many questions wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for and laid by in the daytime instead of running—was Jim a runaway nigger? Says I

Goodness sakes! would a runaway nigger run *south?*"

No they allowed he wouldn t I had to account for things some way so I says

My folks was living in Pike County in Missouri where I was born and they all died off but me and pa and my brother Ike Pa he'lowed he d break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben whos got a little one horse place on the river forty four mile below Orleans Pa was pretty poor and had some debts so when he d squared up the e warn t nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger Jim That warn t enough to take us fourteen hundred mile deck passage nor no other way Well, when the river rose pa had a streak of luck one day he ketched this piece of a raft so we reckoned we d go down to Orleans on it. Pas luck didn t hold out a steamboat run over the forrard corner of the raft one night and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel Jim and me come up all right, but pa was drunk, and Ike was only four years old, so they never come up no more Well, for the next day or two we had considerable trouble because people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me saying they believed he was a runaway nigger We dont run daytimes no more now nights they dont bother us

The duke says

"Leave me alone to cipher out a way so we can run in the daytime if we want to I'll think the thing over—I'll invent a plan that 'll fix it. We'll let it alone for to-day because of course we dont want to

go by that town yonder in daylight—it mightn t be healthy

Towards night it begun to darken up and look like rain the heat lightning was squirting around low down in the sky and the leaves was beginning to shiver—it was going to be pretty ugly it was easy to see that. So the duke and the king went to over hauling our wigwam to see what the beds was like My bed was a straw tick—better than Jim s which was a corn shuck tick there s always cobs around about in a shuck tick and they poke into you and hurt and when you roll over the dry shucks sound like you was rolling over in a pile of dead leaves it makes such a rustling that you wake up Well the duke allowed he would take my bed but the king allowed he wouldn t He says

I should a reckoned the difference in rank would a seje ted to you that a corn shuck bed warn t just fitten for me to sleep on Your Grace 'll take the shuck bed yourself

Jim and me was in a sweat again for a minute being afraid there was going to be some more trouble amongst them so we was pretty glad when the duke says

"'Tis my fate to be always ground into the mire under the iron heel of oppression Misfortune has broken my once haughty spirit I yield I submit tis my fate I am alone in the world—let me suffer I can bear it"

We got away as soon as it was good and dark The king told us to stand well out towards the middle of the river, and not show a light till we got a long ways below the town We come in sight of the little bunch of lights by and by—that was the town you know—and slid by about a half a mile out all right When

we was three-quarters of a mile below we hoisted up our signal lantern and about ten o clock it come on to rain and blow and thunder and lighten like every thing so the king told us to both stay on watch till the weather got better then him and the duke crawled into the wigwam and turned in for the night It was my watch below till twelve but I wouldn t a turned in anyway if I d had a bed because a body don t see such a storm as that every day in the week not by a long sight My souls how the wind did scream along! And every second or two there d come a glare that lit up the white-caps for a half a mile around and you d see the islands looking dusty through the rain and the trees thrashing around in the wind then comes a *h-wack!*—bum! bum! bumble-umble um bum bum bum bum—and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away and quit—and then *rip* comes another flash and another sockdolager The waves most washed me off the raft sometimes but I hadn t any clothes on and didn t mind We didn t have no trouble about snags the lightning was glaring and flittering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them

I had the middle watch you know but I was pretty sleepy by that time so Jim he said he would stand the first half of it for me he was always mighty good that way Jim was I crawled into the wigwam but the king and the duke had their legs sprawled around so there warn t no show for me so I laid outside—I didn t mind the rain because it was warm and the waves warn t running so high now About two they come up again though and Jim was going to call me but he changed his mind because he reckoned they warn t high enough yet to do any harm but he wa

mistaken about that for pretty soon all of a sudden along comes a regular ripper and washed me over board It most killed Jim a laughing He was the easiest nigger to laugh that ever was anyway

I took the watch and Jim he laid down and snored away and by and by the storm let up for good and all and the first cabin light that showed I rousted him out and we slid the raft into hiding quarters for the day

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards after breakfast and him and the duke played seven up awhile five cents a game Then they got tired of it and allowed they would lay out a campaign as they called it The duke went down into his carpetbag and fetched up a lot of little printed bills and read them out loud One bill said "The celebrated Dr Armand de Montalban of Paris would lecture on the Science of Phrenology at such and such a place on the blank day of blank at ten cents admission and "furnish charts of character at twenty five cents apiece The duke said that was *him* In another bill he was the "world renowned Shakespearian tragedian Garrick the Younger of Drury Lane London In other bills he had a lot of other names and done other wonderful things like finding water and gold with a "divining rod "dissi pating witch spells and so on By and by he says

"But the histrionic muse is the darling Have you ever trod the boards Royalty?

"No says the king

"You shall, then before you're three days older Fallen Grandeur says the duke "The first good town we come to we'll hire a hall and do the sword fight in Richard III and the balcony scene in Ro meo and Juliet. How does that strike you?

"I'm in up to the hub for anything that will pay

Bilgewater but you see I dont know nothing about play actin and haint ever seen much of it I was too small when pap used to have em at the palace Do you reckon you can learn me?

Easy!

"All right Im jist a freezin for something fresh anyway Les commence right away

So the duke he told him all about who Romeo was and who Juliet was and said he was used to being Romeo so the king could be Juliet

But if Juliets such a young gal duke my peeled head and my white whiskers is goin to look oncommon odd on her maybe

No dont you worry these country jakes wont ever think of that Besides you know you'll be in costume and that makes all the difference in the world Juliets in a balcony enjoying the moonlight before she goes to bed and shes got on her night gown and her ruffled nightcap Here are the costumes for the parts

He got out two or three curtain-calico suits which he said was meedyevil armor for Richard III and tother chap and a long white cotton nightshirt and a ruffled nightcap to match The king was satisfied so the duke got out his book and read the parts over in the most splendid spread eagle way prancing around and acting at the same time to show how it had got to be done then he give the book to the king and told him to get his part by heart

There was a little one horse town about three mile down the bend and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangersome for Jim so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing The king allowed he would go too and see if he

couldnt strike something We was out of coffee so Jim said I better go along with them in the canoe and get some

When we got there there warnt nobody stirring streets empty and perfectly dead and still like Sunday We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard and he said everybody that warnt too young or too sick or too old was gone to camp meeting about two mile back in the woods The king got the directions and allowed he d go and work that camp meeting for all it was worth and I might go too

The duke said what he was after was a printing office We found it a little bit of a concern up over a carpenter shop—carpenters and printers all gone to the meeting and no doors locked It was a dirty littered up place and had ink marks and handbills with pictures of horses and runaway niggers on them all over the walls The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now So me and the king lit out for the camp meeting

We got there in about a half an hour fairly dripping for it was a most awful hot day There was as much as a thousand people there from twenty mile around The woods was full of teams and wagons hitched everywheres feeding out of the wagon troughs and stomping to keep off the flies There was sheds made out of poles and roofed over with branches where they had lemonade and gingerbread to sell and piles of watermelons and green corn and such like truck

The preaching was going on under the same kinds of sheds only they was bigger and held crowds of people The benches was made out of outside slabs of logs with holes bored in the round side to drive sticks into for legs They didnt have no backs The preachers had high platforms to stand on at one end of the sheds The

women had on sun bonnets and some had linsey woolsey frocks some gingham ones and a few of the young ones had on calico Some of the young men was barefooted and some of the children didn t have on any clothes but just a tow linen shirt Some of the old women was knitting and some of the young folks was courting on the sly

The first shed we com to the preacher was lining out a hymn He lined out two lines everybody sung it and it was kind of grand to hear it there was so many of them and they done it in such a rousing way then he lined out two more for them to sing—and so on The people woke up more and more and sung louder and louder and to vards the end some begun to groan and some begun to shout Then the preacher begun to preach and begun in earnest, too and went weaving first to one side of the platform and then the other and then a leaning down over the front of it with his arms and his body going all the time and shout ing his words out with all his m ght and every now and then he would hold up his Bible and spread it open and kind of pass it around this way and that shouting Its the brazen serpent in the wilderness! Look upon it and live! And people would shout out Glory!— A a-*men!*" And so he went on and the people groaning and crying and saying amen

"Oh come to the mourners bench! come black with s n! (*amen!*) come sick and sore! (*amen!*) come lame and halt and blind! (*amen!*) come pore and needy sunk in shame! (*a-a men!*) come all that s v orn and soiled and suffering!—come with a broken spirit! come with a contrite heart! come in your rags and sin and dirt! the waters that cleanse is free the door of heaven stands open—oh enter in and be at rest! (*a-a men! glory glory hallelujah!*)

And so on You couldn t make out what the preacher said any more on account of the shouting and crying Folks got up everywheres in the crowd and worked their way just by main strength to the mourners bench with the tears running down their faces and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd they sung and houted and flung themselves down on the straw just crazy and wild

Well the first I knowed the king got a going and you could hear him over everybody and next he went a-charging up onto the platform and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people and he done it He told them he was a pirate—been a pirate for thirty years out in the Indian Ocean—and his crew was thinned out considerable last spring in a fight and he was home now to take out some fresh men and thanks to goodness he d been robbed last night and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent and he was glad of it it was the blessed est thing that ever happened to him because he was a changed man now and happy for the first time in his life and poor as he was he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path for he could do it better than anybody else being acquainted with all pirate crews in that ocean and though it would take him a long time to get there with out money he would get there anyway and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him Don t you thank me don t you give me no credit it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp meeting natural brothers and benefactors of the race and that dear preacher there the truest friend a pirate ever had!

And then he busted into tears and so did everybody Then somebody sings out "Take up a collection for him take up a collection! Well a half a dozen made a

jump to do it but somebody sings out Let *him* pass the hat around! Then everybody said it the preacher too

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat swabbing his eyes and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there and every little while the prettiest kind of girls with the tears running down their cheeks would up and ask him would he let them kiss him for to remember him by and he always done it and some of them he hugged and kissed as many as five or six times—and he was invited to stay a week and everybody wanted him to live in their houses and said they'd think it was an honor but he said as this was the last day of the camp meeting he couldn't do no good and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up he found he had collected eighty seven dollars and seventy five cents And then he had fetched away a three gallon jug of whisky too that he found under a wagon when he was starting home through the woods The king said take it all around it laid over any day he'd ever put in in the missionarying line He said it warn't no use talking heathens don't amount to shucks alongside of pirates to work a camp meeting with

The duke was thinking *he'd* been doing pretty well till the king come to show up but after that he didn't think so so much He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers in that printing-office—horse bills—and took the money four dollars And he had got in ten dollars worth of advertisements for the paper which he said he would put in for four dollars if they would pay in advance—so they done it The price of the paper was two dollars a year but he took in three subscriptions

for half a dollar apiece on condition of them paying him in advance they were going to pay in cordwood and onions as usual but he said he had just bought the concern and knocked down the price as low as he could afford it and was going to run it for cash He set up a little piece of poetry which he made himself out of his own head—three verses—kind of sweet and saddish —the name of it was 'Yes crush cold world this breaking heart —and he left that all set up and ready to print in the paper and didn t charge nothing for it Well he took in nine dollars and a half and said he d done a pretty square day s work for it

Then he showed us another little job he d printed and hadn t charged for because it was for us It had a picture of a runaway nigger with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder and $200 reward under it The reading was all about Jim and just described him to a dot It said he run away from St Jacques s plantation forty mile below New Orleans last winter and likely went north and whoever would catch him and send him back he could have the reward and expenses

Now says the duke after to night we can run in the daytime if we want to Whenever we see anybody coming we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope and lay him in the wigwam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river and were too poor to travel on a steamboat so wo got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim but it wouldn t go well with the story of us being so poor Too much like jewelry Ropes are the correct thing—we must preserve the unities as we say on the boards"

We all said the duke was pretty smart and there couldn t be no trouble about running daytimes We judged we could make miles enough that night to get

out of the reach of the powwow we reckoned the duke s work in the printing-office was going to make in that little town then we could boom right along if we wanted to

We laid low and kept still and never shoved out till nearly ten o clock then we slid by pretty wide away from the town and didn t hoist our lantern till we was clear out of sight of it

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning he says

Huck does you reck n we gwyne to run acrost any mo kings on dis trip?

"No I says I reckon not

Well says he dat s all right, den I doan mine one er two kings but dat s enough Dis one s powerful drunk en de duke ain much better

I found Jim had been trying to get him to talk French so he could hear what it was like but he said he had been in this country so long and had so much trouble he d forgot it

It was after sun up now but we went right on and didn t tie up The king and the duke turned out by and by looking pretty rusty but after they d jumped over board and took a swim it chippered them up a good deal After breakfast the king he took a seat on the cor ner of the raft and pulled off his boots and rolled up his britches and let his legs dangle in the water so as to be comfortable and lit his pipe and went to getting his Romeo and Juliet by heart When he had got it pretty good him and the duke begun to practise it

The duke had to learn him over and over
to say every speech and he made him sigh
hand on his heart ter a while he said

pretty well only he says you mustn t bellow out *Romeo!* that way like a bull—you must say it soft and sick and languishy so—Ro-o-o meo! that is the idea for Juliet s a dear sweet mere child of a girl you know and she doesn t bray like a jackass

Well next they got out a couple of long swords that the duke made out of oak laths and begun to practise the sword fight—the duke called himself Richard III and the way they laid on and pranced around the raft was grand to see But by and by the king tripped and fell overboard and after that they took a rest and had a talk about all kinds of adventures they d had in other times along the river

After dinner the duke says

Well Capet we ll want to make this a first-class show you know so I guess we ll add a little more to it We want a little something to answer encores with any way

What s onkores Bilgewater?

The duke told him and then says

I'll answer by doing the Highland fling or the sailor s hornpipe and you—well let me see—oh I ve got it—you can do Hamlet s soliloquy

Hamlet s which?

Hamlet s soliloquy you know the most celebrated thing in Shakespeare Ah it s sublime sublime! Always fetches the house I haven t got it in the book—I ve only got one volume—but I reckon I can piece it out from memory I'll just walk up and down a minute and see if I can call it back from recollection s vaults

So he went to marching up and down thinking and frowning horrible every now and then then he would hoist up his eyebrows next he would squeeze his hand on his forehead and stagger back and kind of moan next he would sigh and next he d let on to drop a tear

It was beautiful to see him By and by he got it He told us to give attention Then he strikes a most noble attitude with one leg shoved forwards and his arms stretched away up and his head tilted back looking up at the sky and then he begins to rip and rave and grit his teeth and after that all through his speech he howled and spread around and swelled up his chest and just knocked the spots out of any acting ever I see before This is the speech—I learned it easy enough while he was learning it to the king

To be or not to be that is the bare bodkin
That makes calamity of so long life
For who would fardels bear till Birnam Wood do come
to Dunsinane
But that the fear of something after death
Murders the innocent sleep
Great nature s second course
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous
fortune
Than fly to others that we know not of
There s the respect must give us pause
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor s wrong the proud man s contumely
The law s delay and the quietus which his pangs might
take
In the dead waste and middle of the night when church
yards yawn
In customary suits of solemn black
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne
no traveler returns
Breathes forth contagion on the world
And thus the native hue of resolution like the poor cat
i the adage
Is sicklied o er with care
And all the clouds that lowered o er our housetops
With this regard their currents turn awry

And lose the name of action
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished But soft
you the fair Ophelia
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws
But get thee to a nunnery—go!

Well the old man he liked that speech and he mighty soon got it so he could do it first rate It seemed like he was just born for it and when he had his hand in and was excited it was perfectly lovely the way he would rip and tear and rair up behind when he was getting it off

The first chance we got the duke he had some show bills printed and after that for two or three days as we floated along the raft was a most uncommon lively place for there warn t nothing but sword fighting and rehearsing—as the duke called it—going on all the time One morning when we was pretty well down the state of Arkansaw we come in sight of a little one horse town in a big bend so we tied up about three quarters of a mile above it in the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress trees and all of us but Jim took the canoe and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show

We struck it mighty lucky there was going to be a circus there that afternoon and the country people was already beginning to come in in all kinds of old shackly wagons and on horses The circus would leave before night so our show would have a pretty good chance The duke he hired the court house and we went around and stuck up our bills They read like this

Shakspearean Revival!!!
Wonderful Attraction!
For One Night Only!
The world renowned tragedians

David Garrick the younger of Drury Lane Theatre
London and
Edmund Kean the elder of the Royal Haymarket
Theatre Whitechapel Pudding Lane Picca
dilly London and the Royal Continental
Theatres in their sublime
Shaksperean Spectacle entitled
The Balcony Scene
in
Romeo and Juliet!!!

Romeo Mr Garrick
Juliet Mr Kean

Assisted by the whole strength of the company!
New costumes new scenery new appointments!
Also
The thrilling masterly and blood curdling
Broad s o d conflict
In Richard III!!!

Richard III Mr Garrick
Richmond Mr Kean

Also
(by special request)
Hamlet s Immortal Soliloquy!!
By the Illustrious Kean!
Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!
For One Night Only
On account of imperative European engagements!
Admission 25 cents children and servants 10 cents

Then we went loafing around town The stores and houses was most all old shackly dried up frame con cerns that hadn t ever been painted they was set up three or four foot above ground on stilts so as to be out of reach of the water when the river was overflowed The houses had little gardens around them but they didn t seem to raise hardly anything in them but jimpson weeds and sunflowers and ash piles and old curled up boots and shoes and pieces of

rags and played-out tinware The fences was made of different kinds of boards nailed on at different times and they leaned every which way and had gates that didn t generly have but one hinge—a leather one Some of the fences had been whitewashed some time or an other but the duke said it was in Columbus s time like enough There was generly hogs in the garden and peo ple driving them out

All the stores was along one street They had white domestic awnings in front and the country people hitched their horses to the awning posts There was empty dry goods boxes under the awnings and loafers roosting on them all day long whittling them with their Barlow knives and chawing tobacco and gaping and yawning and stretching—a mighty ornery lot They gen erly had on yellow straw hats most as wide as an um brella but didn t wear no coats nor waistcoats they called one another Bill and Buck and Hank and Joe and Andy and talked lazy and drawly and used con siderable many cuss words There was as many as one loafer leaning up against every awning post and he most always had his hands in his britches pockets except when he fetched them out to lend a chaw of tobacco or scratch What a body was hearing amongst them all the time was

Gimme a chaw v tobacker Hank

Cain t I hain t got but one chaw left Ask Bill"

Maybe Bill he gives him a chaw maybe he lies and says he ain t got none Some of them kinds of loafers never has a cent in the world nor a chaw of tobacco of their own They get all their chawing by borrowing they say to a fellow I wisht you d len me a chaw Jack, I just this minute give Ben Thompson the last chaw I had —which is a lie pretty much every time it don t

fool nobody but a stranger; but Jack ain't no stranger, so he says:

"*You* give him a chaw, did you? So did your sister's cat's grandmother. You pay me back the chaws you've awready borry'd off'n me, Lafe Buckner, then I'll loan you one or two ton of it, and won't charge you no back intrust, nuther."

"Well, I *did* pay you back some of it wunst."

"Yes, you did—'bout six chaws. You borry'd store tobacker and paid back nigger-head."

Store tobacco is flat black plug, but these fellows mostly chaws the natural leaf twisted. When they borrow a chaw they don't generly cut it off with a knife, but set the plug in between their teeth, and gnaw with their teeth and tug at the plug with their hands till they get it in two; then sometimes the one that owns the tobacco looks mournful at it when it's handed back, and says, sarcastic:

"Here, gimme the *chaw*, and you take the *plug*."

All the streets and lanes was just mud; they warn't nothing else *but* mud—mud as black as tar and nigh about a foot deep in some places, and two or three inches deep in *all* the places. The hogs loafed and grunted around everywheres. You'd see a muddy sow and a litter of pigs come lazying along the street and whollop herself right down in the way, where folks had to walk around her, and she'd stretch out and shut her eyes and wave her ears whilst the pigs was milking her, and look as happy as if she was on salary. And pretty soon you'd hear a loafer sing out, "Hi! *so* boy! sick him, Tige!" and away the sow would go, squealing most horrible, with a dog or two swinging to each ear, and three or four dozen more a-coming; and then you would see all the loafers

get up and watch the thing out of sight and laugh at the fun and look grateful for the noise Then they d settle back again till there was a dog fight There couldn t anything wake them up all over and make them happy all over like a dog fight—unless it might be putting turpentine on a stray dog and setting fire to him or tying a tin pan to his tail and see him run himself to death

On the river front some of the houses was sticking out over the bank and they was bowed and bent, and about ready to tumble in The people had moved out of them The bank was caved away under one corner of some others and that corner was hanging over People lived in them yet but it was dangersome because sometimes a strip of land as wide as a house caves in at a time Sometimes a belt of land a quarter of a mile deep will start in and cave along and cave along till it all caves into the river in one summer Such a town as that has to be always moving back and back and back because the river s always gnawing at it

The nearer it got to noon that day the thicker and thicker was the wagons and horses in the streets and more coming all the time Families fetched their dinners with them from the country and eat them in the wagons There was considerable whisky-drinking going on and I seen three fights By and by somebody sings out

Here comes old Boggs!—in from the country for his little old monthly drunk here he comes boys!

All the loafers looked glad I reckoned they was used to having fun out of Boggs One of them says

"Wonder who he s a gwyne to chaw up this time If he d a-chawed up all the men he s ben a gwyne to chaw up in the last twenty year he d have considerable ruputation now

Another one says I wisht old Boggs d threaten me cuz then I d know I warn t gwyne to die for a thousan year

Boggs comes a tearing along on his horse whooping and yelling like an Injun and singing out

Cler the track thar I m on the waw path and the price uv coffins is a gwyne to raise

He was drunk and weaving about in his saddle he was over fifty year old and had a very red face Every body yelled at him and laughed at him and sassed him and he sassed back and said he d attend to them and lay them out in their regular turns but he couldn t wait now because he d come to town to kill old Colonel Sherburn and his motto was *Meat first, and spoon vittles to top off on"*

He see me and rode up and says

Whar d you come f'm boy? You prepared to die?

Then he rode on I was scared but a man says

He dont mean nothing he s always a-carryin on like that when he s drunk He s the best naturedest old fool in Arkansaw—never hurt nobody drunk nor sober

Boggs rode up before the biggest store in town and bent h s head down so he could see under the curtain of the awning and yells

Come out here Sherburn! Come out and meet the man you ve swindled You re the houn I m after and I m a gwyne to have you too!

And so he went on calling Sherburn everything he could lay his tongue to and the whole street packed with people listening and laughing and going on By and by a proud looking man about fifty five—and he was a heap the best-dressed man in that town too—steps out of the store and the crowd drops back on each side to let him come He says to Boggs mighty ca m and slow—he says

"Boggs!"

I looked over there to see who said it and it was that Colonel Sherburn He was standing perfectly still in the street, and had a pistol raised in his right hand—not aiming it, but holding it out with the barrel tilted up towards the sky The same second I see a young girl coming on the run, and two men with her Boggs and the men turned round to see who called him and when they see the pistol the men jumped to one side and the pistol barrel come down slow and steady to a level—both barrels cocked Boggs throws up both of his hands and says "O Lord dont shoot! Bang! goes the first shot and he staggers back clawing at the air—bang! goes the second one and he tumbles backward onto the ground heavy and solid with his arms spread out. That young girl screamed out and comes rushing, and down she throws herself on her father crying and saying Oh he s killed him he s killed him! The crowd closed up around them and shouldered and jammed one another with their necks stretched trying to see and people on the inside trying to shove them back and shouting Back back! give him air give him air!"

Colonel Sherburn he tossed his pistol onto the ground and turned around on his heels and walked off

They took Boggs to a little drug store the crowd pressing around just the same and the whole town following and I rushed and got a good place at the window where I was close to him and could see in They laid him on the floor and put one large Bible under his head and opened another one and spread it on his breast but they tore open his shirt first and I seen where one of the bullets went in He

made about a dozen long gasps his breast lifting the Bible up when he drawed in his breath and letting it down again when he breathed it out—and after that he laid still he was dead Then they pulled his daughter away from him screaming and crying and took her off She was about sixteen and very sweet and gentle looking but awful pale and scared

Well pretty soon the whole town was there squirming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look but people that had the places wouldn t give them up and folks behind them was saying all the time Say now you ve looked enough you fellows taint right and taint fair for you to stay thar all the time and never give nobody a chance other folks has their rights as well as you"

There was considerable jawing back so I slid out, thinking maybe there was going to be trouble The streets was full and everybody was excited Everybody that seen the shooting was telling how it happened and there was a big crowd packed around each one of these fellows stretching their necks and listening One long, lanky man with long hair and a big white fur stovepipe hat on the back of his head and a crooked handled cane marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood and where Sherburn stood and the people following him around from one place to tother and watching everything he done and bobbing their heads to show they understood and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch him mark the places on the ground with his cane and then he stood up straight and stiff where Sherburn had stood frowning and having his hat brim down over his eyes and sung out Boggs! and then fetched his cane down

slow to a level and says "Bang! staggered back wards says Bang! again and fell down flat on his back The people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect said it was just exactly the way it all happened Then as much as a dozen people got out their bottles and treated him

Well by and by somebody said Sherburn ought to be lynched In about a minute everybody was saying it so away they went mad and yelling and snatching down every clothes line they come to to do the hanging with

They swarmed up towards Sherburn s house a whooping and raging like Injuns and everything had to clear the way or get run over and tromped to mush and it was awful to see Children was heeling it ahead of the mob screaming and trying to get out of the way and every window along the road was full of women s heads and there was nigger boys in every tree and bucks and wenches looking over every fence and as soon as the mob would get nearly to them they would break and skaddle back out of reach Lots of the women and girls was crying and taking on scared most to death

They swarmed up in front of Sherburn s palings as thick as they could jam together and you couldn t hear yourself think for the noise It was a little twenty foot yard Some sung out Tear down the fence! tear down the fence! Then there was a racket of ripping and tearing and smashing and down she goes and the front wall of the crowd begins to roll in like a wave

Just then Sherburn steps out onto the roof of his little front porch with a double barrel gun in his hand and takes his stand perfectly calm and de

the night with a hundred masked cowards at his back and lynches the rascal Your mistake is that you didn t bring a man with you thats one mistake and the other is that you didn t come in the dark and fetch your masks You brought *part* of a man—Buck Harkness there—and if you hadn t had him to start you you d a tal en it out in blowing

You didn t want to come The average man don t like trouble and danger *You* don t like trouble and danger But if only *half* a man—like Buck Harkness there—shouts Lynch him! lynch him! you re afraid to back down—afraid you'll be found out to be what you are—*cowards*—and so you raise a yell and hang your selves onto that half a man s coat tail and come raging up here swearing what big things you re going to do The pitifulest thing out is a mob that s what an army is —a mob they don t fight with courage that s born in them but with courage that s borrowed from their mass and from their officers But a mob without any *man* at the head of it is *beneath* pitifulness Now the thing for *you* to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole If any real lynching s going to be done it will be done in the dark Southern fashion and when they come they ll bring their masks and fetch a *man* along Now *leave*—and take your half a man with you —tossing his gun up across his left arm and cocking it when he says this

The crowd washed back sudden and then broke all apart and went tearing off every which way and Buck Harkness he heeled it after them looking toler ble cheap I could a stayed if I wanted to but I didn t want to

I went to the circus and loafed around the back side till the watchman went by and then dived in under th tent I had my twenty-dollar gold piece and some

out, and everybody clapped their hands and went just about wild

Well all through the circus they done the most astonishing things and all the time that clown carried on so it most killed the people The ringmaster couldn t ever say a word to him but he was back at him quick as a wink with the funniest things a body ever said and how he ever *could* think of so many of them and so sudden and so pat was what I couldn t no way under stand *Why I couldn t a thought of them in a year* And by and by a drunken man tried to get into the ring —said he wanted to ride said he could ride as well as anybody that ever was They argued and tried to keep him out but he wouldn t listen and the whole show come to a standstill Then the people begun to holler at him and make fun of him and that made him mad and he begun to rip and te r so that stirred up the people and a lot of men begun to pile down off of the benches and swarm toward the ring saying Knock him down! throw him out! and one or two women begun to scream So then the ringmaster he made a little speech and said he hoped there wouldn t be no disturbance and if the man would promise he wouldn t make no more trouble he would let him ride if he thought he could stay on the horse So everybody laughed and said all right and the man got on The minute he was on the horse begun to rip and tear and jump and cavort around with two circus men hanging on to his bridle trying to hold him and the drunken man hanging on to his neck and his heels flying in the air every jump and the whole crowd of people standing up shouting and laughing till tears rolled down And at last sure enough all the circus men could do the horse broke loose and away he went like the very nation round and round the ri with that sot laying down on him and hanging to F

to Shakespeare what they wanted was low comedy— and maybe something ruther worse than low comedy he reckoned He said he could size their style So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping paper and some black paint and drawed off some handbills and stuck them up all over the village The bills said

AT THE COURT HOUSE!
FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY!
The World Renowned Tragedians
DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!
AND
EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!
Of the London and Continental Theatres
In their Thrilling Tragedy of
THE KINGS CAMELEOPARD
OR
THE ROYAL NONESUCH ! ! !
Admission 50 cents

Then at the bottom was the biggest line of all which said

LADIES AND CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

There says he if that line dont fetch them I dont know Arkansaw!

Well all day him and the king was hard at it rigging up a stage and a curtain and a row of candles for foot lights and that night the house was jam full of men in no time When the place couldnt hold no more the duke he quit tending door and went around the back way and come onto the stage and stood up before the curtain and made a little speech and praised up this tragedy and said it was the most thrillingest one that

as we live *No* What we want is to go out of here quiet and talk this show up and sell the *rest* of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat Ain t that sensible? ("You bet it is!—the jedge is right! everybody sings out.) All right then—not a word about any sell Go along home and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy

Next day you couldn t hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was House was jammed again that night and we sold this crowd the same way When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft we all had a supper and by and by about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town

The third night the house was crammed again—and they warn t new comers this time but people that was at the show the other two nights I stood by the duke at the door and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn t no perfumery neither not by a long sight I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel and rotten cabbages and such things and if I know the signs of a dead cat being around and I bet I do there was sixty four of them went in I shoved in there for a minute but it was too various for me I couldn t stand it Well when the place couldn t hold no mo e people the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute and then he started around for the stage door I after him but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark he says

"Walk fast now till you get away from the houses and then shin for the raft like the dickens was after you!

I done it, and he done the same We struck the raft

at the same time and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream all dark and still and edging towards the middle of the river nobody saying a word I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience but nothing of the sort pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam and says

"Well how'd the old thing pan out this time duke?" He hadn't been up town at all

We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below the village Then we lit up and had a supper and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people The duke says

Greenhorns flatheads! I knew the first house would keep mum and let the rest of the town get roped in and I knew they'd lay for us the third night and consider it was *their* turn now Well it is their turn and I'd give something to know how much they'd take for it I *would* just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity They can turn it into a picnic if they want to—they brought plenty provisions

Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty five dollars in that three nights I never see money hauled in by the wagon load like that before

By and by when they was asleep and snoring Jim says

Don't it s'prise you de way dem kings carries on Huck?

No I says it don't

Why don't it Huck?

"Well it don't because it's in the breed I reckon they're all alike

"But Huck dese kings o' ourn is reglar rapscallions dat's jist what dey is dey's reglar rapscallions

"Well thats what I m a saying all kings is mostly rapscallions as fur as I can make out

Is dat so?'

"You read about them once—you ll see Look at Henry the Eighth this n s a Sunday school Super intendent to *him* And look at Charles Second and Louis Fourteen and Louis Fifteen and James Second and Edward Second and Richard Third and forty more besides all them Saxon heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain My you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom He *was* a blossom He used to marry a new wife every day and chop off her head next morning And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs Fetch up Nell Gwynn he says They fetch her up Next morning Chop off her head! And they chop it off Fetch up Jane Shore he says and up she comes Next morning Chop off her head —and they chop it off Ring up Fair Rosamun Fair Rosamun ans ers the bell Next morning Chop off her head And he made every one of them tell him a tale every night and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way and then he put them all in a book and called it Domesday Book—which was a good name and stated the case You don t know kings J m but I know them and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I ve struck in history Well Henry he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country How does he go at it—g ve noti e?—give the country a show? No All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston Harbor over board and whacks out a declaration of independence and dares them to come on That was *his* style—he never give anybody a chance He had suspicions of his father the Duke of Wellington Well what did he [illegible]

Ask him to show up? No—drownded him in a butt of mamsey like a cat S'pose people left money layin around where he was—what did he do? He collared it S'pose he contracted to do a thing and you paid him and didn t set down there and see that he done it—what did he do? He always done the other thing S'pose he opened his mouth—what then? If he didn t shut it up powerful quick he d lose a lie every time That s the kind of a bug Henry was and if we d a had him alon stead of our kings he d a fooled that town a heap worse than ourn done I don t say that ourn is lambs because they ain t when you come right down to the cold facts but they ain t nothing to *that* old ram anyway All I say is kings is kings and you got to make allowances Take them all around they re a mighty ornery lot It s the way they re raised

But dis on do *smell* so like de nation Huck"

"Well they all do Jim *We* can t help the way a king smells history don t tell no way

Now de duke he s a tolerable likely man in some ways

Yes a duke s different But not very different This one s a middling hard lot for a duke When he s drunk there ain t no near sighted man could tell him from a king

Well anyways I doan hanker for no mo un um Huck Dese is all I kin stan

"It s the way I feel too Jim But we ve got them on our hands and we got to remember what they are and make allowances Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that s out of kings

What was the use to tell Jim these warn t real kings and dukes? It wouldn t a done no good and besides it was just as I said you couldn t tell them from the real kind

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

BY BRET HARTE

AS Mr John Oakhurst gambler stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty third of November 1850 he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night Two or three men conversing earnestly together ceased as he approached and exchanged significant glances There was a Sabbath lull in the air which in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences looked ominous

Mr Oakhurst s calm handsome face betrayed small concern of these indications Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was anoth r question I reckon they re after somebody he reflected "likely it s me He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture

In point of fact Poker Flat was after somebody It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars two valuable horses and a prominent citizen It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable

characters I regret to say that some of these were ladies It is but due to the sex however to state that their impropriety was professional and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment

Mr Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them It s agin justice said Jim Wheeler to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice

Mr Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate With him life was at best an uncertain game and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement Besides Mr Oakhurst who was known to be a coolly desperate man and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as 'The Duchess another who had gained the infelicitous title of "Mother Shipton and Uncle Billy" a suspected sluice robber and confirmed drunkard The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators nor was any word uttered by the escort Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached the leader spoke briefly and to the point The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives

As the escort disappeared their pent up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess some bad language from Mother Shipton and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained still He listened calmly to Mother Shipton s desire to cut somebody s heart out to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die on the road and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forw rd With the easy good humor characteristic of his class he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse Five Spot for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode But even this act did not dra v the party into any closer sympathy The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble faded coquetry Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of Five Spot with malevolence and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range It was distant a day s severe journey In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate re gions of the foothills into the dry cold bracing air of the Sierras The trail was narrow and difficult At noon the Duchess rolling out of her saddle upon the ground declared her intention of going no farther and the party halted

The spot was singularly wild and impressive A wooded amphitheater surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite sloped gently toward the crest of another precip ce that overlooked the val ley It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp had camping been advisable But Mr O

Sandy Bar He had met him some months before over a "little game" and had with perfect equanimity won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth After the game was finished Mr Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him "Tommy you're a good little man but you can't gamble worth a cent Don't try it over again" He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr Oakhurst. He had started he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune "Alone?" No not exactly alone in fact—a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods Didn't Mr Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time but old Jake Woods had objected and so they had run away and were going to Poker Flat to be married and here they were And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company All this the Innocent delivered rapidly while Piney—a stout, comely damsel of fifteen—emerged from behind the pine tree where she had been blushing unseen and rode to the side of her lover

Mr Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment still less with propriety but he had a vague idea that the situation was not felicitous He retained however his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy who was about to say something and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further but in vain He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision nor means of making a camp

But, unluckily the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail Piney can stay with Mrs Oakhurst said the Innocent pointing to the Duchess and I can shift for myself

Nothing but Mr Oakhurst s admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter As it was he felt compelled to retire up the canyon until he could recover his gravity There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees with many slaps of his leg contortions of his face and the usual profanity, But when he returned to the party he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect to Mr Oakhurst and Mother Shipton who was actually relaxing into amiability Is this yer a d—d picnic? said Uncle Billy with inward scorn as he surveyed the sylvan group the glancing fire light and the tethered animals in the foreground Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain It was apparently of a jocular nature for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles The ruined cabin patched and covered with pine boughs was set apart for the ladies As the lovers parted they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton

were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evi dence of simplicity and so turned without a word to the hut The fire was replenished the men lay down before the door and in a few minutes were asleep

Mr Oakhurst was a light sleeper Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold As he stirred the dying fire the wind which was now blowing strongly brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awaken ing the sleepers for there was no time to lose But turn ing to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone A suspicion leaped to hi brain and a curse to his lips He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered they were no longer there The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow

The momentary excitement brought Mr Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm He did not waken the sleepers The Innocent slumbered peacefully with a smile on his good humored freckled face the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians and Mr Oakhurst drawing his blanket over his shoulders stroked his mus tachios and waited for the dawn It came slowly in the whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed He looked over the valley and summed up the present and future in two words—Snowed in!

A careful inventory of the provisions which fortu nately for the party had been stored within the hut and so escaped the felonious finge s of Uncle Billy dis closed the fact that with care and prudence they last ten days longer "That is sa d Mr Oakhu voce to the Innocent" if you're willing to be

it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun"

Whether Mr Oakhurst had *cached* his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community I cannot say It was certain that in Mother Shipton s words he didn t say cards once" during the evening Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack Notwithstanding some difficulties at tending the manipulation of this instrument Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castinets But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp meeting hymn which the lovers joining hands sang with great earnestness and vociferation I fear that a certain de fiant tone and Covenanter s swing to *its* chorus rather than any devotional quality caused it speedily to in fect the others who at last joined in the refrain

> I m p oud to live in the service of the Lord
> And I m bound to die in His army

The pines rocked the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward as if in token of the vow

At midnight the storm abated the rolling clouds parted and the stars glitte ed keenly above the sleep ing camp Mr Oakhurst whose profess onal habits had enabled him to live on the smallest poss ble amount of sleep in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep

Doing what?" asked Tom Poker! replied Oakhurst

When night crept up again through the gorges the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp fire But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food and a new diversion was pro posed by Piney—story telling Neither Mr Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their per sonal experiences this plan would have failed too but for the Innocent Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr Pope s ingenious translation of the Iliad He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds and the great pines in the canyon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus Mr Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction Most especially was he interested in the fate of Ash heels as the Innocent persisted in denominating the swift footed Achilles

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion a week passed over the heads of the out casts The sun again forsook them and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land Day by day closer a ound them dre v the snowy circle until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white that towered twenty feet above their heads It became more and more difficult to re plenish their fires even f om the fallen trees bes de them now half hidden in the drifts And yet no one complained The lovers turned from the dreary pros pect and looked into each other s eyes and
Mr Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the l
before him The Duchess more cheerful

The *women slept* but little In the *morning looking* into each other s faces they read their fate Neither *spoke but Piney accepting the position of the stronger* drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess s waist They kept this attitude for the rest of the day That night the storm reached its greatest fury and rending asunder the protecting pines invaded the very hut

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire which gradually died away As the embers slowly blackened the Duchess crept closer to Piney and broke the silence of many hours Piney can you pray? No dear said Piney simply The Duchess without knowing exactly why felt relieved and put ting her head upon Piney s shoulder spoke no more *And so reclining the younger and purer pillowing the* head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast they *fell asleep*

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them Feath ery drifts of snow shaken from the long pine boughs flew like white winged birds and settled about them as they slept The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp But all human stain all trace of earthly travail was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above

They slept all that day and the next nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned Even the Law of Poker Flat recog nized this and turned away leaving them still locked in each other s arms

But at the head of the gulch on one of the largest

A PREACHER GOES TO WAR

BY JOHN W THOMASON JR

OF the Rev Praxiteles Swan it is related elsewhere how he rode out from Virginia to Texas in the days before the war ordained to preach the Gospel after the style of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and how he came on a blooded mare with salvation in his saddlebags to establish himself on the front rank of the battle line Methodism maintained against the powers of darkness in those parts They relate also that he was redheaded and slabsided and pretty nearly as tall and as loud in the mouth as Gen Sam Houston In the Rutersville District at Washington on the Brazos he immediately thrashed the two toughest men in the community commandeered a saloon for his tabernacle and married the local heiress Forthwith he preached and practised a militant religion immensely appealing to East Texas of that ardent time The years passed over him and he entered into the legends and the folk tales of the region for he was of the material from which the narrators make such things You will find his acts set forth in certain old books and the elders of my youth remembered him particularly Uncle Jimmy Farrow the Quantrill raider who taught me the refinements of squirrel hunting by Patterson Lake and my uncles who fought the war in the Fifth Texas Volunteer Infantry Confederate States Provisional Army

From these sources then and from old letters in a cowhide trunk I make this story Praxiteles Swan wa

men, and there were signs and portents, such as go before great events The old folks white and black, still remember the comet blazing in the sky about the winter of '59 and 60 it had a tail shaped like a sword and they recall the other omens also When man met, throughout the South, the talked politics and the women showed an uneasy interest, and every scrap of newspaper that penetrated to the settlements was read to tatters. Not a few of the preachers took sides and held forth from their pulpits on a tariff for revenue only and states rights, and brave little South Carolina But Pranteles Swan was not one of these he despised politicians, and notably lacked patience with fools He considered that preachers should abjure the things of this world, *and that his Lord and Master was not in* politics, and that war talk was idle and wicked. Such sentiments got him into continual argument, because tempers were running high all over the South, and Pranteles, for all his weight and inches and red hair was more than once forced to support his principles with his hands.

Indeed, his conduct had come to a point of issue before the last East Texas Conference of 1860 Pranteles presiding elder—a divine famous for his warlike sentiments, who ate fire to public admiration all over his district, and then went to California when the war broke out and stayed there—publicly cited Brother Swan for fighting—this to the scandal of the cloth And it is one of the stories they tell How the deliberations of the conference on the unchristian violence of Brother Swan were guided tactfully by the bishop because Pranteles with his white face and flaming hair and dilated nostrils, was rather frightening The evidence allowed no doubt that Brother Swan had in f whaled the daylights out of a Mr Ellers, of

The people are so absorbed in the Crisis that they have forgotten they have souls I think the moral crisis in this country is much greater than the political I am going to throw a few Bum shells into my congregation this very Sunday " Every where he went that winter prominent gentlemen were raising military companies and regiments The divine who served the Galveston charge wrote him in winged words If Lincoln s fleet should come now I am satisfied that their blood will make the grass come up a foot higher on our prairie here I shall die a true patriot and a soldier of the Cross the gun in hand and Christ within my heart This letter further stated that the writer was joining the MacDonald Rangers

Praxiteles asked about the Rangers of a state militia officer in Houston and learned that they were frontier guards the authorities were apprehensive for the west ern regions of the state Praxiteles shrugged and went his way the approach of war he reflected brought out a lot of human nature I find in this part of his diary references which on examination prove to be from the more sanguinary passages of the Old Testament Praxit eles was an Old Testament man the New Testament was for his softer moods and he had few soft moods that one can verify It should be added that there was no pressure on him nor any preacher to bear arms The old South held its preachers high and rarely sat in judgment on their conduct But he realized presently that he was one crying 'Peace peace when there was no peace

The thing came clear for him one raw March eve ning after his return to Huntsville the children hav ing done their lessons—young Prax the oldest was deep in the *Commentaries of Cæsar* and most insis

discouraged among his flocks the reading of secular works—novels and such Would that be the spark that had struck such fire from this meek wife of his bosom? She had never spoken so to him before had been all these years a jewel among women Now *Jael—Jael—Jael* The text came to him Blessed above women shall Jael be She put her hand to the nail and her right hand to the workmen s hammer and with the hammer she smote Sisera she smote off his head when she had pierced and stricken through his temples

Praxiteles Swan turned and leaned against the mantel, and poked *Uncle Tom s Cabin* deeper into the logs now it burned more strongly He looked again at his wife over his arm Her eyes were the eyes of one seeing visions

My dear he said gently almost timidly My dear

She got up and came over to him Mr Prax she said "you re a good man and you ve been a good husband to me all these years I was never in a war but women know all about war—women who bear men children know all about war This war will be terrible I only hope it s finished before young Prax is old enough to go But if it s not I ll send him too

He told her presently that she was overwrought it was time they had the evening lesson and sought their rest and he picked up his Bible First he looked for that eloquent passage in which Paul a bachelor discusses matrimony but he changed his mind and read aloud the ninety first psalm which is a good psalm for a man going away to war and the prayer he prayed that night was Mizpah—Laban s The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another"

The next day Elder Swan set out for Houston to

enroll himself as chaplain in the Fifth Texas Regiment of Volunteer Infantry As far as Montgomery he had a fellow traveller his friend Gen Sam Houston lately ejected from the governor s chair at Austin after he had declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Confeder acy The vast old general was in great form his eyes bright with some scheme he had and he talked for forty miles One passage Praxiteles was to remember all his life although he never saw Sam Houston again

All the young men are going to this war Elder and you who are old enough to know better are going with them And old Sam Houston tells you Elder that it is madness *Quem Deus vult perdere*— As the Gadarene swine you rush on destruction! And you who live will see your substance wasted your women and children homeless your very social order destroyed Elder the day will come—and you will see it—oh a chaplain seldom gets hurt—you'll see people draw the nails from those cotton sheds out there to fasten planks above their heads against the elements! You'll see gentlefolk work ing with their hands where your Negroes work now—only a damned sight harder Remember in those days that old Sam warned ye and you would not hear

II

Of the Texas Brigade which served with the Army of Northern Virginia many books have been written, some of them still available in the older libraries There were the First Fourth and Fifth Regiments assembled from thirty two militia companies over the eastern por tion of the state in early 1861 The Fourth and Fifth formed at Houston and were sworn in by a picturesque Old Army officer nam d Earl Van Dorn then major C S A In August they were ordered to Virginia and marched through Eastern Texas and W

to New Iberia on the Teche a twelve-day march in the hottest and unhealthiest season of the year which stripped away their weaklings before they reached the railhead They arrived in Richmond already very tough men in September The First Texas came in a little later by a sort of unofficial movement still unexplained in the annals it was John Bell Hood's word that the First Texas simply straggled to the front.

They were sent to the army on the Alexandria Line—as the loose irregular front from Winchester down through the plains of Manassas Fredericksburg and Yorktown was called—and were brigaded with the 18th Georgia and Hampton's Legion under the famous fire-eater General Wigfall. Their time passed without alarms in drills and instruction the war was urbane and far away It was by no means certain after the sweeping victory at Manassas in July that there would be any fighting with the North It was generally believed that the mudsills were well whipped and would presently go home although Praxiteles Swan from his travels in the North didn't think so himself

Praxiteles Swan made the march to New Iberia and the steam-car ride thereafter He was a great help to the colonel in minor disciplinary matters and his regiment left no trail of wrecked barrooms along the road to Richmond as did certain other formations whose misdeeds are even now embalmed in the official records At the Richmond camp of instruction up river by the fairgrounds he became interested in drills and bought himself a *Gilham's Manual* He also added to his field library the *Commentaries of Cæsar* and Xenophon's books But the best soldier of them all he considered was Joshua he had Joshua by heart What he saw of the Provisional Government—the Jeff Davis Government it was beginning to be called—did not impress

him He renewed no old acquaintances in Richmond He had he conceded completely severed himself from his beginnings that soft drawl of the Texans made him homesick not for his Virginia birthplace but for the East Texas hills and the Trinity bottom lands where Mrs Swan and his children waited for him Up at Charlottesville there still must live he supposed the furious old uncle who had brought him up and thrown him out when he joined the ministry No word from the uncle all the years since he went out to Texas the old rascal would be in a fine humor over this war although too old to serve in it One day while Praxiteles played with the idea of asking leave to visit him he learned casually that the gentleman was dead—dead of a thundering apoplexy induced by the news that Gen Joe Johnston failed to pursue the broken foe after the Battle of Manassas Also that he had left his property—which was considerable—to a nephew who ran off to Texas some years back Praxiteles took furlough and went to Charlottesville and made himself known to the lawyers who were tracing him in Texas such was the lighthearted inefficiency of the Confederate postal service that their letters would be another year finding him

When the uncle s affairs were settled the Reverend Praxiteles Swan was a well to do man as such things went in that section He inherited three fat Piedmont farms some blooded stock and a hundred slaves Praxiteles did not hesitate over the slaves He considered the institution legal and ethical, but prohibitively wasteful He had no intention he stated of undertaking the upkeep of a parcel of lazy heavy-eating blacks nor did he care for the hiring-out system He directed the legal gentlemen to manumit the able bodied and their families as fast as work could be found for them and he

arranged living quarters and kitchen gardens for the few incapables in the back areas of the great house which he would hold

The farms rented readily for it looked as though the armies would need a lot of wheat and farmers were increasing their acreages The horses offered no problem Confederate remount officers snapped at them and Praxiteles saved two for his personal use—a thoroughbred bay mare and a strong young gelding three-quarter strain that promised well There was some cash, too the old colonel had thought highly of gold Praxiteles put as much as he considered patriotic in Confederate bonds and set aside a respectable sum for soldier uses He bought no tracts he considered that tracts did no good to anybody and he argued the matter hotly and publicly with a Presbyterian divine in the post office at Charlottesville to the great delight of the bystanders His business concluded he stood bare headed for a space in the keen November wind by his uncle's grave under the cedar trees in the garden where the old gentleman loved to sit through hot afternoons He found no feeling save a mild regret and his uncle he was convinced lay securely in hell Then he returned to his regiment and found the army going into winter quarters after the genteel fashion of that war

The Texas Brigade was building huts on the hills by Dumfries with the flats of Quantico Creek below and the Potomac making a great shimmering loop toward the east Four men would join forces and run up a windowless shack with log walls chinked against the wind Chimneys were contrived of stones and mud and sticks Bunks of rough hewed timber flanked the fireplaces inside and doors were hung on rawhide hinges The huts were loosely grouped by regiments The Tex

ans were weather tight in no time although Hood and the West P'int inspectors grumbled continually that the shacks were out of dress

Regimental duty was light the brigade was in a support echelon of the Alexandria Line Since the enemy was snug in winter quarters too no unpleasantness was anticipated before spring The regiment did its turn on picket and grand guard but the cavalry was having all the fun or so the reports went and the skeptical Texans horse riding folks to a man began to hear stories about a fantastical cavalier called amusingly Jeb Stuart Now and then they saw some bedraggled Yankee prisoners plucked up by his troopers But their only enemy save winter and rough weather was a regiment of New York Fire Zouave which lived across the river on the Maryland shore clear days you could see the splash of color they made when they drilled for they went gloriously in red and yellow

It became the fashion for the men of the two commands to perpetrate small outrages on one another venturous souls crossed the river by night in rowboats to this end and now and then did not return January the river froze—the Potomac is a big river down there—and the thick ice ran out so far from each bank that men could approach to shouting distance and insult one another The New Yorkers were easily first at such gam s the provincials from the Trin ty bottom could not approach the gl b obscenities of the Bowery and had to content themselves with promising to cover the earth with the ring streaked and striped bodies of the Fire Zouaves did they ever get a chance at them Oddly enough the Fifth Texas and the Zouaves came face to face along Young s Branch about sunset the last day of Second Manassas the August following but that is an

other story remembered more in Texas than in New York Praxiteles deplored the presence of the New Yorkers it made the men swear so

If time in winter quarters fell heavy on the young soldiers—how wistfully through three winter to come some of them would look back upon that season when the war was new—the chaplains found sufficient employment. Praxiteles Swan jousted tirelessly at the devil of the camps which is a particularly insidious devil beguiling men with applejack and playing cards Many of the war stories about him date from this time and his journal gives further evidence to the effect that he was never idle It was not in him to be idle

My uncles had their narratives of these months How he stopped a fight between two sergeants by plucking up the combatants and knocking their heads together How he discouraged a blasphemer by immersing him in a horse trough and then—it being freezing weather—conducting the man to his quarters and wrapping him in his own blankets while the fellow's clothes dried Praxiteles admonishing him the while—that man was a talented swearer but he always looked over his shoulder afterward before he expressed himself and they say it spoiled his style—and the time he walked in on a game of brag table stakes blandly swept the money into his pockets waited from his great height for objections thanked the players for their charity and turned the loot over to the brigade surgeon for hospital extras In the army also he always was the material of which legend is made

His own diary contains frank notes on people afterwards famous Joseph E Johnston the commanding general in those parts he considered *a formalist* and he did not then nor later subscribe to the Old Army

viewpoint which rated Joe Johnston at the top of the list On Longstreet he withheld his opinion but came to regard him as a man who knew his business and he never indulged in the hue and cry that clouded Longstreet s fame after the war Brig Gen J E B Stuart interested him because of his known piety everybody knew Stuart, who seemed as ubiquitous as the wind but Praxiteles held that he was too young and gay for responsibilities Praxiteles never liked the cavalry The officer most prominent in the Texas Brigade was Colonel Hood the West Pointer who commanded the Fourth Texas and who when General Wigfall discovered the atmosphere of the Confederate Senate more congenial to his talents than the tented field was given the brigade

This Hood was a great one for soldiering and loved parades had his men out in all weathers tramping around Praxiteles did not approve of him he was by rumor a loose liver a vessel in fact of wrath and the chaplain of the Fifth considered his example terribly dangerous to the young men of his charge Hood was a tall high shouldered Kentuckian with long arms and legs and a big boned frame his face smothered in a straw-colored beard There was a droop to the set of his pale blue eyes that gave him a curious diffident mournful look like a regretful Viking but never was an appearance more deceptive Of him Praxiteles would write more hereafter

His journal tells too of the conference the chaplains of the brigade held to determine the proper station for a chaplain during battle—a question much debated by the Southern prelates The doctrine of the Old Army held *that the chaplain was a noncombatant* and might properly at most, engage himself in the care of the

wounded around the field hospitals and with the ghostly consolation of those about to die The Provisional Army of the Confederate States was however as little bound by doctrine as any ever mustered for war and the militia soldiers looked with cold suspicion upon anything emanating from West Point Thus numerous views were expounded

A Brother Alphcus Murk of a Cotton State brigade stated that the presence of a chaplain among troops engaged in combat did the troops no good and further was exceedingly harmful to the health of the chaplain's soul He had served with a volunteer regiment at Buena Vista in the Mexican War and he related that the oaths and blasphemies of the soldiers were so appalling he did not consider himself in a state of grace for at least eleven months thereafter although he wore down the very springs of his knees with prayer Several divines present at First Manassas were inclined to agree with Brother Murk Praxiteles contribution was that he'd never been in a battle and couldn't form an opinion until events brought him opportunity to observe As affairs turned out there were zealous brothers who later on would be catching up musket and cartridge box to pitch in with the boys when battle joined There were others who for reasons cogent to themselves would avoid violence and place themselves well to the rear of the army trains and the reserve artillery until the unpleasantness should be over enduring with Christian fortitude the caustic comment of the uninstructed And you would find padres at every station in between The conference after prolonged discussion resolved that a chaplain's battle station was where his services were most needed And matters stayed exactly where they were before Deliberations were terminated by sudden orders to move south

III

If you remember the records the early spring of 1862 brought a great stirring throughout the armies McClellan was accumulating a force in front of Washington which said the Federal city newspapers—sold daily to the Confederate outposts of the Alexandria Line and read with much interest through the camps—would presently descend upon the Rebellion like the wolf on the fold Praxiteles Swan by the way took this for his text on a Sunday about the first of March and predicted that did they come their fate would be one with the Assyrians It was much admired in the Texas Brigade to whom Elder Swan explained the allusion in detail A little later the scouts of the Potomac shore reported long columns of transports blue with Yankees filing downstream

Gen Joe Johnston ever sensitive of his flanks destroyed half a year s accumulation of stores between Manassas and Fredericksburg—a sin and a waste inviting the rebuke of the Almighty declared Praxiteles watching a fine meat packery burn—and retired on Richmond The Texans moved from their winter quarters the eighth of March over hills sodden under a late fall of snow and tramped to Fredericksburg where they lay for a month and had the grim news of Shiloh there were many Texas regiments in the Western army It was in Fredericksburg that there arose and clung to the Texas Brigade the reputation for chicken stealing which as other of its characteristics became famous and is remembered to this day There is something about it in the chaplain s diary he mentions that the Lord blessed them with an abundance of nourishing food in the hospitable city on Rappahannock and adds Thou shalt not

Very hot weather rumors of big events He was writing his wife to dispatch by first safe means available his linen dusters! His uniform frock coat, with the crosses on the lapels was oppressive From the light of campfires in the sky that night many troops were lying in the neighborhood of Richmond A number of the men had asked for a discourse in the bivouac and he talked on remis ion of sins and on the campaigns of Joshua

If he had known it that was the first of the Seven Days Battle before Richmond in the afternoon Ambrose Hills brigades had crossed the Chickahominy at Mechanicsville and thrown themselves upon Fitz John Porter s corps while Lee prepared a major destruction for McClellan But Jackson did not strike that day

The morning of the twenty seventh the Texans gulped hasty coffee and half seared dough cakes then stood interminably in fours and marched and countermarched vexatiously by blind wood roads in the hea and the dust to stand again Southward and to the right there was a lot of shooting an angry sound of musketry that rose and fell, a continual growling of guns and now and then a far faint yelling Nobody knew anything staff officers galloped with more than the usual air of mystery to conceal the fact that they knew nothing either a dingy general officer rode by men saying, "There goes old Jackson and he was not cheered. Small ins cts bit and buzzed Praxiteles mare grew restive and hot, which concerned him Mid afternoon the brigade moved again closer to the noise they could see smoke rising over a line of trees up the road despondent walking wounded passed and D H. Hill s North Carolinians came from the south and went by with an air of going somewhere Hill s regiments

they halted and dressed their ranks and while this was being meticulously accomplished by the officers the regimental chaplain of the Fifth felt mighty solemn He watched the color bearers strip the oilskin covers from the colors the heavy red folds of the battle flags shook out appeared to preen themselves as birds and the color sergeant of the First Texas elevated higher than the rest the fine state flag presented by the ladies of Brenham the white and blue and red were as fresh as when the ladies cut them from their Sunday dresses last spring

A zealot in the First yelled "Yaaaiiih! Yaaa iiih! The Lone Star! but he was firmly squelched by a duty struck major

Praxiteles felt a great surge of heat through all his bones He broadened himself and sat erect on his mare "Terrible as an army with banners— Just then his regiment the Fifth faced to the right and departed at a trot trailing arms "We're going into it he decided and looked to the rear for a sapling to tie his mare Didn't want her hurt Find a safe place for her and catch up with the command on foot Why he reflected angrily hadn't that question been decided about the proper station of the chaplain in battle? He wanted to do what was right.

While he stood undecided flinching unconsciously from the noises in the air Colonel Robertson's nigger trotted back dragging at the bridle of the colonel's big flea bitten gray Praxiteles knew the boy and flung him his reins and so to speak girded up his loins to go after his regiment But now the Fifth was out of sight in the woods the brigade had taken ground to the right, and he was he saw behind the Fourth Texas Regiment—boys from the old Rutersville district the East Texas Conference

He halted to consider and General Hood appeared from a flank on foot, his shadow reaching immensely before him in the low sun

The general strode to the front and center of the Fourth his sword flashed out in a bright curve and he said in that blunt carrying voice of his "Fourth Texas! When I was your colonel I promised that I would lead you in your first charge! I am keeping my promise! He turned his head to the left then to the right as a hawk looks Brigade attention! Right shoulder—shift!

Every man could hear him for the ripple of arms ran promptly down through Hampton s Legion on the far left That malignant could sway a camp meeting like an archangel s horn thought Praxiteles with envy

No man to fire until I give the order! bayed Hood —the general had learned at Eltham s Landing that the would not go into battle without loading and ᵕ ᵕ their pieces no matt r what orders he gave— For r r wa a rd!

The brigade gave itself a jerk and lurched ahead and Praxiteles followed because he could think of nothing eLe to do But a charge now—and he a preacher with a family and getting toward forty years— The men looked white under their tanned hides and they leaned a little as men lean against heavy rain Almost at once the enemy was in view on a hill across a valley and Praxiteles watching with concern the Yankee line saw a purposeful agitation in the nearest part of it—a movement of gun teams and cannon

Things howled in the air overhead and the brigade bowed like wheat beneath the wind explosions oc curred in the immediate rear The howling came again and the set of fours in front of Praxiteles disintegrated

violently The air was full of hissing particles and a rank smell and what looked like a bad sawmill accident littered the ground there was some screaming and officers and sergeants bawled angry exhortations An ashen frantic individual his face drawn to a point, detached himself from the regiment and caromed into Praxiteles leaping like a jack rabbit toward the rear Praxiteles caught the soldier by the collar and shook him until his teeth rattled thanking his Maker for the fortifying sight of a man more frightened than himself

" The devil damn thee black thou whey faced loon! he quoted between his teeth—hadn t thought of Shakespeare for years—funny how apt the tag was "You—" He recognized a notable card sharper of the Fourth Texas a famous frequenter of the Dumfries stills Jim Hicks get up in your place before I wring your neck!

He administered two swinging slaps and a kick, and High Private Hicks slobbering sought safety in the ranks To left and right gray jackets were flung flat or lay wriggling in the trail of the regiment There were spiteful singing sounds—musketry personal shooting But the line was going forward over the unequal rises of an old field and the flags had the appearance of brave swooping eagles It came into his head Her young ones also suck up blood and where the slain are there is she but he d l not know that he roared from Habakkuk at the capacity of a pair of lungs as powerful as Hood s "They are terrible and dreadful —the words cam to him and a jet of arterial blood slopped against his chest as a man shot through the neck spun against him he eased the fellow down started to kneel and sa v the line was going on without him

Boy from Big Sandy in San Jacinto County—it seemed more important to keep up with that line Let the dead bury their dead— He had to run

Out in front General Hood had faced about to the regiment he held his saber lightly in both hands at arms length level with his *shoulders and he* walked backwards eluding the Fourth The guide is left! Dress on the colors damn you to everlasting hell!

Up on the right there up in the center! He stepped unerringly backward and his eye penetrated even to the file closers where Praxiteles *now* marched

A lot of men were getting hit the brigade was at the bottom of the slope and began to climb There was a line of men lying down in a dead space They caught at the legs of the Texans and whined in the accents of the Deep South Bettah not go *on up theh! It s* hell an damnation up theh! but a young officer rose among them and waved his sword and screamed "Fifteenth Alabama will yo let these heah Texicans go wheh yuh won t go? and shouldered himself into the Texas line

Again Hood s voice dominated How had they come *so close? Nearly* in shotgun range among some shattered peach trees

Halt! the generals sword made another flashing arc Fix bayonets! Most of the men did it Fire! Hood must have capered sideways for his voice came next out of the sudden *smoke* from the right of the regiment Praxiteles reflected afterward that once the advance started he saw nothing and thought of nothing except what was directly in front of him However the regiment seemed to explode and then the compelling voice blared "Charge! and all the bugles in the world rang in his word

The men raised a high thin angry *scream* and ran

forward only a few of them trying to bite cartridge and reload They burst out of the fog of their own firing upon the raw earth of a fresh-dug trench ten anted by crumpled dead men in dusty blue clothes There was a confused blue mass in front of them—men in short jackets toiling at guns men in frock coats wav ing silly swords and mouthing—more noise than Prax iteles had imagined in the world One clump of blue stood solid and their Springfields spoke fierce and sharp in the ambiguous tumult something caught at the skirt of Praxiteles coat and three men seemed to wind themselves around his legs He sensed a suspen sion of movement here were stanch Northern men standing firm to fight But in a flicker of thought, Praxiteles knew that his personal antagonists right there were as men who had emptied their pieces into the head of a flock of geese—now they had to reload How the musket came into his hand he did not notice but it was there and he broke a sergeant s skull with it What followed after that he never remembered clearly there were some cavalry riding out of the smoke who tumbled in hideous ruin at his very feet He heard an officer his leg under his fallen horse say in clear disgusted tone But I m Captain Chambliss and we served together in the old Second and he'll want to see me"

Himself he was aware of fading light and of blue backs turned so that you couldn t see the buttons and he shouted a supplication Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon!

Over the plateau the flat rays of the sun made the smoke and dust all murky red Beyond the deep woods of the Chickahominy bottom invited fugitives checked pursuit The panting soldiers slowed down stopped One looted a knapsack another went

the fallen searching pockets a third with a tasseled meerschaum pipe in a shaking hand asked every man he met for a smidgeon of tobacco It was all confusion and garments rolled in blood as Isaiah put it but it appeared to Praxiteles Swan that anyway his side had won He leaned on the musket barrel and felt faint and empty The sodden stain across his coat sickened him. How did the musket get broken? And the breech was smeared with what must be blood and brains from a towheaded man Soldiers stopped to stare at him. General Hood the light behind him rode up gigantic against the west his horse stepping delicately avoiding unspeakable things He saw Praxiteles gray frock coat.

He said You there! You're an officer! Get these rapscallions into formation! Assemble your men sir! No time for— Why! His teeth showed in his beard "It's the big parson! What you doing here preacher?"

Sir" Praxiteles told him suddenly shaken "may He of Galilee forgive me but from this day henceforward I serve the God of Battles the greatest of commanders Tell me what you want these young men to do and they will do it

Get them into line Hood told him soberly Get them—get them that is straightened out, by companies All the damned field officers seem to be shot. Do the best you can Elder and when I find an officer I'll send him along

Praxiteles Swan sometime shepherd of the best thought of Methodist flocks in East Texas inflated his chest and let out a roar Men stopped what they were doing and listened All right you scabrous sons of Belial! Cease from that grave robbing and come unto me! The curse of Achan on you who turned aside to plunder! You young man—I mean you with the flag—stand right here and wave that flag! Come

around here you—" He tried to remember but didn t the commands in *Gilham s Manual* Huddle! Jehovah confound you huddle! I would have you stay not 'but pursue after your enemies, and smite the hindmost of them " He menaced them with the dreadful clotted musket barrel and soldiers moved to assemble them selves obedient. Even stray South Carolinians of Hampton s high-chinned heroes from the proper side of Church Street began to sort themselves into squads well disposed and heedful

General Hood gathered his horse he wanted to find Whiting or D H Hill or Jackson and get a pur suit started "Elder he said immensely pleased old Stonewall couldn t have put it better Stay not and smite the hindmost of them! Go right ahead with what you re doing! You don t need any officer And when I get my brigade headquarters set up you come see me I m going to snatch that cross off your coat and put a star on it—well captain s bars anyway"

Again Praxiteles Swan felt that surge of heat along his bones General I'll come" he said And he added to himself "I'll be bound Mrs Swan will be right pleased when she hears about it!

UNCLE REMUS

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

I

"DIDN T the fox *never* catch the rabbit Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening

He come mighty nigh it honey sho s you born—Brer Fox did One day atter Brer Rabbit fool im wid dat calamus root Brer Fox went ter wuk en got im some tar en mix it wid some turkentine en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar Baby en he tuck dish yer Tar Baby en he sot er in de big road en den he lay off in de bushes fer to see wat he news wuz gwineter be En he didn t hatter wait long nudder kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin down de road—lippity clippity clippity lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay bird Brer Fox he lay low Brer Rabbit come prancin 'long twel he spy de Tar Baby en den he fotch up on his be hime legs like he wuz stonished De Tar Baby she sot dar she did en Brer Fox he lay low

" Mawnin! sez Brer Rabbit sezee—nice wedder dis mawnin sezee

'Tar Baby ain t sayin nothin en Brer Fox he lay low

" How duz yo sym tums seem ter segashuate? sez Brer Rabbit, sezee

"Brer Fox he wink his eye slow en lay low en de Tar Baby she ain t sayin nothin

How you come on den? Is you deaf? ez Brer Rab bit sezee 'Kaze if you is I kin holler louder sezee

'Tar Baby stay still en Brer Fox he lay low

Youer stuck up dats wat you is says Brer Rabbit sezee en Im gwineter kyore you dats wat Im a gwineter do sezee

Brer Fox he sorter chuckle in his stummuck he did but Tar Baby aint sayin nothin

Im gwineter larn you howter talk ter specttubble fokes ef hits de las ack sez Brer Rabbit sezee Ef you dont take off dat hat en tell me howdy Im gwineter bus you wide open sezee

Tar Baby stay still en Brer Fox he lay low

Brer Rabbit keep on axin im en de Tar Baby she keep on sayin nothin twel presenty Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis he did en blip he tuck er side er de head Right dars whar he broke his merlasses jug His fis stuck en he cant pull loose De tar hilt im But Tar Baby she stay still en Brer Fox he lay low

Ef you dont lemme loose Ill knock you agin sez Brer Rabbit sezee en wid dat he fotch er a wipe wid de udder han en dat stuck Tar Baby she aint sayin nothin en Brer Fox he lay low

Tun me loose fo I kick de natal stuffin outen you sez Brer Rabbit sezee but de Tar Baby she aint sayin nothin She des hilt on en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way Brer Fox he lay low Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar Baby dont tun im loose he butt er chanksided En den he butted en his head got stuck Den Brer Fox he santered fort lookin des ez innercent ez one er yo mammys mockin birds

Howdy Brer Rabbit sez Brer Fox sezee You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin sezee en den he rolled on de groun en laughed en laughed twel he couldnt laugh no mo I speck youll take dinner wid me dis time Brer Rabbit I done laid in some calamus root en I aint gwineter take no skuse sez Brer Fox

Here Uncle Remus paused and drew a two pound yam out of the ashes

Did the fox eat the rabbit? asked the little boy to whom the story had been told

Dats all de fur de tale goes repli d the old man He mout en den agin he moutert Some say Jedge Bar come 'long en loosed un—some say he didn t I hear Miss Sally callin You better run long

II

"UNCLE REMUS said the little boy one evening when he had found the old man with little or nothing to do did the fox kill and eat the rabbit when he caught him with the Tar Baby?

Law honey aint I tell you bout dat?" replied the old darkey chuckling slyly I clar ter grashus I ought er tole you dat but old man Nod wuz ridin on my eye leds twel a leetle mo n I d a dis member d my own name en der on to dat here come yo mammy hollerin atter you

W at I tell you wen I fus begin? I tole you Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon creetur leas ways dat s wat I laid out fer ter tell you Well den honey don t you go en make no udder calkalashuns kaze in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang wen enny racket wuz on han en dar dey stayed Fo you begins fer ter wipe yo eyes bout Brer Rabbit you wait en see whar'bouts Brer Rabbit gwineter fetch up at. But dat s needer yer ner dar

W en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar Baby he feel mighty good en he roll on de groun en laff Bimeby he up n say sezee

" Well I speck I got you dis time Brer Rabbit

sezee maybe I aint but I speck I is You been runnin roun here sassin atter me a mighty long time but I speck you done come ter de een er de row You bin cuttin up yo capers en bouncin roun in dis neighber hood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo se f de boss er de whole gang En den youer allers some rs whar you got no bizness sez Brer Fox sezee 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a quaintance wid dish yer Tar Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun worril You des tuck en jam yo se f on dat Tar Baby widout waitin fer enny invite sez Brer Fox sezee en dar you is en dar you'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh pile and fires her up kaze I m gwineter bobbycue you dis day sho sez Brer Fox sezee

Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty umble

I don t keer w at you do wid me Brer Fox sezee so you don t fling me in dat brier patch Roas me Brer Fox sezee 'but don t fling me in dat brier patch sezee

Hit s so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier sez Brer Fox sezee dat I speck I ll hatter hang you sezee

Hang me des ez high as you please Brer Fox sez Brer Rabbit sezee 'but do fer de Lord s sake don t fling me in dat brier patch sezee

'I aint got no string sez Brer Fox sezee en now I speck I'll hatter drown you sezee

Drown me dez ez deep ez you please Brer Fox sez Brer Rabbit sezee but do don t fling me in dat brier patch sezee

Dey aint no water nigh sez Brer Fox, sezee en now I speck I ll hatter skin you sezee

Skin me Brer Fox sez Brer Rabb t s zee snatch out my eyeballs t ar out my years by de roots en cut off my legs sezee 'but do please Brer Fox don t fling me in dat brier patch sezee

Co se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he

kin so he cotch im by de behime legs en slung im right in de middle er de brier patch Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes en Brer Fox sorter hang roun fer ter see w'at wuz gwine ter happen *Bimeby he hear somebody call im en way* up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin cross legged on a chinkapin log koamin de pitch outen his har wid a chip Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad Brer Rabbit was bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass en he holler out

Bred en bawn in a brier patch Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier patch! en wid dat he skip out des es lively ez a cricket in de embers

A LAST WILL

BY WILLISTON FISH

This famous invention soon adrift from its moori gs i a 1898 issue of Harper s Weekly *(si c deceased) has often been repr nted as solemn fact and as such is now a permanent part of America folk lore In* 1915 *Irvi g Berli turned t into a song called* When I Leave the World Behind

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN I Charles Lounsbury being of sound and disposing mind and memory do now make and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTA MENT in order as justly as I may to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men

And first that part of my business which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and of none account I make no account of it in this my will My right to live being a life estate is not at my disposal but these things excepted all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath

Item And first I give to good fathers and mothers but in trust for their children nevertheless all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names and I charge said persons to use them justly and generously as the needs of their children shall require

Item I leave to children exclusively but only for the life of their childhood all and every the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof and the right to play among them freely according to the custom of chil dren warning them at the same time against the thistles And I devise to children the yellow shores

of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof with the dragon flies that skim the surface of said waters and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in in a thousand ways and the Night and Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his and I direct that the child s father shall tell him the name of it in order that the child shall always remember the name of the star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy

Item I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played and all snow clad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may skate to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood And all meadows with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof and all woods with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises and all distant places which may be visited together with the adventures there found I do give to said boys to be theirs And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares

Item To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need as the stars of the sky the red red roses by the wall the snow of the hawthorn the sweet strain of music and aught else that they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love

Item To young men jointly being joined in a brave

mad crowd I devise and bequeath all boisterous in spring sports of rivalry I give them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength Though they are rude and rough I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and possessing companions and to them exclusively I give all merry and brave choruses to sing with smooth voices to troll them forth

Item And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets if there are others to the end that they may live the old days over again fully and freely *without tithe or diminution* and *to those who* are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave too the knowledge of what a rare rare world it is

men dress hurnedly and reach the Arrowhead kitchen hurnedly meaning to perform mstantly there a gracious deed which Providence has thus far unaccountably left undone

That the Arrowhead annals are as yet, unspiced with a crime of violence is due I consider to Lew Wees superb control of his facial muscles His expression when he maniacally yanks the bell cord is believed by his victims to be one of hellish glee o they eagerly seek each morning for one little remaining trace of this The tiniest hint would suffice But they encounter only a rather sad faced middle aged Chinaman with immov able eyes and a strained d votion to del cate tasks of whom it is impossible to believe that ever a ray of joy gladdened his life

There is a secondary reason why the spirit of Lew Wee has not long since been disembodied by able hands His static Gorgon face stays the first murderous impulse then his genial kitchen aroma overpowers their higher natures and the deed of high justice is weakly postponed This genial kitchen aroma is warm and com posed cunningly from steaming coffee and frying ham or beef together with eggs and hot cakes almost as large as the enamelled iron plates from which they are eaten It is no contemptible combination on a frosty morning No wonder strong men forget the simple act of man slaughter they come there to achie e and sit sullenly down to be pandered to by him who was erst their torturer

On a morning in late May when I had been invited to fare abroad w th my hostess Mrs Lysander John Pet tengill—who would b eakfast in her own apartment—I joined this assemblage of thwarted murderers as they doggedly ate It is a grim business that ranch break fast. Two paling lamps struggle with the dawn now

Swiftly departing pessimists accord no praise or attention to this ill timed sketch least of all Lew Wee who it is meant to insult His face returns the sad impassivity of a granite cliff as yet beyond the dawn

Now I am out by the saddle rack under the poplars where two horses are tied Ma Pettengill s long barrelled roan is saddled My own fleabitten gray Dandy Jim is clad only in the rope by which he was led up from the caviata I approach him with the respectful attention his reputed character merits and try to ascertain his mood of the moment He is a middle aged horse apparently of sterling character and in my presence has always conducted himself as a horse should But the shadow of scandal has been flung athwart him I have been assured that he has a hideous genius for cinch binding Listening at first without proper alarm it has been disclosed to me that a cinch binder ain t any joke by a darned sight! A cinch binder will stand up straight and lean over backward on me If I m there when he hits the ground I'll wish I wasn t—if I am able to wish anything at all and don t simply have to be shipped off to wherever my family wants it to take place

I am further enlightened Dandy Jim ain t so likely to start acting if not saddled when too cold If I saddle him then he will be expecting to have more fun out of it than I have any right to But if the sun is well up why sometimes a baby could handle him So for three week I have saddled Dandy Jim with the utmost circumspection and with the sun well up Now the sun is not well up Shall I still survive? I pause to wish that the range of high hills on the east may be instantly levelled The land will then be worth something and the sun will be farther up But nothing of a topographical nature ensues The hills remain to obscure the sun.

sternation, coughs feebly and rolls his eyes round appealingly as if wondering whether the world is to sit without heart and watch a poor defenseless horse being slain He is about to expire

I now lead him gently about by the bridle It occurs to me that a horse with this curious mania for binding cinches or cinching binders—or in other words a cinch binder—will be as willing to indulge in his favourite sport with the saddle unoccupied as otherwise He may like it even better with no one up there and I know I will Nothing happens except that Dandy Jim stumbles stiffly and pretends to be lame The sun is not yet well up still, it is a lot better Perhaps danger for the day is over I again lead the dangerous beast——

"What you humouring that old skate for?

Ma Pettengill arrayed in olive-drab shirt and breeches leather puttees and the wide brimmed hat of her calling with the four careful dents in the top observed me with friendly curiosity as she ties a corduroy coat to the back of her saddle

Hereupon I explained my tactful handling of the reputed cinch binder It evoked the first cheerful sound I had heard that day

Ma Pettengill laughed heartily

"That old hair trunk never had the jazz to be any cinch binder Who told you he was?

I named names—all I could remember Almost every one on the ranch had passed me the friendly warning and never had I saddled the brute without a thrill.

Sure! Them chuckleheads always got to tell everybody something It s a wonder they ain t sent you in to the Chink to borrow his meat auger or out to the blacksmith shop for a left handed monkey wrench or something Come on!

merry miles we played the game of coyote It is a sim ple game to learn but requires a trained eye When one player sees a coyote the other becomes indebted to him in the sum of one dollar

This sport dispelled the early morning gloom that had beset me I won a dollar almost immediately It may have been the same coyote as my opponent painfully suggested but it showed at a different breach in the willows and I was firm

Then the game went fiercely against me Ma Petten gill detected coyotes at the far edges of fields—so far that I would have ignored them for jack rabbits had I observed them at all I claimed an occasional close one but these were few The outlook was again not cheer ing It was an excellent morning for distant coyotes and pre ently I owed Mrs Lysander John Pettengill seven dollars she having won two doubl headers in succes sion This ride was costing me too much a mile Being so utterly outclassed I vas resolving to demand a handi cap but was saved from this ignominy by our imminent arrival at the abode of this h re Tilton who presently sauntered out of a feeding corral and chewed a straw at us idly

We soon took all that out of him The air went some thing like this

Mrs L J P—brightly Morning Chesterl Say look here! About that gap in the fence acro s Stony Creek field—I got to turn a bee f herd in there Thursday

Tilton—crouching luxuriously on one knee still chewing the straw Well now about that little job—I tell you Mis Pett ngill I been kind o holdin off account o Snell bein rushed with his final plowin He claims——

MRS L J P—still brightly Oh that s all right! Sn will be over there with his men to-morrow morning seven o clock He said you d have to be there too

TILTON—alarmed he rises takes straw from h mouth examines the chewed end with dismay and cast it from him removes his hat looks at this dubiously burnishes it with a sleeve and sighs To morrow morning! You don t mean to morrow——

MRS L J P—carefully yet rapidly To morrow morning at seven o clock You don t want to throw Snell down on this and he s going to be there How many men can you take?

TILTON—dazed Now—now lemme see!

MRS L J P—quickly You can take Chris and Shorty and Jake and yourself Any one else?

TILTON—swept over the falls Why nom I dont guess there s any other I could spare account of——

MRS L J P—almost sweetly All right then To morrow seven sharp

TILTON—from the whirlpool helplessly Yes m! Yes m!

MRS L J P Morning!

We ride on Tilton fades back toward the corral he has forgotten to eplace his hat

I now decided to make a little conversation rather than have the stupid and ruinous game of coyote for a pastime

I thought you hadn t seen Snell yet

I haven t not since he promised his half of the job two weeks ago

But you just told Tilton——

"Well Snell is going to be there ain t he?"

"How do you know?"

"I m going to tell him now"

And the woman did even so If you wish the scene with Snell go back and read the scene with Tilton changing the names Nothing else need you change Snell was hitching two mules to a wood wagon but he heard th same speeches and made approximately the same replies And the deed was done

There now! boomed Mrs Talleyrand as we rode beyond earshot of the dazed and lingering Snell "Them two men been trying for two weeks to agree on a day to do this trifling job They wasn t able so I agreed on a day myself Anything wrong with it?

You said you were going to talk straight to them

Aint I just talked straight to Snell? Tilton will be there won t he?

How about the way you talked to Tilton before you saw Snell?

"Well my lands! How you talk! You got to have a foundation to build on haven t you?

I saw it as a feat b yond my prowess to convict this woman in her own eyes of a dubious and considering veracity So I merely wondered in tones that would easily reach her how the gentlemen might relish her diplomacy when they discovered it on the morrow I pr ceded the word diplomacy with a slight and very affected cough

The lady replied that they would never di cover her diplomacy not coughing in the least before the word She said each of them would be so mad at the other for setting a day that they would talk l ttle They would simply build fence She added th t a woman in this business had to be looking for the worst of it all the time She was bound to get the elbow if she didn t use her common sense

I ignored her casuistry for she was now rolling a cigarette with an air of insufferable probity I gave her up

buncles jaundice and ennui Laura had partaken freely and yet again of this delectable brew and now suffered not only from a sprained wrist but from detention, having suffered arrest on complaint of the tribal sister who had been nearest to her when she sprained her wrist Therefore if Mrs Dave Pickens wanted to come over to morrow and wash for us all right she could bring her oldest girl to help

Mrs Dave thereupon turned her head languidly toward the ignoble dwelling and called Dave! Then again for the fiddle stayed not Dave! Oh Dave!

The fiddle ceased to moan—complainingly it seemed to me—and Dave framed his graceful figure in the door way He was one appealing droop from his moustache to his moccasin clad feet He wore an air of elegant leisure but was otherwise not fussily arrayed

Dave Mis Pettingill says there s now a day s washin to do over to her place to morrow What think?

Dave deliberated then pondered then thought, then spoke

"Well I d no Addie I d no a I got any objections if you ain t. I d no but it s all the same to me

Hereupon we meanly put something in Dave s unsuspecting way too

"You must want a day s work yourself" called out Ma Pettengill You go up to Sr ells about six in the morning and he'll need you to help do some fencing on that gap in Stony Creek field If he dont need you Tilton will One of em is bound to be short a man"

Fencin'? said Dave with noticeable disrelish

You reckon we better both leave the place at once?" suggested Mrs Dave

That s so said Dave brightly Mebbe I-

half past twelve I looked at my watch and said the sun was over ten minutes slow which was probably due to the heavy continuous gunfire on the Western Front This neat bit went for just nothing As we rode on I fondly recalled that last cold hot cake which Sandy Sawtelle had sacrificed to his gift for debased whimsy I also recall d other items of that gloomy repast wondering how I could so weakly have quit when I did

We rode now under a sun that retained its old fervour if not its velocity We traversed an endless lane be tween fields in one of which grazed a herd of the Arrow head cattle These I was made to contemplate for many valuable moments I had to be told that I was regarding the swallow fork herd pure breds that for one reason or another—the chief being careless help—had not been registered The omission was denoted by the swallow fork in the left ear

The owner looked upon them with fond calculation She was fondly calculating that they would have been worth about fifty per cent more to her with ears un mutilated She grew resentful that their true worth should not be acclaimed by the world In the sight of heaven they were pure breds so hy should they suffer through the ove sight of a herd bo s that hadn t any where near such di tinguished ancestry? Ar d so on as the lady says

We left the lane at last and were on the county road but headed aw y from the Arrowhead and food No doubt there remained other homes for us to wreck We mounted a rise and the road fell from us in a long gentle slope And then a mile beyond where the slope ended I beheld a most in iting tiny pleasance in this overwhelming welter of ranch land with its more or less g m business of cattle

old thing with winter apple cheeks and white hair both had bright eyes of doll blue and both wore among other neat things loose and lovely carpet slippers and white stockings

And of course the male was named Uncle Henry and the other one was named Aunt Mollie for I was now presented to them They shyly greeted me as one returned to them after many years in which they had given me up And again I wondered what particular iniquity we had come here to do

Then Ma Pettengill eased my worry She said in a few simple but affecting words that we had stopped in for a bite to eat No self torturing stylist could have put the thing better And results were sudden. Uncle Henry the male one went to take our horses round to the barn and the other one said they had et an hour ago but give her ten minutes and she d have a couple of them young pullets skinned and on the fire

Ma Pettengill said with very questionable taste I thought "Oh no nothing like that! —because we didn t want to make the least bit of trouble The woman is dense at times What else had we come there for? But Aunt Mollie said then, how about some prime young pork tenderline? And Ma Pettengill said she guessed that would do and I said I guessed that would do And there we were! The ladies went to the kitchen where they made quick and grateful noises.

Pretty soon Uncle Henry came round a lovely corner and said try a tumbler of this here grape wine which he poured from a pressed glass pitcher so I tried it and gave him a town cigarette which he tucked betw en his beautiful wh te moustache and his beautiful white whiskers And I hoped he didn t use gasoline to get them so clean because if he did something might happen

that Aunt Mollie might believe she had cooked more than enough

I have never ceased to regret that hollow bit of chivalry Was it honest, genuine open? No! Why will men at critical junctures stoop to such trickery? Aunt Mollie said I might think that tenderline was fresh killed but not so—she had fried it last December and put it down in its own juice in a four gallon crock and now look how fresh it come out! She seemed as proud as if she had invent d something She had a right to be It was a charming notion and I could have eaten the rest of the crock—but no matter Half a dozen biscuits copiously gummed up with preserves of one kind or another would do as well—almost

So Aunt Mollie showed me objects of interest in the room including her new carpet sweeper a stuffed road runner a ship built in a bottle and the coloured crayon po traits of herself and Uncle Henry wearing blue clothes and gold jewellery and white collars and ecru neckties Also the marriage certificate This was no mere official certificate It w s the kind that costs three dollars flat over and above what you give to the party that does it for you being genuine steel-engraved with a beautiful b idal couple under a floral bell the groom in severe evening dress and liberally spotted with cupids and p geons It is worth the money and an ornament to any wall especially in the gilt frame

Aunt Moll e seemed as proud of this document as sh had been w th the tenderloin I scanned it word by word for her pleasure I noticed especially the date Aunt Mollie said that her and Henry were now in the fortieth year on this place and it had changed in looks a whole lot since they came here I again I ? the date of the ce tificate

Ma Pettengill said well we must be getting on and they must both come over to the Arrowhead for a day right soon And Uncle Henry said here was a quart bottle of his peach brandy going on eight year old and would I take it along back with me and try it? Parties had told him it was good but he didn t know—mebbe so mebbe not He d like to know what I thought It seemed little enough to do to bring a bit of gladness into this old gentleman s life and I was not the man to wound him by refusal It was as if Michelangelo had said Come on round to the Sistine Chapel this afternoon and look over a little thing I ve dashed off If he had brought two bottles instead of one my answer would have been the same

So we were out on our refreshed horses and heading home and I said without loss of time that Aunt Mollie might have a good heart and a cunning way with pork interiors and it was none of my business anyway but nevertheless she had mentioned forty long years with this amateur saloon keeper whereas her marriage certificate was dated but one year previous in figures all too shamefully legible So what about it? I said I mind observing the underworld from time to time but I like to be warned in advance even when its denizens were such a charming bright eyed winter apple-cheeked old couple as the two we were now leaving

The sun was on our backs a light breeze fanned us the horses knew which way they were going and work for the day was over so Ma Pettengill spoke in part as follows

Oh well of course everyone knows about that. Simple enough! Aunt Mollie and her first husband trekked in here forty years ago He was a consumptive and the first winter put him out They had a hard time no neighbours to speak of harsh weather hard

work, poor shelter and a dying man Henry Mortimer happened by and stayed to help—nursed the invalid kept the few head of stock together nailed up holes in the shack, rustled grub and acted like a friend in need. At the last he nailed a coffin together did the rest of that job then stayed on to nurse Aunt Mollie who was all in herself After he got her to stepping again he put in a crop for her Then he stayed to build a barn and do some fencing Then he harvested the crop And getting no wages! They was both living off the land Pretty soon they got fond of each other and decided to marry Its one of Aunt Mollies jokes that she owed him two years wages and had to marry him

Marriage was easier said than done No preacher or even a justice of the peace was within ninety miles which meant a four days trip over the roads of that day and four days back, providing high water or some other calamity didnt make it a month and no one to leave on the place which meant there wouldnt be a head of stock left when they got back what with Indians and rustlers Uncle Henry will tell you how it seemed too bad that just one of em wouldnt make the trip down and have the ceremony done leaving the other to protect the place

"Then along comes a horse trader who stops over to rest his stock, and learns their trouble He tells em to quit their worry that hes a notary public and can perform a marriage as good as any Baptist preacher they ever saw I never been able to make out whether he was crazy or just a witty practical joker Anyway he married the pair with something like suitable words wouldnt take a cent for it, and gave em a paper saying he had performed the deed It had a seal on it showing he was a genuine notary public though from back in Iowa somewhere That made no difference to the new

"You say they were persuaded into this marriage Well who persuaded them? Isn t there something interesting about that?

It had indeed been a shrewd stroke Ma Pettengill s eyes lighted

Say didn t I ever tell you about Mrs Julia Wood Atkins the well known lady reformer?

"You did not. We have eight miles yet"

Oh very well!

So for eight miles of a road that led between green fields on our right and a rolling expanse of sagebrush on our left I heard something like this

"Well this prominent club lady had been out on the Coast for some time heading movements and telling people how to do things and she had got run down She s a friend of Mrs W B Hemingway the well known social leader and club president of Yonkers who is an old friend of min and Mrs W B writes that dear Julia is giving her life to the cause—I forget what cause it was right then—and how would it be for me to have her up here on the ranch for a vacation where she could recover her spirits and be once more fitted to enter the arena I say I m only too glad to oblige and the lady comes along

She seemed right human at first—kind of haggard and overtrained but with plenty of fights left in her a lady from forty eight to fifty four with a fine hearty manner that must go well on a platform and a kind of accusing face That s the only word I can think of for it She d be pretty busy a good part of the day with pamphlets and papers that she or someone else had wrote but I finally managed to get her out on a gentle old horse—that one you re riding—so she could liven up some and we got along quite well together

"The only thing that kind of went against me was

sent off at once? Shed filled a bottle with some and suggested it with her pleasantest platform smile

"Yes I says and suppose the report comes back that this water is fatal to man and beast? And its the only water round here What then? Id be in a hell of a fix—wouldnt I?

"I dont deny I used to fall back on words now and then when her smile got to me And we went right on using water that might or might not make spicy reading in a chemists report I only been here thirty years and its too soon to tell Anyway it was then I see she was gifted with a prowling mind which is all I can think of to call it It went with her accusing face She didnt think anything in this world was as near right as it could be made by some good woman

Of course she had other things besides the water to worry about. She was a writer too She would write about how friction in the home life may be avoided by one of the parties giving in to the other and letting the wife say how the money shall be spent and pieces about what the young girl should do next and what the young wife should do if necessary and so on For some reason she was paid money for these pieces

However she was taking longer rides and getting her pep back which was what she had come here for And having failed to reform anything on the Arrowhead she looked abroad for more plastic corruption as you might say She rode in one night and said she was amazed that this here community didnt do something about Dave Pickens Thats the place we stopped this morning She said his children were neglected and starving his wife worked to the bone and Dave doing nothing but play on a cheap fiddle! How did they get their bread from day to day?

I told her no one in the wide world had ever been

day she scared parties into taking fifteen tickets and the second day she got rid of the rest and the next Sun day she held the drawing over at Dave s house The fiddle was won by a nester from over in Surprise Valley who had always believed he could play one if he only had a fair chance

So this good deed was now completed there being no music and twelve dollars in the Pickens home that night And Mrs Julia now felt that she was ready for the next big feat of uplift which was a lot more impor tant because it involved the very sanctity of the marriage tie Yes sir she d come back from her prowling one night and told me in a hushed voice behind a closed door about a couple that had been for years living in a state of open immorality

I didn t get her at first not thinking of Uncle Henry and Aunt Mollie But she meant just them two I gave her a good hearty laugh at first but it pained her so much I let her talk It seems she d gone there to sell raffle tickets and they d taken four and cooked food for her and give her some cherry cordial whi h she took on account of being far from a strong woman and then Aunt Mollie had told all her past life with this horrid scandal about the notary public sticking innocently out of it

Mrs Julia hadn t been able to see anything but the scandal she being an expert in that line So she had started in to persuade Aunt Mollie that it was her sacred duty to be married decently to her companion in crime for forty years And Aunt Mollie had been right taken with the idea in fact she had entered into it with a social enthusiasm that didn t seem to Mrs Julia to have quite enough womanly shame for her dark past in it Still anything to get the guilty couple lawful wedded

this remedy restores it to Any way she now wanted to know if I thought it was right for Aunt Mollie to con tinue to reside there in that house between now and the time when they would be lawful man and wife I said no I didn t think it was right. I thought it was a monstrous infamy and an affront to public morals but mebbe we better resolve to ignore it and plow a straight furrow without stopping to pull weeds She sadly said she supposed I was right.

"So *Uncle Henry hitched* up *his fat white horse to* the buggy and him and Aunt Mollie drove round the country for three days inviting folks to their wedding Aunt Mollie had the time of her life It seemed as if there wasn t no way whatever to get a sense of shame into that brazen old hussy And when this job was done she got busy with her trousseau which consisted of a bridge gown in blue organdie and a pair of high white shoes She didn t know what a bridge gown was for but she liked the looks of one in a pattern book and sent down to Red Gap for Miss Gunslaugh to bring up the stuff and make it. And she d always had this secret yearning for a pair of high white shoes so they come up too

Furthermore Aunt Mollie had read the city paper for years and knew about wedding breakfasts so she was bound to have one of those It looked like a good time was going to be had by all present except the lady who started it Mrs Julia was more malignantly scan dalized *by these festal preparations than she had been* by the original crime but she had to go through with it now

"The date had been set and we was within three days of it when Aunt Mollie postponed it three days more because *Dave Pickens couldn t be there until this later* day Mrs Julia made a violent protest because she

did them part They really sounded as if they meant it

Mrs Julia looked highly noble and sweet when all was over like she had rescued an erring sister from the depths You could see she felt that the world would indeed be a better place if she could only give a little more time to it

We stood round and talked some after the ceremony but not for long Aunt Mollie wound the clock and set the mouse trap and hustled us all off to bed so we could be up bright and early for the wedding breakfast You d think she d been handling these aff irs in metropolitan society for years The women slept on beds and sofas and different places and the men slept out in the barn and in a tent Uncle Henry had put up or took their blanket rolls and bunked under a tree

Then ho! for the merry wedding breakfast at ix thirty A M ! The wedding breakfast consisted of ham and eggs and champagne Yes sir don t think Aunt Mollie had overlooked the fashionable drink Hadn t she been reading all her life about champagne being served at wedding b eakfasts? So there it was in a new wash boiler buri d in cracked ice And while the women was serving the ham and eggs and hot biscuits at *the long table built out in the side yard Uncle Henry* exploded several bottles of this wine and passed it to one and all and a toast was drunk to the legal bride and groom after which eating was indulged in heartily

It was a merry feast even w thout the lobster salad which Aunt Mollie apologized for not having She said she knew lobster salad went with a wedding breakfast the same as champagne but the canned lobster she had ordered hadn t come so we d have to make out with the home-cured ham and some pork sausage that now come along Nobody seemed downhearted about the mi sing lobster salad Uncle Henry passed up and

down the table filling cups and glasses and Aunt Mollie in her wedding finery kept the food coming with some buckwheat cakes at the finish.

It was a very satisfactory wedding breakfast, if any one should ever make inquiries of you By the time Uncle Henry had the ends out of half the champagne bottles I guess everyone there was glad he had decided to drag Aunt Mollie back from the primrose path

It all passed off beautifully except for one tragedy Oh yes there s always something to mar these affairs But this hellish incident didn t come till the very last. After the guests had pretty well et themselves to a standstill Dave Pickens got up and come back with a fiddle and stood at the end of the grape arbour and played a piece

Someone must have supplied that wretch with an other fiddle! says Mrs Julia who was kind of cross, anyway having been bedded down on a short sofa and not liking champagne for breakfast—and therefore not liking to see others drink it

" Oh he s probably borrowed one for your celebra tion I says

Dave played a couple more lively pieces and pretty soon when we got up from the table he come over to Mrs Julia and me

" It s a peach of a fiddle says Dave It says in the catalogue it s a genuine Cremonika—looks like a Cre mona and plays just as good I bet it s the best fiddle in the world to be had for twelve dollars!

'What s that? says Mrs Julia erecting herself like an alarmed rattlesnake

" Sure! It s a genuine twelve-dollar one says Dave proudly My old one that you so kindly raffled off cost only five I always wanted a better one but I

never had the money to spare till you come along It s awful hard to save up money round here

" Do you mean to tell me—— says Mrs Julia She was so mad she couldn t get any farther Dave thought she was merely enthusiastic about his new fiddle

" Sure! Only twelve dollars for this beauty he says fondling the instrument We got down the mail order catalogue the minute you left that money with us and had a postal order on the way to Chicago that very night. I must say lady you brought a great pleasure into our life

"What about your poor wife? snaps Mrs Julia

His poor wife comes up just then and looks affec tionately at Dave and the new fiddle

He spent that money for another fiddle! says Mrs Julia to her in low tones of horror

" Sure! What did you think he was going to do with it?" says Mrs Dave I must say we had two mighty dull weeks while Dave was waiting for this new one He just mopes round the house when he hain t got any thing to play on But this is a lot better than the old fiddle it was worth waiting for Did you thank the lady Dave?"

Mrs Julia was now plump speechless and kind of weak And on top of these blows up comes Aunt Mollie the new wed and beams fondly on her

There! says she Ain t that a fine new fiddle that Dave bought with his twelve dollars? And wasn t it worth postponing my wedding for so we could have some music?"

"What s that? says Mrs Julia again Why did you postpone it?"

Because the fiddle didn t get here till last night says Aunt Mollie and I wasn t going to have a wedding

without music It wouldnt seem right And dont you think yourself its a lot better fiddle than Daves old one?

So this poor Mrs Julia woman was now stricken for fair thinking of all the trouble shed been to about her tickets and all to see this new fiddle

She went weakly into the house and lay down with a headache till I was ready to leave the gay throng And the next day she left us to our fate Still shed done us good Dave has a new fiddle and Aunt Mollie has her high white shoe So now you know all about it

We neared the Arrowhead gate Presently its bell would peal a sweet message to those who laboured Ma Pettengill turned in her saddle to scan the western horizon

"A red sun has water in his eye said she Well a good soak wont hurt us

Curious thing about *reformers* They dont *seem* to get a lot of pleasure out of their labours unless the ones they reform resist and suffer and show a *proper sense* of their degradation I bet a lot of reformers would quit to morrow if they knew their work wasnt going to bother people any

THE SKYLIGHT ROOM

BY O HENRY

FIRST Mrs Parker would show you the double parlors You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years Then *you would manage to stammer forth the confession* that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist Mrs Parker s manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs Parker s parlors

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second floor back at $8 Convinced by her second floor manner that it was worth the $12 that Mr Toosenberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother s orange plantation in Florida near Palm Beach where Mrs McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper

If you survived Mrs Parker s scorn you were taken to look at Mr Skidder s large hall room on the third floor Mr Skidder s room was not vacant He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long But every room hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins After each visit Mr Skidder from the fright caused by possible eviction would pay something on his rent

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two But Miss Longnecker the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said Well reallyl to everything you said sat on the top step and sniffed And Miss Dorn who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store sat on the bottom step and sniffed Miss Leeson sat on the middle step and the men would quickly group around her

Especially Mr Skidder who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private romantic (unspoken) drama in real life And especially Mr Hoover who was forty five fat flush and foolish And especially very young Mr Evans who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes The men voted her the funniest and jolliest ever but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable

I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the footlights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr Hoover Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow the bane of bulk the calamity of corpulence Tried out Falstaff might have rendered more romance to the ton than would have Romeos rickety ribs to the ounce A lover may sigh but he must not puff To the train of Momus are the fat men remanded In vain beats the faithfullest heart above a 52 inch belt Avaunt Hooverl Hoover forty five flush and foolish might carry off Helen herself Hoover forty five flush foolish and fat is meat for perdition There was never a chance for you Hoover

As Mrs Parkers roomers sat thus one summers eve

ning Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay laugh

"Why there s Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here too"

All looked up—some at the windows of skyscrapers some casting about for an airship Jackson guided

Its that star explained Miss Leeson pointing with a tiny finger Not the big one that twinkles—the steady blue one near it I can see it every night through my skylight I named it Billy Jackson

"Well really! said Miss Longnecker I didn t know you were an astronomer Miss Leeson"

Oh yes said the small star gazer I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they re going to wear next fall in Mars

"Well really! said Miss Longnecker The star you refer to is Gamma of the constellation Cassiopeia It is nearly of the second magnitude and its meridian passage is——"

Oh said the very young Mr Evans I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it

Same here said Mr Hoover loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had

"Well really! said Miss Longnecker

I wonder whether it s a shooting star remarked Miss Dorn I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday

He doesn t show up very well from down here said Miss Leeson You ought to see him from my room You know you can see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine and it makes Billy Jackson look

like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy And when she went out in the m rning instead of working she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys This went on

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs Parker s stoop at the hour when she always re turned from her dinner at the re taurant But she had had no dinner

As she stepped into the hall Mr Hoover met her and seized his chance He sked her to marry him and his fatness ho ered abo e her like an avalanche She dodged and caught the balustrade He tried for her hand and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face Step by step she went up dragging herself by the railing She passed Mr Skidder s door as he was red inking a stage direction for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy to pirouette across stage from L to the side of the Count Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress She fell upon the iron cot her fragile body scarcely following th worn springs And in that Erebus of a room she slowly r ised her heavy eyelids and smiled

For Billy Jackson wa sh ning down on her calm and bright and constant through the skylight There was no world about her She was sunk in a pit of blackness with but that small square of pallid light framing the star that she had so whimsically and oh so ineffectually named Miss Longnecker must be right it was Gamma

of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson And yet she could not let it be Gamma

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson Her arm fell back limply

Good bye Billy she murmured faintly "You re millions of miles away and you won t even twinkle once But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn t anything else but darkness to look at didn t you? Millions of miles Good bye Billy Jackson

Clara the coloured maid found the door locked at 10 the next day and they forced it open Vinegar and the slapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to phone for an ambulance

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging and the capable young medico in his white linen coat ready active confident with his smooth face half debonair half grim danced up the steps

Ambulance call to 49 he sa d briefly "Whats the trouble?"

Oh yes doctor sniffed Mrs Parker as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater "I can t think what can be the matter with her Nothing we could do would bring her to It s a young woman a Miss Elsie—yes a Miss El ie Leeson Never before in my house——

"What room?" cried the doctor in a terrible voice to which Mrs Parker was a stranger

"The skylight room It——

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms He was gone up the

stairs four at a time Mrs Parker followed slowly as her dignity demanded

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the astronomer in his arms He stopped and let loose the practised scalpel of his tongue not loudly Gradually Mrs Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail Ever afterwards there remained crumple in her mind and body Sometimes her curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her

Let that be she would answer If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase and even they fell back along the sidewalk abashed for his face was that of one who bears his own dead

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance the form that he carried and all that he said was Drive like h—l Wil on to the dri er

That is all Is it a story? In the next morning s paper I saw a little new item and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to weld the incidents together

It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman who had been removed from No 49 East —— Street, suffering from debility induced by starvation It concluded with these words

Dr William Jackson the ambulance physician who attended the case says the patient will recover"

RUPE COLLINS

FROM *Penrod*

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

FOR several days after this Penrod thought of grow ing up to be a monk and engaged in good v orks so far as to carry some kittens (that otherv ise would have been drowned) and a pair of Margarets outworn dancing slippers to a poor ungrateful old man so journing in a shed up the alley And although Mr Robert Williams after a very short interval began to lea e his guitar on the front porch again exactly as if he thought nothing had happened Penrod with his younger vision of a father s mood remained coldly dis tant from the Jones neighbourhood With his own fam ily *his manner was gentle proud and sad but not for* long enough to frighten them The change came with mystifying abruptness at the end of the week

It was Duke who brought it about

Duke could chase a much b gger dog out of the Schofields yard and far do vn the street This might be thought to indicate unusual valour on the part of Duke and cowardice on that of the bigger dogs whom he un doubtedly put to rout On the contrary all such flights were founded in mere superstition for dogs are even more supe stitious than boys and coloured people and the most firmly established of all dog superstitions i that any dog—be he the smallest and feeblest in the world—can wh p any trespasser whatsoever

A rat terrier belie es that on his home grounds he can

whip an elephant It follows of course that a big dog away from his own home will run from a little dog in the little dogs neighbourhood Otherwise the big dog must face a charge of inconsistency and dogs are as consistent as they are superstitious A dog believes in war but he is convinced that there are times when it is moral to run and the thoughtful physiognomist seeing a big dog fleeing out of a little dogs yard must observe that the expression of the big dogs face is more conscientious than alarmed it is the expression of a person performing a duty to himself

Penrod understood these matters perfectly he knew that the gaunt brown hound Duke chased up the alley had fled only out of deference to a custom yet Penrod could not refrain from bragging of Duke to the hounds owner a fat faced stranger of twelve or thirteen who had wandered into the neighbourhood

"You better keep that ole yellow dog o yours back, said Penrod ominously as he climbed the fence You better catch him and hold him till I get mine inside the yard again Dukes chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs around here

The fat faced boy gave Penrod a fishy stare "You'd oughta learn him not to do that he said It'll make him sick

"What will?

The stranger laughed raspingly and gazed up the alley where the hound having come to a halt now coolly sat down and with an expression of roguish benevolence patronizingly watched the tempered fury of Duke whose assaults and barkings were becoming perfunctory

"What'll make Duke sick? Penrod demanded

Eatin dead bulldogs people leave around here

This was not improvisation but formula adapted

from other occasions to the pres nt encounter neverth less it was new to Penrod and he was so taken with it that resentment lost itself in admiration Hastily com mitting the gem to memory for use upon a dog owning friend he inquired in a sociable tone

'What s your dog s name?

Dan You better call your ole pup cause Dan eats *live* dogs

Dan s actions poorly supported his master s assertion for upon Duke s ceasing to bark Dan rose and showed the most courteous interest in making the little old dog's acquaintance Dan had a great deal of manner and it became plain that Duke was impressed favour ably in spite of former prejudice so that presently the two trotted amicably back to their masters and sat down with the harmonious but indifferent air of having known each other intimately for years

They were received without comment though both boys looked at them reflectively for a time It was Pen rod who spoke first

"What number you go to? (In an oral lesson in English " Penrod had been instructed to put this ques tion in another form May I ask which of our public schools you attend?)

Me? What number do I go to?" said the stranger contemptuously I don t go to *no* number in vacation!

I mean when it n t

Third returned the fat faced boy I got em *all* scared in *that* school

"What of? innocently asked Penrod to whom "the Third —in a distant part of town—was undiscovered country

'What of? I guess you d soon see what of if you ever was in that school about one day You d be got out alive!

"Are the teachers mean?

The other boy frowned with bitter scorn Teachers! Teachers don t order *me* around I can tell you! They re mighty careful how they try to run over Rupe Collins

Who s Rupe Collins?

Who is he? echoed the fat faced boy incredulously "Say ain t you got *any* sense?

"What?

Say wouldn t you be just as happy if you had *som* sense?

Ye es Penrod s answer like the look he lifted to the impressive stranger was meek and placative Rupe Collins is the principal at your school I guess"

The other yelled with jeering laughter and mocked Penrod s manner and voice Rupe Collins is the principal at your school I guess! He laughed harshly again then suddenly showed truculence Say bo whyn t you learn enough to go in the house when it rains? What s the matter of you anyhow?

Well urged Penrod timidly nobody ever *told* me who Rupe Collins is I got a right to think he s the principal haven t I?

The fat faced boy shook his head disgustedly Honest you make me sick!

Penrod s expression became one of despair "Well who *is* he? he cried

Who *is* he? mocked the other with a scorn that withered 'Who *is* he?' ME!

Oh! Penrod was humiliated but relieved he felt that he had proved himself criminally ignorant yet a peril seemed to have passed Rupe Collins *is your* name then I guess I kind of thought it was all the time

The fat faced boy still appeared embittered burlesquing this speech in a hateful falsetto Rupe Collins *is your* name then I guess! Oh you kind of

thought it was all the time did you? Suddenly con centrating his brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust his face within an inch of Penrod s 'Yes sonny Rupe Col lins is my name and you better look out what you say when he s around or you'll get in big trouble! *You under stand that bo?'*

Penrod was cowed but fascinated he felt that there was something dangerous and dashing about this new comer

Yes he said feebly drawing back My name s Penrod Schofield

Then I reckon your father and mother ain t got good sense said Mr Collins promptly this also being formula

'Why?

Cause if they had they d of give you a good name! And the agreeable youth instantly rewarded himself for the wit with another yell of rasping laughter after which he pointed suddenly at Penrod s right hand

"Where d you get that wart on your finger? he de manded severely

"Which finger? asked the mystified Penrod extend ing his hand

The m ddle one

"Whe e?

"There! exclaimed Rupe Collins seizing and vig orously twisting the wartless finger naively offered for his inspection

Quit! shouted Penrod in agony *Quee* yut!"

Say your prayers! commanded Rupe and continued to twist the luckless finger unt l Penrod writhed to his knees

Ou!" The victim released looked grievously upon the still painful finger

At this Rupe s scornful expression alte ed to one of

"*What* wont you?" Rupe became sinister immedi ately It seems to me youre gettin pretty fresh around here

"Well I dont want——

Mr Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to-eye scowl as practised up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon the stage Frowning appallingly and thrusting forward his under lip he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod whose eyes naturally became crossed

Dan kills the rats See? hissed the fat faced boy maintaining the horrible juxtaposition

"Well all right said Penrod swallowing *I* dont want em much And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment almost with reverence Then he brightened

Come on Rupe! he cried enthusiastically as he climbed the fence "We'll give our dogs a little live meat—'bo!

At the dinner table that evening Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a lawgiving voice of intentional gruffness

Any man thats makin a hunderd *dollars* a month is makin good money

"What? asked Mr Schofield staring for the previous conversation had concerned the illness of an infant rela tive in Council Bluffs

"Any man thats makin a hunderd dollars a month is makin good money

"What *is* he talking about!" Margaret appealed to the invisible

"Well said Penrod frowning thats what foremen at the ladder works get

How in the world do you know? asked his mother

"Well I *know* it! A hunderd dollars a month is good money I tell you!

Well what of it? said the father impatiently

Nothin I only said it was good money

Mr Schofield shook his head dismissing the subject and here he made a mistake he should have followed up his sons singular contribution to the conversation That would have revealed the fact that there was a certain Rupe Collins whose father was a foreman at the ladder works All clues are important when a boy makes his first remark in a new key

" Good money? repeated Margaret curiously What is good money?

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance Say wouldn t you be just as happy if you had *some* sense?

Penrod! shouted his father But Penrods mother gazed with dismay at her son he had never before spoken like that to his sister

Mrs Schofield might have been more dismayed than she was if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch After dinner Penrod was slightly scalded in the back as the result of telling Della the cook that there was a wart on the middle finger of her right hand Della thus proving poor material for his new manner to work upon he approached Duke in the backyard and bending double seized the lowly animal by the forepaws

I let you know my names Penrod Schofield hissed the boy He protruded his underlip ferociously scowled and thrust forward his head until his nose touched the dogs And you better look out when Penrod Schofields around or you'll get in big trouble! *You understan that bo?*

The next day and the next the increasing ch

Penrod puzzled and distressed his family who had no idea of its source How might they guess that hero worship takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy not of the neighbourhood came to play with Penrod several times but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behaviour of the son of the house whose ideal (his father remarked) seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood

Meanwhile for Penrod himself "life had taken on new meaning new richness He had become a fighting man—in conversation at least Do you want to know how I do when they try to slip up on me from behind? he asked Della And he enacted for her unappreciative eye a scene of fistic manœuvres wherein he held an imaginary antagonist helpless in a net of stratagems

Frequently when he was alone he would outwit and pummel this same enemy and after a cunning feint land a dolorous stroke full upon a face of air There! I guess you'll know better next time Thats the way we do up at the Third!

Sometimes in solitary pantomime he encountered more than one opponent at a time for numbers were apt to come upon him treacherously especially at a little after his rising hour when he might be caught at a disadvantage—perhaps standing on one leg to encase the other in his knickerbockers Like lightning he would hurl the trapping garment from him and ducking and pivoting deal great sweeping blows among the circle of sneaking devils (That was how he broke the clock in his bedroom) And while these battles were occupying his attention it was a waste of voice to call him to breakfast though if his mother losing patience came

to his room she would find him seated on the bed pulling at a stocking "Well aint I coming fast as I *can?*"

At the table and about the house generally he was bumptious loud with fatuous misinformation and as sumed a domineering tone which neither satire nor re proof seemed able to reduce but it was among his own intimates that his new superiority was most outrageous He twisted the fingers and squeezed the necks of all the boys of the neighbourhood meeting their indignation with a hoarse and rasping laugh he had acquired after short practice in the stable where he jeered and taunted the lawn mower the garden scythe and the wheelbar row quite out of countenance

Likewise he bragged to the other boys by the hour Rupe Collins being the chief subject of encomium—next to Penrod himself That s the way we do up at the Third became staple explanation of violence for Penrod like Tartarin was plastic in the hands of his own imagination and at times convinced himself that he really was one of those dark and murderous spirits exclusively of whom the Third was composed—ac cording to Rupe Collins

Then when Penrod had exhausted himself repeating to nausea accounts of the prowess of himself and his great friend he would turn to two other subjects for vainglory These were his father and Duke

Mothers must accept the fact that between babyhood and manhood their sons do not boast of them The boy with boys is a Choctaw and either the influence or the protection of women is shameful Your mother wont let you is an insult But My father wont let me" is a dignified explanation and cannot be hooted A boy is ruined among his fellows if he talks much of his mother

or sisters and he must recognize it as his duty to offer at least the appearance of persecution to all things ranked as female such as cats and every species of fowl But he must champion his father and his dog and ever ready to pit either against any challenger must picture both as ravening for battle and absolutely unconquerable

Penrod of course had always talked by the code but under the new stimulus Duke was represented virtually as a cross between Bob Son of Battle and a South American vampire and this in spite of the fact that Duke himself often sat close by a living lie with the hope of peace in his heart As for Penrod's father that gladiator was painted as of sentiments and dimensions suitable to a super-demon composed of equal parts of Goliath Jack Johnson and the Emperor Nero

Even Penrod's walk was affected he adopted a gait which was a kind of taunting swagger and when he passed other children on the street he practised the habit of feinting a blow then as the victim dodged he rasped the triumphant horse laugh which he gradually mastered to horrible perfection He did this to Marjorie Jones—ay! this was their next meeting and such is Eros young! What was even worse in Marjorie's opinion he went on his way without explanation and left her standing on the corner talking about it long after he was out of hearing

Within five days from his first encounter with Rupe Collins Penrod had become unbearable He even almost alienated Sam Williams who for a time submitted to finger twisting and neck squeezing and the new style of conversation but finally declared that Penrod made him sick He made the statement with fervour one sultry afternoon in Mr Schofield's stable in the presence of Herman and Verman

You better look out 'bo said Penrod threateningly I'll show you a little how we do up at the Third

Up at the Third! Sam repeated with scorn You haven t ever been up there

I haven t? cried Penrod I *haven t?*"

No you haven t!

Looky here! Penrod darkly argumentative pre pared to perform the eye to-eye business "When haven t I been up there?

You haven t *never* been up there! In spite of Pen rod s closely approaching nose Sam maintained his ground and appealed for confirmation Has he Her man?

I don reckon so said Herman laughing

"*What!*" Penrod transferred his nose to the imme diate vicinity of Herman s nose 'You don t reckon so 'bo don t you? You better look out how you reckon around here! *You understan that bo?*"

Herman bore the eye to-eye very well indeed it seemed to please him for he continued to laugh while Verman chuckled delightedly The brothers had been in the country picking b rries for a week and it happened that this was their first experience of the new manifesta tion of Penrod

Haven t I been up at the Third? the sinister Penrod demanded

I don reckon so How come you ast *me?*

Didn t you just hear me *say* I been up there?

"Well sa d Herman mischievously 'hearin ain t believ in !

Penrod clutched him by the back of the neck but Herman laughing loudly ducked and released himself at once retreating to the wall

"You take that back! Penrod shouted striking out wildly

Don git mad begged the small darky while a number of blows falling upon his warding arms failed to abate his amusement and a sound one upon the cheek only made him laugh the more unrestrainedly He behaved exactly as if Penrod were tickling him and his brother Verman rolled with joy in a wheelbarrow Penrod pummelled till he was tired and produced no greater effect

There! he panted desisting finally *Now* I reckon you know whether I been up there or not!

Herman rubbed his smitten cheek Powl h exclaimed Pow-eel You cert ny did lan me good one *nat* time! Oo eel she *hurt!*"

You'll get hurt worse n that Penrod assured him "if you stay around here much Rupe Collins is comin this afternoon he said We re goin to make some policemen s billies out of the rake handle

'You go spoil new rake you pa bought?"

"What do *we* care? I and Rupe got to have billies haven t we?

How you make em?

Melt lead and pour in a hole we re goin to make in the end of em Then we re goin to carry em in our pockets and if anybody says anything to us—*oh* oh! look out! They won t get a crack on the head—*oh* no!

When s Rupe Collins coming? Sam Williams inquired rather uneasily He had heard a great deal too much of this personage but as yet the pleasure of actual acquaintance had been denied him

"He s liable to be here any time answered Penrod "You better look out You'll be lucky if you get home alive if you stay till *he* comes"

"I aint afraid of him Sam returned conventionally

"You are too! (There was some truth in the re

tort) "There ain t any boy in this part of town but me that wouldn t be afraid of him You d be afraid to talk to him You wouldn t get a word out of your mouth be fore old Rupie d have you where you d wished you never come around *him* lettin on like you was so much! *You* wouldn t run home yellin Mom muh or nothin! *Oh* no!

'Who Rupe Collins? asked Herman

'Who Rupe Collins? Penrod mocked and used his rasping laugh but instead of showing fright, Herman appeared to think he was meant to laugh too and so he did echoed by Verman You just hang around here a little while longer Penrod added grimly and you'll find out who Rupe Collins is and I pity *you* when you do!

'What he go do?

"You'll see that s all! You just wait and——

At this moment a brown hound ran into the stable through the alley door wagged a greeting to Penrod and fraternized with Duke The fat faced boy appeared upon the threshold and gazed coldly about the little company in the carriage house whereupon the coloured brethren ceasing from merriment were instantly im passive and Sam Williams moved a little nearer the door leading into the yard

Obviously Sam regarded the newcomer as a re doubtable if not ominous figure He was a head taller than either Sam or Penrod head and shoulders taller than Herman who was short for his age and Verman could hardly be used for purposes of comparison at all being a mere squat brown spot not yet quite nine years on this planet And to Sams mind the aspect of Mr Collins realized Penrod s portentous foreshadowings Upon the fat face there was an expression of truculent

mtolerance which had been cultivated by careful habit to such perfection that Sam s heart sank at sight of it A somewhat enfeebled twin to this expression had of late often decorated the visage of Penrod and appeared upon that ingenuous surface now as he advanced to welcome the eminent visitor

The host swaggered toward the door with a great deal of shoulder movement carelessly feinting a slap at Verman in passing and creating by various means the atmosphere of a man who has contemptuously amused himself with underlings while awaiting an equal

Hello 'bo! Penrod said in the deepest voice possible to him

"Who you callin 'bo? was the ungracious response accompanied by immediate action of a similar nature Rupe held Penrod s head in the crook of an elbow and massaged his temples with a hard pressing knuckle

I was only in fun Rupie" pleaded the sufferer and then being set free Come here Sam he said

'What for?'

Penrod laughed pityingly "Pshaw I ain t goin to hurt you Come on Sam maintaining his position near the other door Penrod went to him and caught him round the neck

'Watch me Rupie! Penrod called and performed upon Sam the knuckle operation which he had himself just undergone Sam submitting mechanically his eyes fixed with increasing uneasiness upon Rupe Collins Sam had a premonition that something even more painful than Penrod s knuckle was going to be inflicted upon him

"*That* don hurt," said Penrod pushing him away

Yes it does too! Sam rubbed his temple

Puh! It didn t hurt me d d it Rupie? Come on in

Rupe show this baby where he's got a wart on his finger

"You showed me that trick Sam objected "You al ready did that to me You tried it twice this afternoon and I don t know how many times before only you weren t strong enough after the first time Anyway I know what it is and I don t——

Come on Rupe said Penrod Make the baby lick dirt

At this bidding Rupe approached while Sam still protesting moved to the threshold of the outer door but Penrod seized him by the shoulders and swung him indoors with a shout

Little baby wants to run home to its Mom muh! Here he is Rupie

Thereupon was Penrod s treachery to an old comrade properly rewarded for as the two struggled Rupe caught each by the back of the neck simultaneously and with creditable impartiality forced both boys to their knees

Lick dirt! he commanded forcing them still for ward until their faces were close to the stable floor

At this moment he received a real surprise With a loud whack something struck the back of his head and turning he beheld Verman in the act of lifting a piece of lath to strike again

Em moys omel said Verman the Giant Killer

He tongue tie Herman explained He say let em boys alone

Rupe addressed his host briefly

Chase them nigs out o here!

Don call me n g said Herman "I mine my own bizness You let em boys alone

Rupe strode across the still prostrate Sam

upon Penrod and equipping his countenance with the terrifying scowl and protruded jaw lowered his head to the level of Herman s

Nig, you'll be lucky if you leave here alive! And he leaned forward till his nose was within less than an inch of Herman s nose

It could be felt that something awful was about to happen and Penrod as he rose from the floor suffered an unexpected twinge of apprehension and remorse he hoped that Rupe wouldn t *really* hurt Herman A sud den dislike of Rupe and Rupe s ways rose within him as he looked at the big boy overwhelming the little darky with that ferocious scowl Penrod all at once felt sorry about something indefinable and with equal vagueness h felt foolish Come on Rupe he suggested feebly let Herman go and let s us make our billies out of the rake handle

The rake handle however was not available if Rupe had inclined to favour the suggestion Verman had dis carded his lath for the rake which he was at this mo ment lifting in the air

You ole black nigger the fat faced boy said venomously to Herman I m agoin to——

But he had allowed his nose to remain too long near Herman s Penrod s familiar nose had been as close with only a ticklish spinal effect upon the not very remote descendant of Congo man eaters The result produced by the glare of Rupe s unfamiliar eyes and by the dread fully suggestive proximity of Rupe s unfamiliar nose was altogether different Herman s and Verman s Bangala great grandfathers never considered people of their own jungle neighbourhood proper material for a meal but they looked upon strangers—especially tru ulent strang ers—as distinctly edible

Penrod and Sam heard Rupe suddenly squawk and

bellow saw him writhe and twist and fling out his arms like flails though without removing his face from its juxtaposition indeed for a moment the two heads seemed even closer

Then they separated—and battle was on!

How neat and pure is the task of the chronicler who has the tale to tell of a good rousing fight between boys or *men who fight in the good old English way* according to a model set for fights in books long before Tom Brown went to Rugby There are seconds and rounds and rules of fair play and always there is great good feeling in the end—though sometimes to vary the model "the Butcher defeats the hero—and the chronicler who stencils this fine old pattern on his page is certain of applause as the stirrer of red blood There is no surer recipe

But when Herman and Verman set to t the record must be no more than a few fragments left by the expurgator It has been perhaps sufficiently suggested that the altercation in Mr Schofield s stable opened with mayhem in respect to the aggressor s nose Expressing vocally his indignation and the extremity of his pained surprise Mr Collins stepped backward holding his left hand over his nose and striking at Herman with his right. Then Verman hit him with the rake

Verman struck from behind He struck as hard as he could And he struck with the tines down For in his simple direct African way he wished to kill his enemy and he wished to kill him as soon as possible That was his single earnest purpose

On this account Rupe Collins was peculiarly unfortunate He was plucky and he enjoyed conflict but neither his amb tions nor his anticipations had ever included murder He had not learned that an habitually aggressive person runs the danger of colliding with beings in

one of those lower stages of evolution wherein theories about hitting below the belt have not yet made their appearance

The rake glanced from the back of Rupe's head to his shoulder but it felled him Both darkies jump d full upon him instantly and the three rolled and twisted upon the stable floor unloosing upon the air sincere maledictions closely connected with complaints of cruel and unusual treatment while certain expressions of feeling presently emanating from Herman and Verman indicated that Rupe Collins in this extremity was proving himself not too slavishly addicted to fighting by rule Dan and Duke mistaking all for mirth barked gayly

From the panting pounding yelling heap issued words and phrases hitherto quite unknown to Penrod and Sam also a hoarse repetition in the voice of Rupe concerning his ear left it not to be doubted that additional mayhem was taking place Appalled the two spectators retreated to the doorway nearest the yard where they stood dumbly watching the cataclysm

The struggle increased in primitive simplicity time and again the howling Rupe got to his knees only to go down again as the earnest brothers in their own way assisted him to a more reclining position Primal forces operated here and the two blanched slightly higher products of evolution Sam and Penrod no more thought of interfering than they would have thought of interfering with an earthquake

At last out of the ruck rose Verman disfigured and maniacal With a wild eye he looked about him for his trusty rake but Penrod in horror had long since thrown the rake out into the yard Naturally it had not seemed necessary to remove the lawn mower

The frantic eye of Verman fell upon the lawn mower and instantly he leaped to its handle Shrilling a word

less war-cry he charged propelling the whirling deaf ening knives straight upon the prone legs of Rupe Col lins The lawn mower was sincerely intended to pass longitudinally over the body of Mr Collins from heel to head and it was the time for a death song Black Valkyrie hovered in the shrieking air

Cut his gizzud out! shrieked Herman urging on the whirling knives

They touched and lacerated the shin of Rupe as with the supreme agony of effort a creature in mortal peril puts forth before succumbing he tore himself free of Herman and got upon his feet

Herman was up as quickly He leaped to the wall and seized the garden scythe that hung there

I'm go to cut you gizzud out he announced defi nitely an eat it!

Rupe Collins had never run from anybody (except his father) in his life he was not a coward but the present situation was very very unusual. He was already in a badly dismantled condition and yet Herman and Verman seemed discontented with their work Verman was swinging the grass cutter about for a new charge apparently still wishing to mow him and Herman had made a quite plausible statement about what he in tended to do with the scythe

Rupe paused but for an extremely condensed survey of the horrible advance of the brothers and then utter ing a blood-curdled scream of fear ran out of the stable *and up the alley at a speed he had never before at* tained so that even Dan had hard work to keep within barking distance And a cross shoulder glance at the corner revealing Verman and Herman in pursuit, the latter waving his scythe overhead Mr Collins slackened not his gait but rather out of great anguish it the while a rapidly developing purpose

in his mind—and ever after so remained—not only to refrain from visiting that neighbourhood again but never by any chance to come within a mile of it

From the alley door Penrod and Sam watched the flight and were without words When the pursuit rounded the corner the two looked wanly at each other but neither spoke until the return of the brothers from the chase

Herman and Verman came back laughing and chuckling

Hiyi! cackled Herman to Verman as they came See at ole boy run!

'Who ee! Verman shouted in ecstasy

Nev did s e boy run so fas ! Herman continued tossing the scythe into the wheelbarrow I bet he home in bed by viss time!

Verman roared with delight, appearing to be wholly unconscious that the lids of his right eye were swollen shut and that his attire not too finical before the struggle now entitled him to unquestioned rank as a *sansculotte* Herman was a similar ruin and gave as little heed to his condition

Penrod looked dazedly from Herman to Verman and back again So did Sam Williams

Herman said Penrod in a weak voice you wouldn t *honest* of cut his gizzard out would you?

"Who? Me? I don know He mighty mean ole boy! Herman shook his head gravely and then observing that Verman was again convulsed with unctuous merri ment joined laughter with his brother Sho ! I guess I uz dess *talkin* whens I said at! Reckon he thought I meant it f'm de way he tuck an run Hiyi! Reckon he thought ole Herman bad man! No suh! I uz dess talkin cause I nev would cut *no*body! I ain tryin git in no jail—*no* suh!

Penrod looked at the scythe he looked at Herman He looked at the lawn mower and he looked at Ver man Then he looked out in the yard at the rake So did Sam Williams

Come on Verman said Herman "We ain got at stove wood f' supper yit

Giggling reminiscently the brothers disappeared leaving silence behind them in the carriage house Pen rod and Sam retired slowly into the shadowy interior each glancing, now and then with a preoccupied air at the open empty doorway where the late afternoon sunshine was growing ruddy At intervals one or the other scraped the floor reflectively with the side of his sho Finally still without either having made any effort at conversation they went out into the yard and stood continuing their silence

"Well said Sam at last I guess it s time I better be gettin home So long Penrod!

So long Sam said Penrod feebly

With a solemn gaze he watched his friend out of sight Then he went slowly into the house and after an interval occupied in a unique manner appeared in the library holding a pair of brilliantly gleaming shoes in his hand

Mr Schofield reading the evening paper glanced frowningly over it at his offspring

Look papa" said Penrod I found your shoes where you d taken em off in your room to put on your slippers and they were all dusty So I took em out on the back porch and gave em a good blacking They shine up fine don t they?

Well I'll be d-dud-dummed! said the startled Mr Schofield

Penrod was zigzagging back to normal

OUR NEW TFLEPHONE

BY RUTH GORDON

I

"DAMN good magazine *McClure s* my father said one ever ing, is he and my mother sat reading He reached ov r and knocked the ashes out of his pipe ir to the Dresden chi na cuspidor that had been a bargain

"I m glad vo i got something to enjoy Clinton Lord knows you deserve it and I kr ow if vou sav so it *must* be good because you don t like to read just any old thing You know I been thinking Clinton that every body else has got one and we ought to have a tele phone"

Wouldn t have one if you gave it to me declared my father composedly and returned once more to *McClure s*

"Why Clinton? asked mv mother "What have you got against it?

My father sat still as a tatue for a moment and then gave a loud sneeze Get that cat off the register he demanded blowing hi nose with a groan Hot air com ing up through cat fur ll give me back my old malaria Get him off of there I ant goin to have him lying around warming up all h s germs

Here Punk said mv mother kindly lifting him off the regi ter and settling him on her lap Punk s clean and healthy and hasn t any germs Clinton Please try not to be against a telephone

I ain t against it said my father reasonably so long as we don t have to have one

Punk stretched out across my mother s lap with such drowsy abandon that he very nearly rolled off Sit quiet Punk she counseled The kind of telephone we want Clinton won t cost a thing except just one old nickel a day and Ruth s growing up you know into a young lady and all the other girls have them and it isn t as if we wanted to make outgoing calls to cost us money or anything It s so the children—I mean the young people—can call up Ruth So what we want is to get a coin in the slot one that all you have to do is every day put a nickel in Just one call a day is all the telephone company cares about or of course two calls in one day and then skip tomorrow And that way makes the bill be all paid and you don t even have to waste so much as a stamp doing it because the telephone company comes themselves to collect its nickels and all *we* have to do is to just be at home that day and if you re *not* then they simply come another And Clinton if you don t want to you don t personally have to have a thing to do with it it can just be Ruth s and mine

It can be Shem and Japeth s said my father generally so long as I don t have to pay for it But the way it'll turn out'll be it *ain t* Shem and Japeth s but mine And that I ain t goin to have and don t even put it in my name in the telephone book I got no wish to call attention to myself

"We won t use your name at all Clinton It can be in my name of Mrs Clinton Jones and don t you trouble about the money end of it because that part is certainly all right I can always get it from somewheres

My father picked up his *McClure s Magazine* and hitched his chair a little closer to our green shaded gasolier I ain t a wizard either financial or fake but I can tell you that the New England Telephone Company ain t goin to care for *that* address for no source of its

"What was just a blessing of cour e was Eaton s ice man happening by Otherwise I could never in this world have got out on that piazza roof let alone finding how I was going to get that flag pulled up the pole Of course I had to buy that 25-cent piece of ice extra that I didn t want any more than a hen wants water but with Ruth being named for Ruthie Cleveland and the roof being so slanting and you having telephoned I just knew what had to be done *had* to be done and so done it was

"That feller lashed them ropes to the halyards like he d took lessons from Corticelli s cat. Seemed like the only way to ever hope to get em untied again was to just let em rot off I notice how people handle rope and strings is a lot of time pretty damn characteristic"

"Well now Clinton said my mother gently reprov ing just because you happened to be a sailor doesn t mean everyone can knot a rope right

My father favored her with a pitying glance "People don t happen to be sailors" he said succinctly "There s quite a knack to it

II

When our telephone was installed my father ignored it unless he thought we were talking too long and then he told us briefly to quit Once it rang at nine o clock after we had gone to bed and as I came upstairs again my father called out to me "What s the matter? Is the house afire?

"No I *said* it was Richard DeNormandie"

Oh, he said is DeNormandie s house afire?"

"No Papa nobody s house is afire I said feeling grown up and important. He just simply asked me to go to a dance

"Nots I know of But see now I aint sure of any thing any more because two hours ago I didnt know nothin about Dan Weymouth neither

"Well has anyone said anything to make you suspicious?"

"Where would I get time to be suspicious standin on my feet all day?

"Well Clinton its probably all your imagination but if its goin to make you worry like this wont you please just to make me happy call up Dan on the telephone and see what he has to say"

Oh no" said my father miserably I guess it aint as bad as all *that*

"Think a minute Clinton Is your peace of mind worth a *nickel*? We cant eat our dinner *tonight* Wont you even pay a nickel for that?"

My father looked moodily out the window "What the hell consolation is it goin to be? If its good news it'll still be good news tomorrow and if its bad news *that* aint consolin and we're payin a nickel to get it quicker My father pulled down the window shade No wonder they make fortunes out of poor people All right, I'll telephone to him You got to have money to have the heart to wait for bad news"

My mother did not stop to hear anything further but hurried to the telephone book hanging beside our telephone in the entry between the cellar stairs and our kitchen door

My father sat down in his reading chair and looked at the back of his hands "Theres two things takes the gimp out of a man" he said dejectedly Ones injustice and one is cancer"

Oh, cancer—dont talk," agreed my mother ruffling the pages until she came to W Some people used to say it came from tomatoes but I for one never thought it

"What Clinton?" asked my mother

My father took off his glasses held them to the light, and polished them When he spoke it sounded as though his voice was being meted out a little at a time "Why he said carefully "Dan give me to understand there weren t no call to be alarmed There hasn t been no pressure brought to bear on him no pressure whatsoever in any shape form or manner The idea sprang only from himself"

Oh isn t that just a blessing! exclaimed my mother jubilantly Dan s a real lovely man Oh, isn t it lovely its all straightened out. I declare I *love* a telephone

A telephone" said my father learnedly is a very remarkable invention I never said it wasn t I could hear Dan just now as clear say as if he was down in our cellar As a scientific achievement it can t be beat Of course what effect it s going to have on the next generations powers of hearing with all that clickin and bell ringin still remains to be seen But anyway whoever aint got their hearing *eventually* I m damn glad I got mine this evening so s I could hear Dan Weymouth say he wasn t fired

was the only way we would get a chance to play round together as it looks like they was little or no chance of me comeing back to Chi as my whole future is in the big town N Y is the only spot and specially for a man that expects to make my liveing in the song writeing game as here is the Mecca for that line of work and no matter how good a man may be they dont get no recognition unless they live in N Y

Well girlie you asked me to tell you all about my trip Well I remember you saying that you would give anything to be makeing it yourself but as far as the trip itself was consemed you ought to be thankfull you did not have to make it as you would of sweat your head off I know I did specially wile going through Ind Monday P M but Monday night was the worst of all trying to sleep and finely I give it up and just layed there with the prespiration rolling off of me though I was laying on top of the covers and nothing on but my underwear

Yesterday was not so bad as it rained most of the A M comeing through N Y state and in the P M we road along side of the Hudson all P M Some river girlie and just looking at it makes a man forget all about the heat and everything else except a certain girlie who I seen for the first time Monday and then only for a half hour but she is the kind of a girl e that a man dont need to see her only once and they would be no danger of forgetting her There I guess I better lay off that subject or you will think I am a fresh guy"

Well that is about all to tell you about the trip only they was one amuseing incidence that come off yester day which I will tell you Well they was a dame got on the train at Toledo Monday and had the birth opp mine but I did not see nothing of her that night as I was out smokeing till late and she hit the hay early but

yesterday A M she come in the dinner and sit at the same table with me and tried to make me and it was so raw that the dinge waiter seen it and give me the wink and of course I paid no tension and I waited till she got through so as they would be no danger of her folling me out but she stopped on the way out to get a tooth pick and when I come out she was out on the platform with it so I tried to brush right by but she spoke up and asked me what time it was and I told her and she said she guessed her watch was slow so I said maybe it just seemed slow on acct of the company it was in

I dont know if she got what I was driveing at or not but any way she give up trying to make me and got off at Albany She was a good looker but I have no time for gals that tries to make strangers on a train.

Well if I dont quit you will think I am writeing a book but will expect a long letter in answer to this letter and we will see if you can keep your promise like I have kept mine Dont dissapoint me girlie as I am all alone in a large city and hearing from you will keep me from getting home sick for old Chi though I never thought so much of the old town till I found out you lived there Dont think that is kidding girlie as I mean it.

You can address me at this hotel as it looks like I will be here right along as it is on 47th st right off of old Broadway and handy to everything and am only paying $21 per wk for my rm and could of got one for $16 but without bath but am glad to pay the differents as am lost without my bath in the A M. and sometimes at night too

Tomorrow I expect to commence fighting the "battle of Broadway" and will let you know how I come out

that is if you answer this letter In the mean wile girlie au reservoir and dont do nothing I would not do

Your new friend (?)
Chas F Lewis

Chicago Ill Aug 6

My Dear Mr Lewis Well that certainly was a "surprise party getting your letter and you are certainly a wonder man to keep your word as I am afraid most men of your sex are gay deceivers but maybe you are different" Any way it sure was a surprise and will gladly pay the bet if you will just tell me what it was we bet Hope it was not money as I am a "working girl but if it was not more than a dollar or two will try to dig it up even if I have to "beg borrow or steal

Suppose you will think me a case" to make a bet and then forget what it was but you must remember Mr Man that I had just met you and was "dazzled" Joking aside I was rather fussed and will tell you why Well Mr Lewis I suppose you see lots of girls like the one you told me about that you saw on the train who tried to get acquainted but I want to assure you that I am not one of those kind and sincerely hope you will believe me when I tell you that you was the first man I ever spoke to meeting them like that and my friends and the people who know me would simply faint if they knew I ever spoke to a man without a proper introduction

Believe me Mr Lewis I am not that kind and I dont know now why I did it only that you was so "different" looking if you know what I mean and not at all like the kind of men that usually try to force their attentions on every pretty girl they see Lots of times I

on impulse and let my feelings run away from me and sometimes I do things on the impulse of the moment which I regret them later on and that is what I did this time but hope you wont give me cause to regret it and I know you wont as I know you are not that kind of a man a specially after what you told me about the girl on the train But any way as I say I was in a "daze" so cant remember what it was we bet, but will try and pay it if it does not "break" me

Sis's train got in about ten minutes after yours had gone and when she saw me what do you think was the first thing she said? Well Mr Lewis she said "Why Mibs (That is a pet name some of my friends have given me) what has happened to you? I never seen you have as much color So I passed it off with some remark about the heat and changed the subject as I certainly was not going to tell her that I had just been talking to a man who I had never met or she would have dropped dead from the shock Either that or she would not of believed me as it would be hard for a person who knows me well to imagine me doing a thing like that as I have quite a reputation for "squelching" men who try to act fresh I dont mean anything personal by that Mr Lewis as am a good judge of character and could tell without you telling me that you are not that kind

Well Sis and I have been on the "go" ever since she arrived as I took yesterday and today off so I could show her the "sights" though she says she would be perfectly satisfied to just sit in the apartment and listen to me "rattle on" Am afraid I am a great talker Mr Lewis but Sis says it is as good as a show to hear me talk as I tell things in such a different way as I cannot help from seeing the humorous side of everything and she says she never gets tired of listening to me but of

course she is my sister and thinks the world of me but she really does laugh like she enjoyed my craziness

Maybe I told you that I have a tiny little apartment which a girl friend of mine and I have together and it is hardly big enough to turn round in but still it is "home" and I am a great home girl and hardly ever care to go out evenings except occasionally to the theater or dance But even if our nest is small we are proud of it and Sis complimented us on how cozy it is and how homey it looks and she said she did not see how we could afford to have everything so nice and Edith (my girl friend) said Mibs deserves all the credit for that I never knew a girl who could make a little money go a long ways like she can Well of course she is my best friend and always saying nice things about me but I do try and I hope I get results Have always said that good taste and being careful is a whole lot more important than lots of money though it is nice to have it

You must write and tell me how you are getting along in the battle of Broadway (I laughed when I read that) and whether the publishers like your songs though I know they will Am crazy to hear them and hear you play the piano as I love good jazz music even better than classical though I suppose it is terrible to say such a thing But I usually say just what I think though sometimes I wish afterwards I had not of But still I believe it is better for a girl to be her own self and natural instead of always acting But am afraid I will never have a chance to hear you play unless you come back to Chi and pay us a visit as my threat to come to New York was just a threat" and I dont see any hope of ever getting there unless some rich New Yorker should fall in love with me and take me there to live Fin chance for poor little me eh Mr Lewis?

Well I guess I have rattled on" long enough and

you will think I am writing a book unless I quit and besides Sis has asked me as a special favor to make her a pie for dinner Maybe you dont know it Mr Man but I am quite famous for my pie and pastry but I dont suppose a genius is interested in common things like that

Well be sure and write soon and tell me what N Y is like and all about it and dont forget the little girlie who was "bad and spoke to a strange man in the station and have been blushing over it ever since

Your friend (?)
Mabelle Gillespie

N Y Aug 10

Dear Girlie I bet you will think I am a fresh guy commencing that way but Miss Gillespie is too cold and a man can not do nothing cold in this kind of weather specially in this mans town which is the hottest place I ever been in and I guess maybe the reason why New Yorkers is so bad is because they think they are all ready in H—— and can not go no worse place no matter how they behave themselves Honest girlie I certainly envy you being where there is a breeze off the old Lake and Chi may be dirty but I never heard of nobody dying because they was dirty but four people died here yes terday on acct of the heat and I seen two different women flop right on Broadway and had to be taken away in the ambulance and it could not of been because they was dressed too warm because it would be impos sible for the women here to leave off any more cloths

Well have not had much luck yet in the battle of Broadway as all the heads of the big music publishers is out of town on their vacation and the big boys is the only ones I will do business with as it would be silly for a man with the stuff I have got to waste my time on

somebody that is just on the staff and have not got the final say But I did play a couple of my numbers for the people up to Levy s and Goebels and they went crazy over them in both places So it looks like all I have to do is wait for the big boys to get back and then play my numbers for them and I will be all set What I want is to get taken on the staff of one of the big firms as that gives a man the inside and they will plug your numbers more if you are on the staff In the mean wile have not got nothing to worry me but am just seeing the sights of the big town as have saved up enough money to play round for a while and any way a man that can play piano like I can don t never have to worry about starveing Can certainly make the old music box talk girlie and am always good for a $75 or $100 job

Well have been here a week now and on the go every minute and I thought I would be lonesome down here but no chance of that as I have been treated fine by the people I have met and have sure met a bunch of them One of the boys liveing in the hotel is a vaudeville actor and he is a member of the Friars club and took me over there to dinner the other night and some way another the bunch got wise that I could play piano so of course I had to sit down and give them some of my numbers and everybody went crazy over them One of the boys I met there was Paul Sears the song writer but he just writes the lyrics and has wrote a bunch of hits and when he heard some of my melodies he called me over to one side and said he would like to work with me on some numbers How is that girlie as he is one of the biggest hit writers in N Y

N Y has got some mighty pretty girlies and I guess it would not be hard to get acquainted with them and in fact several of them has tried to make me since I been here but I always figure that a girl must be

wrong with her if she tries to make a man that she dont know nothing about so I pass them all up But I did meet a couple of pips that a man here in the hotel went up on Riverside Drive to see them and insisted on me going along and they got on some way that I could make a piano talk so they was nothing but I must play for them so I sit down and played some of my own stuff and they went crazy over it

One of the girls wanted I should come up and see her again and I said I might but I think I better keep away as she acted like she wanted to vamp me and I am not the kind that likes to play round with a gal just for their company and dance with them etc but when I see the right gal that will be a different thing and she wont have to beg me to come and see her as I will camp right on her trail till she says yes And it wont be none of these N Y fly by nights neither They are all right to look at but a man would be a sucker to get serious with them as they might take you up and next thing you know you would have a wife on your hands that dont know a dish rag from a waffle iron

Well girlie will quit and call it a day as it is too hot to write any more and I guess I will turn on the cold water and lay in the tub a wile and then turn in Dont forget to write to

Your friend
Chas F Lewis

Chicago Ill Aug 13

Dear Mr Man Hope you wont think me a silly Billy" for starting my letter that way but Mr Lewis is so formal and Charles" is too much the other way and any way I would not dare to call a man by their first name after only knowing them only two weeks Though I may as well confess that Charles is my favor

ite name for a man and have always been crazy about it as it was my father s name Poor old dad he died of cancer three years ago but left enough insurance so that mother and we girls were well provided for and do not have to do anything to support ourselves though I have been earning my own living for two years to make things easier for mother and also because I simply can t bear to be doing nothing as I feel like a drone So I flew away from the 'home nest though mother felt bad about it as I was her favorite and she always said I was such a comfort to her as when I was in the house she never had to worry about how things would go

But there I go gossiping about my domestic affairs just like you would be interested in them though I don t see how you could be though personly I always like to know all about my friends but I know men are different so will try and not bore you any longer Poor Man I certainly feel sorry for you if New York is as hot as all that I gu ss it has been very hot in Chi too at least everybody has been complaining about how terrible it is Suppose you will wonder why I say I guess and you will think I ought to know if it is hot Well sir the reason I say "I guess is because I don t feel the heat like others do or at least I don t let myself feel it That sounds crazy I know but don t you think there is a good deal in mental suggestion and not letting yourself feel things? I believe that if a person simply won t allow themselves to be affected by disagreeable things why such things won t bother them near as much I know it works with me and that is the reason why I am never cross when things go wrong and keep smiling" no matter what happens and as far a the heat is concerned why I just don t let myself feel it and my friends don t even look hot no matter if the weather is and Edith my girl friend often says that I

breeze and it cools her off just to have me come in the room Poor Edie suffers terribly during the hot weather and says it almost makes me mad at me to see how cool and unruffled I look when everybody else is perspiring and have red faces etc

I laughed when I read what you said about New York being so hot that people thought it was the "other place" I can appreciate a joke Mr Man and that one did not go "over my head Am still laughing at some of the things you said in the station though they probably struck me funnier than they would most girls as I always see the funny side and sometimes something is said and I laugh and the others wonder what I am laughing at as they cannot see anything in it themselves but it is just the way I look at things so of course I cannot explain to them why I laughed and they think I am crazy But I had rather part with almost anything rather than my sense of humor as it helps me over a great many rough spots

Sis has gone back home though I would of liked to of kept her here much longer but she had to go though she said she would of liked nothing better than to stay with me and just listen to me rattle on" She always says it is just like a show to hear me talk as I always put things in such a funny way and for weeks after she has been visiting me she thinks of some of the things I said and laughs over them Since she left Edith and I have been pretty quiet though poor Edie wants to be on the "go" all the time and tries to make me go out with her every evening to the pictures and scolds me when I say I had rather stay home and read and calls me a "book worm" Well it is true that I had rather stay home with a good book than go to some crazy old picture and the last two nights I have been reading myself to sleep with

Robert W Service s poem Don t you love Service or don t you care for "highbrow writings?

Personly there is nothing I love more than to just sit and read a good book or sit and listen to somebody play the piano I mean if they can really play and I really believe I like popular music better than the classical though I suppose that is a terrible thing to confess but I love all kinds of music but a specially the piano when it is played by somebody who can really play

Am glad you have not fallen for the "ladies who have tried to make your acquaintance in New York You are right in thinking there must be something wrong with girls who try to p k up strange men as no girl with self respect would do such a thing and when I say that Mr Man I know you will think it is a funny thing for me to say on account of the way our friendship started but I mean it and I assure you that was the first time I ever done such a thing in my life and would never of thought of doing it had I not known you were the right kind of a man as I flatter myself that I am a good judge of character and can tell pretty well what a person is like by just looking at them and I assure you I had made up my mind what kind of a man you were before I allowed myself to answer your opening remark. Otherwise I am the last girl in the world that would allow myself to speak to a person w thout being introduced to them

When you write again you must tell me all about the girl on Riverside Drive and what she looks like and if you went to see her again and all about her Suppose you will think I am a little old curiosity shop for ask ing all those questions and will wonder why I want to know Well sir I won t tell you why so there but I insist on you answering all questions and will scold you

one song but this one is not like the most of them but has got a great lyric and I have wrote a melody that will knock *them out of their seats I only wish you could* hear it girlie and hear it the way I play it I had to play it over and over about 50 times at the Friars last night

I will copy down the lyric of the chorus so you can see what it is like and get the idea of the song though of course you cant tell much about it unless you hear it played and sang The title of the song is When Theyre Like You and here is the chorus

Some like them hot some like them cold
Some like them when theyre not too darn old
Some like them fat some like them lean
Some like them only at sweet sixteen
Some like them dark some like them light
Some like them in the park late at night
Some like them fickle some like them true
But the time I like them is when theyre like you"

How is that for a lyric and I only wish I could play my melody for you as you would go nuts over it but will send you a copy as soon as the song is published and you can get some of your friends to play it over for you and I know you will like it though it is a different melody when I play it or when somebody else plays it

Well girlie you will see how busy I have been and am libel to keep right on being busy as we are not going to let the grass grow under our feet but as soon as we have got this number placed we will get busy on another one as a couple like that will put me on Easy st even if they dont go as big as we expect but even 25 grand is a big bunch of money and if a man could only turn out one hit a year and make that much out of it I would be on Easy st. and no more hammering on the old music box in some cabaret

wile but be a real help mate The girlie up on the Drive would run me ragged and have me in the poor house inside of a year even if I was makeing 25 grand out of one song Besides she wears a make up that you would have to blast to find out what her face looks like So I have not been back there and dont intend to see her again so what is the use of me telling you about her And the only other girlie I have met is a sister of Paul Sears who I met up to his house wile we was working on the song but she dont hardly count as she has not got no use for the boys but treats them like dirt and Paul says she is the coldest proposition he ever seen

Well I dont know no more to write and besides have got a date to go out to Pauls place for dinner and play some of my stuff for him so as he can see if he wants to set words to some more of my melodies Well dont do nothing I would not do and have as good a time as you can in old Chi and will let you know how we come along with the song

Chas F Lewis

Chicago Ill Aug 23

Dear Mr Man I am thrilled to death over the song and think the words awfully pretty and am crazy to hear the music which I know must be great. It must be wonderful to have the gift of writing songs and then hear people play and sing them and just think of making $25 000 in such a short time My how rich you will be and I certainly congratulate you though am afraid when you are rich and famous you will have no time for insignificant little me or will you be an exception and remember your old" friends even when you are up in the world? I sincerely hope so

Will look forward to receiving a copy of the song and

look like I had just stepped out of a band box She also calls me a fish (jokingly) because I spend so much time in the water But seriously I do love to bathe and neve feel so happy as when I have just cleaned up and put on fresh clothing

Edie has just gone out to see a picture and was cross at me because I would not go with her I told her I was going to write a letter and she wanted to know to whom and I told her and she said "You write to him so often that a person would almost think you was in love with him I just laughed and turned it off but she does says the most embarrassing things and I would be angry if it was anybody but she that said them

Seriously I had much rather sit here and write letters or read or just sit and dream than go out to some crazy old picture show except once in awhile I do like to go to the theater and see a good play and a specially a musical play if the music is catchy But as a rule I am contented to just stay home and feel cozy and lots of evenings Edie and I sit he e without saying ha dly a word to each other though she v ould love to talk but she knows I had rather be quiet and she often says it is just like living w th a deaf and dumb mute to live with me because I make so little noise round the apart ment I guess I was born to be a home body as I so seldom care to go "gadding

Though I do love to have company once in awhile just a few congenial friends whom I can talk to and feel at home with and play cards or have some music My friends love to drop in here too as they say Edie and I always g ve them such nice things to eat. Though poor Edie has not much to do with it I am afra d as she hates anything connected with cooking which is one of the things I love best of anything and I often say that when I begin keeping house in my own home I will in

to see her girls settled down in their own homes before she goes

There I go talking about my domestic affairs again and I will bet you are bored to death though personly I am never bored when my friends tell me about them selves But I wont rattle on any longer but will say good night and dont forget to write and tell me how you come out with the song and thanks for sending me the words to it Will you write a song about me some time? I would be thrilled to death! But I am afraid I am not the kind of girl that inspires men to write songs about them but am just a quiet "mouse that loves home and am not giddy enough to be the heroine of a song

Well Mr Man good night and dont wait so long before writing again to

Yours (?)
Mabelle

N Y Sept 8

Dear Girlie Well girlie have not got your last letter with me so cannot answer what as in it as I have for gotten if there was anything I was supposed to answer and besides have only a little time to write as I have a date to go out on a party with the Sears We are going to the Georgie White show and afterwards somewheres for supper Sears is the boy who wrote the lyric to my song and it is him and his sister I am going on the party with The sister is a cold fish that has no use for men but she is show crazy and insists on Paul takeing her to 3 or 4 of them a week.

Paul wants me to give up my room here and come and live with them as they have plenty of room and I am running a little low on money but dont know if I will do it or not as am afraid I would freeze to death in the same house with a girl like the sister as she is ice

Perhaps it is nothing I wrote you but you are worried on account of the publishers not treating you fair in regards to your song and that is why your letter sounded so distant If that is the case I hope that by this time matters have rectified themselves and the future looks brighter But any way Mr Lewis dont allow yourself to worry over business cares as they will all come right in the end and I always think it is silly for people to worry themselves sick over temporary troubles but the best way is to 'keep smiling and look for the silver lining" in the cloud That is the way I always do and no matter what happens I manage to smile and my girl friend Edie calls me Sunny because I always look on the bright side

Remember also Mr Lewis that $60 is a salary that a great many men would like to be getting and are living on less than that and supporting a wife and family on it I always say that a person can get along on what ever amount they make if they manage things in the right way

So if it is business troubles Mr Lewis I say dont worry but look on the bright side But if it is something I wrote in my last letter that offended you I wish you would tell me what it was so I can apologize as I assure you I meant nothing and would not say anything to hurt you for the world

Please let me hear from you soon as I will not feel comfortable until I know I am not to blame for the sudden change

Sincerely
Mabelle Gillespie

N Y Sept 21

Dear Miss Gillespi Just a few lines to tell big news or at least it is big news to me I am

to be married to Paul Sears sister and we are going to be married early next month and live in Atlantic City where the orchestra I have been playing with has got an engagement in one of the big cabarets

I know this will be a surprise to you as it was even a surprise to me as I did not think I would ever have the nerve to ask the girlie the big question as she was always so cold and acted like I was just in the way But she said she supposed she would have to marry somebody some time and she did not dislike me as much as most of the other men her brother brought round and she would marry me with the understanding that she would not have to be a slave and work round the house and also I would have to take her to a show or somewheres every night and if I could not take her myself she would run wild alone Atlantic City will be O K for that as a lot of new shows opens down there and she will be able to see them before they get to the big town As for her being a slave I would hate to think of marrying a girl and then have them spend their lives in druggery round the house We are going to live in a hotel till we find something better but will be in no hurry to start house keeping as we will have to buy all new furniture

Betsy is some doll when she is all fixed up and believe me she knows how to fix herself up I dont know what she uses but it is weather proof and I have been out in a rain storm with her and we both got drowned but her face stayed on I would almost think it was real only she tells me different

Well girlie I may write to you again once in a wile as Betsy says she dont give a damn if I write to all the girls in the world just so I dont make her read the answers but that is all I can think of to say now except good bye and good luck and may the right man come

along soon and he will be a lucky man getting a girl that is such a good cook and got all that furniture etc

But just let me give you a word of advice before I close and that is dont never speak to strange men who you dont know nothing about as they may get you wrong and think you are trying to make them It just happened that I knew better so you was lucky in my case but the luck might not last

Your friend
Chas F Lewis

Chicago Ill Sept 27

My Dear Mr Lewis Thanks for your advice and also thank your fiance for her generosity in allowing you to continue your correspondence with her rivals but personly I have no desire to take advantage of that generosity as I have something better to do than read letters from a man like you a specially as I have a man friend who is not so generous as Miss Sears and would strongly object to my continuing a correspondence with another man It is at his request I am writing this note to tell you not to expect to hear from me again

Allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to Miss Sears and I am sure she is to be congratulated too though if I met the lady I would be tempted to ask her to tell me her secret namely how she is going to "run wild on $60

Sincerely
Mabelle Gillespie

AT THF END OF THE CAR LINE

BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN

These sketches were first pu blished sepa ately in the Portland Oregonian

I

SHE was redding up her back yard as she would have said—there is such a sight of work around her place at this time of year—and the old gray cat was now at her heels and now underfoot The little old lady who lives at the end of the car line soul alone with the old gray cat sometimes asks herself how she ever en dures him—with a catch at her throat in quick fear that one day he may not answer Get away with you! Land o Goshen but you are a nuisance!

Then the old gray cat he gave her such a look in return he did—real wicked—and he arched his tail, that looks so moth-eaten and he humped his back and ran to the apple tree and up it like a kitten And there he peered down at her taunting her with great golden eyes of mockery He knows well enough the old rapscallion that a body cannot climb trees

These stalks that are withered and dead are a little bit too coarse for the compost and she will heap them here in the central garden and l t them dry in the wind and then put match to them on some day that is suitable She said the phrase over again in her mind quite primly and then aloud to the old gray cat On some day that is suitable" she said He sprang high into air at a flut tering moth and it wasn t his fault that he missed it

The little old lady with her arms full of hollyhock stalks stood there and admired him

Well a-day! With so much to redd up there was no time for this And here at the lip of the field where the wild land comes down to her delphiniums the joyous green leaved briar of the creeping blackberry has crept The little old lady set her lips firmly and shook her gray head so vigorously that wisps escaped this way and wisps flew that and she was put to some trouble to tuck them back again She had meant only to indicate to the almost apologetic little invader that it must be thrust from her province again The vine is real pretty like she always told Henry and the little small berries it has are the best of all blackberries for p es—but once you turn your back on it bless you it'll take the place in a season She would have to be using her trowel

In the fall of the year so she always says a body can get half their spring work done if they ve a mind to You redd up the whole place front yard to back and where the ground s right for it who could resist spading a bit? If she turns the soil now rebuking the grass and the weeds it ll be in fine shape for spring gardening—while if she doesn t land sakes a body might as well try to garden one of those wild lots

Maybe the ground is a mite too wet but it turns well enough and better than it will have ever a chance to be spaded again this fall she will venture Some of the neighbors have told her that she shouldn t be do ng her own spading but thats half the pleasure of gardening Even when Henry—when Henry—well when Henry was here she h d insisted on saving some of the best ground to spade for herself and without help There wasn t a lazy bone in his body but Henry nev r had patience with a spade Give h m room to turn the bay team around and Henry would be in there with a plow

purring and tail waving As she stepped to the floor the china bowl gave out a slurred musical tinkle

What Henry always said was that money makes the pot boil and that a man who wants a new scythe will mow with an old one unless he is thrifty And how many a time have the two of them together as now she does soul alone found the friendship of the Dresden shepherdess to stand them in good stead They made a game of it then when the children were little and when something was needed for the house—something extra—Henry used to laugh and say that they must ask the shepherdess for it And they would take down the bowl—it stood where it does even then—well knowing how much it held in trust for them but delighting to pour out the treasure and count

If it were not enough—like the time they wanted the new clock for the parlor—Henry would say that the Dresden shepherdess said no and told them they must wait until they could afford it For a man that is helped to money Henry always said may help himself to whatever he chooses And the Dresden shepherdess helped them to money But Henry was the most impulsive man like all his mothers people and he wouldnt always wait Here on the rim of the bowl is the chip where he cast the dollar to make up enough for the clock And sudden and strangely for a body never hears it usually the still house was filled with its deliberate ticking

The little old lady who lives at the end of the car line tipped the china bowl and respectfully so that the coins slipped and slithered to the blue tablecloth—the quarters dimes nickels and pennies When they had fallen there she caught some of them up in her hand and let them escape through her fingers If the neighbors could see her now they would think she supposed that she was a miser—and goodness the minister!

Dear Lord if it is miserly to hoard one s money in a china bowl and avarice to feel this eagerness for more may it not be said for her that the old lawnmower will not cut any longer? For the camel cannot pass through the eye of the needle it is true but this is a very different matter Lord and she does need a new lawnmower My gracious! The old one was new they bought it at Mr Pilkington s when the lawn was first planted It is all wore out, and it rattles and there s no use sharpening it any more The old lawnmower is all wore out Amen

You are watching her with a cynical eye old gray cat mind your business and go on washing your face

She marshalled them all in piles by themselves according to their rank and degree and in a company of lesser coins the twenty five cent piece is royalty and even the dimes are dukes and duchesses—but there weren t many quarters You have to be careful as can be and walk a chalk line and scrimp a little on this and save a little on that but still it isn t often a body comes by a whole entire quarter at one time and can put it safely away Then too though she supposes th s is an advantage sometimes a body runs short and must go to the Dresden shepherdess for her assistance—and that sets the new lawnmower back quite a ways like the time she broke her glasses last summer But for that—Money in orderly piles looked so neat and pleasing Will you g t down off the table!

The first time the little old lady reckoned it quarters d mes nickels and pennies sett ng it down with a stub pencil it came out $7 86 and sh frowned but when she counted it aga n to make su e and was extra careful seemed like it was only $7 74 Some of it surely was gone Now she simply mustn t get nervous or she never would know This time she checked each pile twice as

she counted and with a sigh of relief there was a whole dollar more There was $8 86 and that was what she remembered from last week If she could spare a dime and four pennies—here she searched through her purse —that would make just $9 Nine dollars! And that left only three more dollars and seventy five cents to save If she is real careful old gray cat she won t have to mow the lawn more than once more with the old one before the new one comes out on delivery

It takes a body a long while to save as much as will buy a new lawnmower and you have to give up a few things to help get it but much never cost little Henry always said and money makes the mare go Henry always said. But there is something else about it surely there is that it is hard to find words for To get things this way as Henry and she well knew is—is—and she sought for the word Well nicer she said but what she meant was that it was adventure

Go back to your shelf again little shepherdess with the blue ribbon who watches over the china bowl wherein the new lawnmower is shaping It doesn t lack any more than the rubber tired wheels now and by the second cutting there ought to be money enough Can she afford it? The Dresden shepherdess will answer yes And maybe old gray cat for a big order like that they will send it out special delivery

III

She considered as she paused on the back steps a moment that already there was a touch of fall in the air and she shook her head at the thought and said aloud Mercy! Yet she was smiling Though fleet as the swallows that used to nest in the eaves of the barn when Henry and she were farming so fleet are the sea

sons They fly past a body they do They are gone The old gray cat looked up at her from the walk, and his eyes were widely golden with interest. His disreputable tail, the old rascal, was waving

Come" said the little old lady who lives at the end of the car line "and we shall pick the sweetpeas He leaned on her ankles. Go away with you now! She vowed that she never had known such a cat, for he is a caution. And together they went into the garden

But she paused again at the trellis of knotted twine and old broomsticks and such and stood there to look. It was as though she was thirsty and must drink It was like that. Like the time of a summer long gone they came over the hills by a deer trail and so down to the valley and found a blue spring by a brown rock There isn t another flower that s quite equal to sweetpeas in blossom No m there isn t another

The scissors are those that she keeps for cutting sweet peas and they wobble Now Henry was the great hand for fixing such things as scissors He had the knack of it. But these wobble Why stare at her so old gray cat? They ve surely a right for to wobble a little for they are the scissors she used when the children were small and she did all her own sewing though sometimes Mrs Johnson, who was real good at it, helped with the fitting The only scissors that do not wobble that s true are the scissors *that snip away at the years Land of goodness!*

Then pursing her mouth as she does when she is cutting sweetpeas, the little old lady who lives at the end of the car line began the harvest of beauty She does not bunch them at first blossom by blossom, as some will, but drops them all in a brown wicker basket Snip Snip You will find in the end it is tidier o Yes a basket. Time was old gray cat when you were a kitten, that Martha carried you in it—oh often—with your tail hanging

over But even then the children had learned to call it the sweetpea basket " It really was meant to take eggs to the grocery but you know how it is Things change Eggs were ten cents a dozen Get away from that basket! Sometimes she doesn t know what she ever will do with him

Yes sweetpeas Now Henry he never was partial to flowers seemed like though he d never get tired of watching the grain He just didn t have any fancy for flowers Excepting sweetpeas Come early spring for they do best when they are in the ground early seemed he always remembered it was time to plant the sweet peas and come fall he believed in saving the seed of them You grow your own seed Henry used always to say and you'll know what you have Seemed like he *favored the blue sugar bowl that was his grandmother s* filled with sweetpeas on the sitting room table Yes gray cat sweetpeas were his flowers

And snipping she began to think of the generations of them the begats and begats without ever a break until she was back in the time they bought the new washing machine the first one when the children were little Snip Slowly Snip More slowly still Yes that was the year Mercy sakes! It didn t seem possible so it didn t that these were the same flowers Yet they were And *swiftly she turned but there was only the sunshine on the steps and the old gray cat drowsing Only these Snip Snip*

Nobody ever imagined such colors as these nobody did for such colors never have been save only in sweet peas they haven t A waist of this one perhaps or maybe a dress if there was money to wear to a dance at the corners with a brooch of rhinestones at the throat and full sleeves and a touch of lace maybe But in those times there weren t such dresses and nobody

dreamed of having them not anybody Ah did they not! She reflected that dreams are often unguessed at the time and after remembered as we remember them from sleep long after This misty softness of blue had she not dreamed it many the time? It is dream Snip

This was foolishness as she well knew and she shook it away with decision until her head tossed Now then resolutely—sn p snip—this much is certain as can be that nobody she knows ever manages somehow to grow such sweetpeas as hers And they have fertilizers too that they buy at the seed store and they have seed that costs more than she could ever afford But they haven t such sweetpeas as hers You take the stems of them In all your born days did ever you see such stems on sweet peas? When stems are as long as these are there is never a mite of trouble in fixing them so they look real nice in a box l or a vase But wl en the stems are stingy as hers never are people have dreadful times Snip So they do

She came to the end of the row where she helped a tendril to grip the twine and the task was at an end then The sweetpeas were all picked For if a body picks them they bloom the longer and that is part of the secret You simply must keep them picked Yet here and there on the vines she had left a stray blossom crimson or purple or white to lea e something of color For if she should take quite the last of them her heart would misgive her It wouldn t seem right so it wouldn t Then sh bent her face to the basket heaped with the soft sweetness of them and breathed of their fullness It took her back quite a ways like always Land of goodness!

They went into the kitchen together out at the end of the car line and the old gray cat almost tripped her H s a caution She doesn t know how she abides him And she took down the blue sugar bowl from the cup-

board and hummed Beulah Land while she fixed them Now Fluff them out a mite Straighten this one There There isn t anything quite so satisfactory as a blue bowl of sweetpeas

THE JAPANESE

BY OGDEN NASH

How courteous is the Japanese
He always says "Excuse it please"
He climbs into his neighbor s garden
And smiles and says I beg your pardon
He bows and grins a friendly grin
And calls his hungry family in
He grins and bows a friendly bow
So sorry this my garden now"

FIFTY GRAND

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Here is an early story by the man who wrote A Farewell to Arms *and* For Whom the Bell Tolls *It uas u itten i Paris and made the disconsolate rou ds of the Ameri an maga nes* Cosmopolitan The Saturday Evening Post Collier s Scribner s*—they one and all turned it down B it* The Atlantic Monthly *which had also been the first to publish another l ttle item in th s collect o i called The Battle Hymn of the Republi clasped the despised and rej cted of ed to s to its withered bosom S h cdotes c mfort all a ithors who r l sh confirmatio of thei chro ic susp on that most editors ar not quite bright*

"HOW are you going yourself Jack? I asked him
'You seen this Walcott? he says
Just in the gym
'Well Jack says 'I m going to need a lot of luck with that boy
He can t hit you Jack Soldier said
I wish to hell he couldn t
He couldn t hit you with a handful of bird shot
Bird shot d be all right Jack says I wouldn t mind bird shot any
He looks easy to hit I said
Sure Jack says "he ain t going to last long He ain t going to last like you and me Jerry But right now he s got everything
You'll left hand him to death
Maybe Jack says Sure I got a chance to
Handle him like you handled Kid Lewi
Kid Lewis Jack said "That kike!

The three of us Jack Brennan Soldier Bartlett and I were in Hanley s There were a couple of broads sit ting at the next table to us They had been drinking

"What do you mean kike? one of the broads says "What do you mean kike you big Irish bum?

Sure Jack says That s it

Kikes" this broad goes on They re always talking about kikes these big Irishmen What do you mean kikes?

Come on Lets get out of here

Kikes this broad goes on Whoever saw you ever buy a drink? Your wife sews your pockets up every morning These Irishmen and their kikes! Ted Lewis could lick you too

Sure Jack says And you give away a lot of things free too don t you?

We went out That was Jack He could say what he wanted to when he wanted to say it

Jack started training out at Danny Hogan s health farm over in Jersey It was nice out there but Jack didn t like it much He didn t like being away from his wife and the kids and he was sore and grouchy most of the time He liked me and we got along fine together and he liked Hogan but after a while Soldier Bartlett commenced to get on his nerves A kidder gets to be an awful thing around a camp if his stuff goes sort of sour Soldier was always kidding Jack just sort of kidding him all the time It wasn t very funny and it wasn t very good and it began to get to Jack It was sort of stuff like this Jack would finish up with the weights and the bag and pull on the gloves

"You want to work? he d say to Soldier

"Sure How you want me to work? Soldier would ask "Want me to treat you rough like Walcott? Want me to knock you down a few times?

"Thats it" Jack would say He didnt like it any though.

One morning we were all out on the road Wed been out quite a way and now we were coming back Wed go along fast for three minutes and then walk a minute and then go fast for three minutes again Jack wasnt ever what you would call a sprinter Hed move around fast enough in the ring if he had to but he wasnt any too fast on the road All the time we were walking Soldier was kidding him We came up the hill to the farm house

"Well" says Jack "you better go back to town Soldier"

"What do you mean?

"You better go back to town and stay there

"Whats the matter?"

"Im sick of hearing you talk

"Yes?" says Soldier

"Yes says Jack

"You'll be a damn sight sicker when Walcott gets through with you"

Sure says Jack maybe I will But I know Im sick of you"

So Soldier went off on the train to town that same morning I went down with him to the train He was good and sore

I was just kidding him he said We were waiting on the platform He cant pull that stuff with me Jerry

Hes nervous and crabby" I said Hes a good fellow Soldier"

"The hell he is The hell hes ever been a good fellow

"Well" I said so long Soldier"

The train had come in He climbed up with his bag

So long Jerry he says "You be in town before the fight?"

I don t think so "

See you then

He went in and the conductor swung up and the train went out I rode back to the farm in the cart Jack was on the porch writing a letter to his wife The mail had come and I got the papers and went over on the other side of the porch and sat down to read Hogan came out the door and walked over to me

Did he have a jam with Soldier?"

Not a jam I said He just told him to go back to town"

I could see it coming Hogan said He never liked Soldier much

No He don t like many people

He s a pretty cold one" Hogan said

"Well he s always been fine to me

"Me too Hogan said I got no kick on him He s a cold one though

Hogan went in through the screen door and I sat there on the porch and read the papers It was just starting to get fall weather and it s nice country there in Jersey up in the hills and after I read the paper through I sat there and looked out at the country and the road down below against the woods with cars going along it lifting the dust up It was fine weather and pretty nice looking country Hogan came to the door and I said Say Hogan haven t you got anything to shoot out here?"

No Hogan said Only sparrows

"Seen the paper? I said to Hogan

"What s in it?"

"Sande booted three of them in yesterday"

"I got that on the telephone last night"

You follow them pretty close Hogan? I asked

"Oh I keep in touch with them Hogan said

How about Ja k? I says 'Does he still play them?"

Him? said Hogan Can you see him doing it?

Just then Jack came around the corner with the letter in his hand He s wearing a sweater and an old pair of pants and boxing shoes

Got a stamp Hogan? he asks

"Give me the letter" Hogan s id I'll mail it for you

Say Jack I said didn t you used to play the ponies?

Sure"

I knew you d d I knew I used to see you out at Sheepshead

"What did you lay off them for? Hogan asked

Lost money

Jack sat down on the porch by me He leaned back against a post He shut his eyes in the sun

Want a chair? Hogan asked

"No said Jack. This is fine

Its a nice day I said It s pretty nice out in the country

I d a damn sight rather be in to vn with the wife

Well you only got another week

Yes Jack says That s so

We sat there on the porch Hog n w s inside at the office

What do you think about the shape I m in? Jack asked me

"Well you can t tell I said You got a week to g t around into form

"Don t stall m

Well, I said you re not right"

I m not sleeping Jack said

You'll be all right in a couple of days

No says Jack "I got the insomnia

What's on your mind?

I miss the wife

Have her come out

"No I'm too old for that

We'll take a long walk before you turn in and get you good and tired

"Tired! Jack says I'm tired all the time

He was that way all week He wouldn't sleep at night and he'd get up in the morning feeling that way you know when you can't shut your hands

He's stale as poorhouse cake Hogan said He's nothing

I never seen Walcott I said

"He'll kill him said Hogan He'll tear him in two

"Well I said everybody's got to get it sometime

Not like this though Hogan said "They'll think he never trained It gives the farm a black eye"

"You hear what the reporters said about him?

Didn't I! They said he was awful They said they oughtn't to let him fight"

"Well I said they're always wrong ain't they?

"Yes said Hogan But this time they're right"

"What the hell do they know about whether a man's right or not?

"Well said Hogan they're not such fools

"All they did was pick Willard at Toledo This Lardner he's so wise now ask him about when he picked Willard at Toledo"

Aw he wasn't out" Hogan said He only writes the big fights"

I don't care who they are I said "What the hell do they know? They can write maybe but what the hell do they know?

'You don t think Jack s in any shape do you? Hogan asked

No He s through All he needs is to have Corbett pick him to win for it to be all over

'Well Corbett'll pick him Hogan says

Sure He'll pick him

That night Jack didn t sleep any either The next morning was the last day before the fight After break fast we were out on the porch again

What do you think about Jack when you can t sleep? I said

Oh I worry" Jack says I worry about property I got up in the Bronx I worry about property I got in Florida I worry about the kids I worry about the wife Sometimes I think about fights I think about that kike Ted Lewis and I get sore I got some stocks and I *worry about them What the hell don t I think about?*

Well I said tomorrow night it'll all be over"

Sure said Jack 'That always helps a lot don t it? That just fixes everything all up I suppose Sure

He was sore all day We d dn t do any work Jack just moved around a little to loosen up He shadow boxed a few rounds He didn t even look good doing that He skipped the rope a little while He couldn t sweat

He d *be better not* to do *any* work at all Hogan said We were standing watching him skip rope Don t *he ever sweat at all any more?*

He can t sweat

Do you suppose he s got the con? He never had any trouble making weight did he?

No he hasn t got any con He just hasn t got any thing inside any more

He ought to s veat said Hogan

Jack came over skipping the rope He was skipping up and down in front of us forward and back crossing his arms every third time

Well he says "What are you buzzards talking about?

I dont think you ought to work any more Hogan says You'll be stale

Wouldnt that be awful?" Jack says and skips away down the floor slapping the rope hard

That afternoon John Collins showed up out at the farm Jack was up in his room John came out in a car from town He had a couple of friends with him The car stopped and they all got out.

"Wheres Jack? John asked me

Up in his room lying down

Lying down?

Yes I said

How is he?"

I looked at the two fellows that were with John

"They re friends of his John said

Hes pretty bad I said

Whats the matter with him?

"He dont sleep

"Hell said John "That Irishman could never sleep"

"He isnt right I said

Hell John said Hes never right. I ve had him for ten years and hes never been right yet"

The fellows who were with him laughed

I want you to shake hands with Mr Morgan and Mr Steinfelt John said "This is Mr Doyle Hes been training Jack

"Glad to meet you" I said

"Lets go up and see the boy" the fellow called Morgan said

"Lets have a look at him" Steinfelt said

We all went upstairs

"Where s Hogan?" John asked

"He s out in the barn with a couple of his customers" I said

He got many people out here now?" John asked

"Just two

Pretty quiet, ain t it? Morgan said

"Yes" I said It s pretty quiet.

We were outside Jack s room John knocked on the door There wasn t any answe

Maybe he s asleep I said

"What the hell s he sleeping in the daytime for?

John turned the handle and we all went in Jack was lying asleep on the bed He was face down and his face was in the pillow Both his arms were around the pillow

Hey Jack! John said to him

Jack s head moved a little on the pillow Jack!" John says leaning over him Jack just dug a little deeper in the pillow John touched him on the shoulder Jack sat up and looked at us He hadn t shaved and he was wearing an old sweater

Christ! Why can t you let me sleep? he says to John

"Don t be sore John says I didn t mean to wake you up

Oh no Jack says Of course not

"You know Morgan and Steinfelt John said

Glad to see you Jack says

How do you feel Jack Morgan asks him

Fine Jack says How the hell would I feel?

You look fine Steinfelt says

Yes don t I says Jack Say he says to John "You re my manager You get a big enough cut Why the hell don t you come out here when the reporters was out! You want Jerry and me to talk to them?

I had Lew fighting in Philadelphia" John said

What the hell's that to me? Jack says "You're my manager You get a big enough cut don't you? You aren't making me any money in Philadelphia are you? Why the hell aren't you out here when I ought to have you?

Hogan was here"

Hogan Jack says Hogan's as dumb as I am"

Soldier Bahtlett was out here wukking with you for a while wasn't he? Steinfelt said to change the subject

"Yes he was out here Jack says He was out here all right

"Say Jerry John said to me Would you go and find Hogan and tell him we want to see him in about half an hour?

Sure" I said

Why the hell can't he stick around? Jack says "Stick around Jerry"

Morgan and Steinfelt looked at each other

Quiet down Jack John said to him

I better go find Hogan I said

"All right if you want to go Jack says None of these guys are going to send you away though

I'll go find Hogan" I said

Hogan was out in the gym in the barn He had a couple of his health farm patients with the gloves on They neither one wanted to hit the other for fear the other would come back and hit him

That'll do Hogan said when he saw me come in "*You can stop the slaughter You gentlemen take a* shower and Bruce will rub you down

They climbed out through the ropes and Hogan came over to me

John Collins is out with a couple of friends to see Jack" I said

I saw them come up in the car

Who are the two fellows with John?

"They re what you call wise boys Hogan said Don t you know them two?

No I said

"That s Happy Steinfelt and Lew Morgan They got a poolroom

I been away a long time I said

"Sure said Hogan That Happy Steinfelt s a big operator

I ve heard his name I said

He s a pretty smooth boy Hogan said They re a couple of sharpshooters

Well I said They want to see us in half an hour

You mean they don t want to see us until a half an hour?

That s it

Come on in the office Hogan said To hell with those sharpshooters

After about thirty minutes or so Hogan and I went upstairs We knocked on Jack s door They were talking inside the room

"Wait a minute somebody said

"To hell with that stuff Hogan said When you want to see me I m down in the office

We heard the door unlock Steinfelt opened it

Come on in Hogan he says "We re all going to have a drink

"Well" says Hogan That s something"

We went in Jack was sitting on the bed John and Morgan were sitting on a couple of chairs Steinfelt was standing up

"You re a pretty mysterious lot of boys Hogan said

Hello Danny John says

Hello Danny Morgan says and shakes hands

Jack doesnt say anything He just sits there on the bed He aint with the others Hes all by himself He was wearing an old blue jersey and pants and had on boxing shoes He needed a shave Steinfelt and Morgan were dressers John was quite a dresser too Jack sat there looking Irish and tough

Steinfelt brought out a bottle and Hogan brought in some glasses and everybody had a drink Jack and I took one and the rest of them went on and had two or three each

Better save some for your ride back Hogan said

Dont you worry We got plenty Morgan said

Jack hadnt drunk anything since the one drink He was standing up and looking at them Morgan was sitting on the bed where Jack had sat

"Have a drink Jack John said and handed him the glass and the bottle

"No Jack said I never liked to go to these wakes

They all laughed Jack didnt laugh

They were all feeling pretty good when they left Jack stood on the porch when they got into the car They waved to him

So long Jack said

We had supper Jack didnt say anything all during the meal except Will you pass me this?" or Will you pass me that?" The two health farm patients ate at the same table with us They were pretty nice fellows After we finished eating we went out on the porch It was dark early

Like to take a walk Jerry?" Jack asked

Sure I said

We put on our coats and started out It was quite a way down to the main road and then we walked along the main road about a mile and a half Cars kept going by and we would pull out to the side until they were

past. Jack didn t say anything After we had stepped out into the bushes to let a big car go by Jack said "To hell with this walking Come on back to Hogan s"

We went along a side road that cut up over the hill and cut across the fields back to Hogan s We could see the lights of the house up on the hill We came around to the front of the house and there standing in the door way was Hogan

Have a good walk? Hogan asked

Oh fine Jack said Listen Hogan Have you got any liquor?

Sure says Hogan "What s the idea?

Send it up to the room Jack says I m going to sleep tonight"

You re the doctor" Hogan says

Come on up to the room Jerry Jack says

Upstairs Jack sat on the bed with his head in his hands

"Ain t it a life? Jack says

Hogan brought in a quart of l quor and two glasses

"Want some ginger ale?

"What do you think I want to do get s ck?

"I just asked you said Hogan

Have a drink? said Jack

"No thanks said Hogan He went out

How about you Jerry?

I'll have one with you I said

Jack poured out a couple of drinks Now he said "I want to take it slow and easy

Put some water in it I sa d

"Yes Jack said I guess that s better

We had a couple of drinks without saying anything Jack started to pour me another

No I said that s all I want

All right Jack said He poured himself out another

big shot and put water in it He was lighting up a little
"That was a fine bunch out here this afternoon" he said They dont take any chances those two"
Then a little later "Well he says "theyre right What the hells the good in taking chances?
Dont you want another Jerry? he said Come on drink along with *me*
"I dont need it Jack I said I feel all right
Just have one more Jack said It was softening him up
"All right I said
Jack poured one for me and another big one for himself
You know he said I like liquor pretty well If I hadnt been boxing I would have drunk quite a lot"
"Sure I said
"You know he said I missed a lot boxing
"You made plenty of money"
"Sure thats what Im after You know I miss a lot Jerry"
"How do you mean?"
Well he says "like about the wife And being away from home so much It dont do my girls any good 'Whos your old man?' some of those society kids 'll say to them My old mans Jack Brennan That dont do them any good"
Hell" I said all that makes a difference is if they got dough"
"Well says Jack I got the dough for them all right"
He poured out another drink The bottle was about empty
Put some water in it I said Jack poured in some water

'You know he says you aint got any idea how I miss the wife"

Sure

You aint got any idea You cant have an idea what its like

It ought to be better out in the country than in town

With me now Jack said it dont make any difference where I am You cant have an idea what its like

Have another drink

Am I getting soused? Do I talk funny?'

"Youre coming on all right

You cant have an idea what its like They aint anybody can have an idea what its like

Except the wife I said

She knows Jack said She knows all right She knows You bet she knows

Put some water in that I said

Jerry says Jack you cant have an idea what it gets to be like

He was good and drunk He was looking at me steady His eyes were sort of too steady

You'll sleep all right I said

Listen Jerry Jack says "You want to make some money? Get some money down on Walcott

"Yes?

Listen Jerry" Jack put down the glass Im not drunk now see? You know what Im betting on him? Fifty grand

Thats a lot of dough

Fifty grand Jack says at two to one Ill get twenty five thousand bucks Get some money on him Jerry

It sounds good I said

How can I beat him? Jack says It aint crooked How can I beat him? Why not make money on it?

Put some water in that" I said

I m through after this fight Jack says I m through with it I got to take a beating Why shouldn t I make money on it?

Sure

I aint slept for a week Jack says All night I lay awake and worry my can off I can t sleep Jerry You aint got an idea what it s like when you can t sleep

Sure

I can t sleep That s all I just can t sleep What s the use of taking care of yourself all these years when you cant sleep?

It s bad

"You aint got an idea what it s like Jerry when you cant sleep

Put some water in that I said

Well about eleven o clock Jack passes out and I put him to bed Finally he s so he can t keep from sleeping I helped him get his clothes off and got him into bed

You'll sleep all right Jack I said

Sure" Jack says I'll sleep now

Good night Jack I said

"Good night Jerry" Jack says You re the only friend I got"

"Oh hell I said

You re the only friend I got Jack says the only friend I got"

"Go to sleep" I said

I'll sleep Jack says

Downstairs Hogan was sitting at the desk in the office reading the papers He looked up Well you get your boy friend to sleep? he asks

"He s off"

It s better for him than not sleeping" Hogan said Sure"

"You d have a hell of a time explaining that to these sport writers though Hogan said

"Well I'm going to bed myself I said

Good night said Hogan

In the morning I came downstairs about eight o clock and got some breakfast Hogan had his two customers out in the barn doing exercises I went out and watched them

One! Two! Three! Four! Hogan was counting for them Hello Jerry he said 'Is Jack up yet?'

No He s still sleeping

I went back to my room and packed up to go in to town About nine thirty I heard Jack getting up in the next room When I heard him go downstairs I went down after him Jack was sitting at the breakfast table Hogan had com in and was standing beside the table

How do you feel Jack?' I asked him

Not so bad

Sleep well?' Hogan asked

I slept all right, Jack said "I got a thick tongue but I ain t got a head

Good said Hogan That was good liquor"

"Put it on the bill Jack says

"What time you want to go into town?" Hogan asked

Before lunch Jack says "The eleven o clock train"

Sit down Jerry Jack said Hogan went out

I sat down at the table Jack was eating a grapefruit When he d find a seed he d spit it out in the spoon and dump it on the plate

I guess I was pretty stewed last night" he started

"You drank some liquor"

I guess I said a lot of fool things"

You weren t bad

Wheres Hogan? he asked He was through with the grapefruit

"He s out in front in the office

What did I say about betting on the fight? Jack asked He was holding the spoon and sort of poking at the grapefruit with it

The girl came in with some ham and eggs and took away the grapefruit

"Bring me another glass of milk Jack said to her She went out

"You said you had fifty grand on Walcott I said

Thats right, Jack said

"Thats a lot of money

I dont feel too good about it Jack said

Something might happen

No" Jack said He wants the title bad They'll be shooting with him all right

You cant ever tell

No He wants the title Its worth a lot of money to him"

Fifty grand is a lot of money I said

"Its business said Jack, "I cant win You know I cant win anyway

As long as youre in there you got a chance

"No Jack says Im all through Its just business

How do you feel?"

Pretty good Jack said "The sleep was what I needed"

"You might go good

I'll give them a good show Jack said

After breakfast Jack called up his wife on the long distance He was inside the booth telephoning

"Thats the first time he s called her up since he s out here Hogan said

He writes her every day

Sure Hogan says "a letter only costs two cents"

Hogan said good by to us and Bruce the nigger rubber drove us down to the train in the cart

"Good by Mr Brennan" Bruce said at the train I sure hope you knock his can off"

So long Jack said He gave Bruce two dollars Bruce had worked on him a lot He looked kind of disappointed Jack saw me looking at Bruce holding the two dollars

Its all in the bill he said Hogan charged me for the rubbing"

On the train going into town Jack didn t talk He sat in the corner of the seat with his ticket in his hat band and looked out of the window Once he turned and spoke to me

I told the wife I d take a room at the Shelby to night he said "Its just around the corner from the Garden I can go up to the house tomorrow morning"

"That s a good idea" I said "Your wife ever see you fight Jack?"

No" Jack says She never seen me fight

I thought he must be figuring on taking an awful beating if he doesn t want to go home afterward In town we took a taxi up to the Shelby A boy came out and took our bags and we went in to the desk.

How much are the rooms?" Jack asked

"We only have double rooms" the clerk says "I can give you a nice double room for ten dollars

"That s too steep"

I can give you a double room for seven dollars

"With a bath?"

Certainly"

"You might as well bunk with me Jerry" Jack says

Oh, I said I'll sleep down at my brother in law "

and lay down for a while I wrote a letter I looked over a couple of times and Jack wasn t sleeping He was lying perfectly still but every once in a while his eyes would open Finally he sits up

Want to play some cribbage Jerry? he says

Sure I said

He went over to his suitcase and got out the cards and the cribbage board We played cribbage and he won three dollars off me John knocked at the door and came in

Want to play some cribbage John? Jack asked him

John put his hat down on the table It was all wet. His coat was wet too

Is it raining? Jack asks

Its pouring John says The taxi I had got tied up in the traffic and I got out and walked

"Come on play some cribbage Jack says

You ought to go and eat

"No says Jack I don t want to eat yet

So they played cribbage for about half an hour and Jack won a dollar and a half off him

"Well I suppose we got to go eat Jack says He went to the window and looked out

Is it still raining?'

Yes

Let s eat in the hotel John says

"All right Jack says I ll play you once more to see who pays for the meal"

After a little while Jack gets up and says "You buy the meal John" and we went downstairs and ate in the big dining room

After we ate we went upstairs and Jack played cribbage with John again and won two dollars and a half off him Jack was feeling pretty good John had a bag with him with all his stuff in it Jack took off his shirt

and collar and put on a jersey and a sweater so he wouldn t catch cold when he came out and put his ring clothes and his bathrobe in a bag

"You all ready? John asks him "I'll call up and have them get a taxi"

Pretty soon the telephone rang and they said the taxi was waiting

We rode down in the ele ator and went out through the lobby and got in a taxi and rode around to the Garden It was raining hard but there was a lot of people outside on the streets The Garden was sold out As we came in on our way to the dressing room I saw how full it was It looked like half a mile down to the ring It was all dark Just the lights over the ring

Its a good thing with the rain they didn t try and pull this fight in the ball park" John said

"They got a good crowd" Jack says

"This is a fight that would draw a lot more th n the Ga den could hold

"You can t tell about the eather Jack says

John came to th door of the d essing room and poked his head in Jack was s tting there with his bath robe on he had his arms folded and was looking at the floor John had a couple of handlers with him They looked over his shoulder Jack looked up

Is he in?" he asked

Hes just gone down" John said

We started down Walcott w s just getting into the ring The cro d ga e him a big hand He climbed through between the ropes and put his two fists together and smiled and shook them at the cro d first at one side of the ring then at the other and then sat down Jack got a good hand coming down through the crowd Jack is Irish and the Irish always get a pretty good hand An Irishman dont draw in New York like a J

at first But instead of him running the fight it was Walcott was running it instead of being safe all the time now he was in trouble He couldn t keep him out with the left hand now It looked as though it was the same as ever only now instead of Walcott s punches just missing him they were just hitting him He took an awful beating in the body

"What s the round?" Jack asked

"The eleventh"

"I can t stay" Jack says My legs are going bad

Walcott had been just hitting him for a long time It was like a baseball catcher pulls the ball and takes some of the shock off From now on Walcott commenced to land solid He certainly was a socking machine Jack was just trying to block everything now It didn t show what an awful beating he was taking In between the rounds I worked on his legs The muscles would flutter under my hands all the time I was rubbing them He was sick as hell

How s it go? he asked John turning around his face all swollen

"It s his fight

"I think I can last Jack says I don t want this bohunk to stop me"

It was going just the way he thought it would He knew he couldn t beat Walcott He wasn t strong any more He was all right though His money was all right and now he wanted to finish it off right to please himself He didn t want to be knocked out

The gong rang and we pushed him out He went out slow Walcott came right out after him Jack put the left in his face and Walcott took it came in under it and started working on Jack s body Jack tried to tie him up and it was just like trying to hold on to a buzz saw

sweat come out on his face like somebody had squeezed it and a big drop went down his nose

"Come on and fight," Jack says to Walcott

The referee looked at John and waved Walcott on.

Go in there you slob he says

Walcott went in He didn t know what to do either He never thought Jack could have stood it Jack put the left in his face There was such a hell of a lot of yelling going on They were right in front of us Walcott hit him twice Jack s face was the worst thing I ever saw —the look on it! He was holding himself and all his body together and it all showed on his face All the time he was thinking and holding his body in where it was busted

Then he started to sock His face looked awful all the time He started to sock with his hands low down by his side swinging at Walcott. Walcott covered up and Jack was swinging wild at Walcott s head Then he swung the left and it hit Walcott in the groin and the right hit Walcott right bang where he d hit Jack Way low below the belt. Walcott went down and grabbed himself there and rolled and twisted around

The referee grabbed Jack and pushed him toward his corner John jumps into the ring There was all this yelling going on The referee was talking with the judges and then the announcer got into the ring with the megaphone and says Walcott on a foul"

The referee is talking to John and he says "What could I do? Jack wouldn t take the foul. Then when he s groggy he fouls him"

He d lost it anyway" John says

Jack s sitting on the chair I ve got his gloves off and he s holding himself in down there with both hands When he s got something supporting it his face doesn t look so bad

He lies there his eyes are open now His face has still got that awful drawn look

It s funny how fast you can think when it means that much money Jack says

"You re some boy Jack John says

No" Jack says It was nothing

him that I d adore to dance with him I cannot understand why I wasn t struck right down dead Yes and being *struck dead would look like a day in the country* compared to struggling out a dance with this boy But what could I do? Everyone else at the table had got up to dance except him and me There I was trapped. Trapped like a trap in a trap

What can you say when a man asks you to dance with him? I most certainly will *not* dance with you I'll see you in hell first Why thank you I d like to awfully but I m having labor pains Oh yes *do* let s dance together—it s so nice to meet a man who isn t a scaredy cat about catching my beri beri. No There was nothing for me to do but say I d adore to Well we might as well get it over with All right Cannonball let s run out on the field You won the toss you can lead

Why I think it s more of a waltz really Isn t it? We might just listen to the music a second Shall we? Oh yes it's a waltz Mind? Why I m simply thrilled I d love to waltz with you

I d love to waltz with you I d love to waltz with you I d love to have my tonsils out I d love to be in a midnight fire at sea Well, it s too late now We re getting under way *Oh* Oh dear Oh dear dear dear Oh this is even worse than I thought it would be I suppose that s the one dependable law of life—everything is always worse than you thought it was going to be. Oh if I had had any real grasp of what this dance would be like I d have held out for sitting it out Well it will probably amount to the same thing in the end We'll be sitting it out on the floor in a minute if he keeps this up

I m so glad I brought it to his attention that this is a waltz they re playing Heaven knows what might have happened, if he had thought it was something fast we d have blown the sides right out of the building

Why does he always want to be somewhere that he isn t? Why can t we stay in one place just long enough to get acclimated? It s this constant rush rush rush that s the curse of American life That s the reason that we re all of us so— *Ou!* For God s sake don t *kick* you idiot this is only *second* down Oh my shin My poor poor shin that I ve had ever since I was a little girl!

Oh no no no Goodness no It didn t hurt the least little bit And anyway it was my fault Really it was Truly Well you re just being sweet to say that It really was all my fault

I wonder what I d better do—kill him this instant with my naked hands or wait and let him drop in his traces Maybe it s best not to make a scene I guess I'll just lie low and watch the pace get him He can t keep this up indefinitely—he s only flesh and blood Die he must, and die he shall for what he did to me I don t want to be of the over sensitive type but you can t tell me that kick was unpremeditated Freud says there are no accidents I ve led no cloistered life I ve known dancing partners who have spoiled my slippers and torn my dress but when it comes to kicking I am Outraged Womanhood When you kick me in the shin *smile*

Maybe he didn t do it maliciously Maybe it s just his way of showing his high spirits I suppose I ought to be glad that one of us is having such a good time I suppose I ought to think myself lucky if he brings me back alive Maybe it s captious to demand of a practically strange man that he leave your shins as he found them After all the poor boy s doing the best he can Probably he grew up in the hill country and never had no larnin I bet they had to throw him on his back to get shoes on him

Yes it s lovely isn t it? It s simply lovely It s the loveliest waltz Isn t it? Oh I think it s lovely too

Why Im getting positively drawn to the Triple Threat here Hes my hero He has the heart of a lion and the sinews of a buffalo Look at him—never a thought of the consequences never afraid of his face hurling himself into every scrimmage eyes shining cheeks ablaze And shall it be said that I hung back? No a thousand times no Whats it to me if I have to spend the next couple of years in a plaster cast? Come on Butch right through them! Who wants to live forever?

Oh Oh dear Oh hes all right thank goodness For a while I thought theyd have to carry him off the field Ah I couldnt bear to have anything happen to him I love him I love him better than anybody in the world Look at the spirit he gets into a dreary commonplace waltz how effete the other dancers seem beside him He is youth and vigor and courage he is strength and gaiety and— *Ow!* Get off my instep you hulking peasant! What do you think I am anyway—a gangplank? *Ow!*

No of course it didnt hurt Why it didnt a bit Honestly And it was all my fault You see that little step of yours—well its perfectly lovely but its just a tiny bit tricky to follow at first Oh did you work it up yourself? You really did? Well arent you amazing! Oh now I think I've got it Oh I think its lovely I was watching you do it when you were dancing before Its awfully effective when you look at it

Its awfully effective when you look at it I bet Im awfully effective when you look at me My hair is hanging along my cheeks my skirt is swaddled about me I can feel the cold damp of my brow I must look like something out of the Fall of the House of Usher This sort of thing takes a fearful toll of a woman my age And he worked up his little step himself he with his

to talk to him Look at him—what could you say to a thing like that! Did you go to the circus this year what's your favorite kind of ice cream how do you spell cat? I guess I'm as well off here As well off as if I were in a cement mixer in full action

I'm past all feeling now The only way I can tell when he steps on me is that I can hear the splintering of bones And all the events of my life are passing before my eyes There was the time I was in a hurricane in the West Indies there was the day I got my head cut open in the taxi smash there was the night the drunken lady threw a bronze ash tray at her own true love and got me instead there was that summer that the sailboat kept capsizing Ah what an easy peaceful time was mine until I fell in with Swifty here I didn't know what trouble was before I got drawn into this *danse macabre* I think my mind is beginning to wander It almost seems to me as if the orchestra were stopping It couldn't be of course it could never never be And yet in my ears there is a silence like the sound of angel voices

Oh they've stopped the mean things They're not going to play any more Oh darn Oh do you think they would? Do you really think so if you gave them fifty dollars? Oh that would be lovely And look do tell them to play this same thing I'd simply adore to go on walt ing

was quite emphatic about this The impression you made may my best friends awways make such a good impression But I dunno he amended You was aw ways so serious I mean bringin in books and talkin over the phone about concerts You gave me the im pression—well I dunno if I should say it

Go on urged Bella We might as well be frank After all if we cant be frank—well I mean what sa use? she finished weakly

Oh this aint nothin bad he hastened to assure her This is oney that I thought you was—well kinda highbrow "

Oh I m not highbrow said Bella flattered at this estimate of her Just because I like to read books just because I think its silly not to keep d veloping your mind while you re working is no reason to think I m highb ow After all there are people just like me in clined along the lines of reading books who aren t highbrow And I like music I like good jazz and I like classical music You can leave me in a room with clas sical music and still and all I d have a fine time But that don t mean I m highbrow

Guess you think I m an awful dumbbell or some-thing sa d Mr Kaplan hop ng Bella would express an opin on of him He wasn t disappointed

Oh no I useta think you was a high liver you know—overdoing the night-club part of yesself I mean its awright having a good time but having a good time too much isn t healthy fa a person no matta who he or she may be

Yeah I guess I kinda overdid the n ght club life at that said Mr Kaplan secretly pleased at this and feeling very much the rake He rose took an apple from the fru t bowl resting on the table polished it with the palm of h s hand and then dug into it with his teeth

Suddenly Bella became active She noticed that the apple core was still in her hand and she now looked around for a place to deposit it There was an ashtray on the table and she placed it there

Mr Kaplan puffing heavily came toward her

Gee Bella he said you certainey are one sweet kid"

No I'm not," she said Im just—well, Im just a girl.

"Yeah" he said enthusiastically "but what a girl! With that he seized her and again they embraced and kissed

Suddenly voices were heard at the front door and they quickly parted Ma and Pa Gross came into the room

Hello Mr Kaplan said Mrs Gross turning to greet the guest Look, company we got, and Bella dont tell her own mother even.

Hello Mr Kaplan It was Mr Grosss turn to greet him How you filling Mr Kaplan? Good? Then, without waiting for a reply he added "By me is a headick worse like a feektree"

How was the movie?" Bella asked

A fine moom pickcha we seen replied Mrs G oss Such moom pickchas my worst enemi s should oney see

"Look whos talking! said Pa Gross glaring at his wife In the first place you din see no moom pickcha and in the secont place next time you can go alone"

Now Fath r" remonstrated Bella "thats no way to talk"

"Talk shmalk who wantsta go with her to the movies?

What happened? inquired Bella

Sure" he replied He seemed anxious to get away Thanks for a nice time"

You don t mean nice said Bella quickly You mean common

She shut the door

handsome young Heinrich he will be a grown man before I set eyes upon him again

And dinner—shall I evermore hope to eat as I have eaten? Now I go to a restaurant and over my lonely roast beef comes visions of *Gebackener Schinken* steaming in its Burgundy sauce of *Spat le* ah! of *Spat-le* and *Spargel* No I shall never again become reconciled to my American diet And the wines so carefully slipped ashore from the German boats and the pledges we made as the glasses brimmed for the fourth and fifth and sixth times

Of course you are right to go You have never become American despite your success here and now that the business is so well established you must take your sturdy German boys back to the homeland to be educated Elsa too has missed her family through the long years and they will be glad to see you as well. The impecunious young artist has now become the family benefactor and that too will give you a quiet little triumph.

The business continues to go well Mr Levine has bought the small Picasso at our price for which I congratulate myself and I have old Mrs Fleshman playing with the notion of the hideous Madonna No one ever bothers to tell her that any particular piece of hers is bad because they are all so bad However I lack your fine touch in selling to the old Jewish matrons I can persuade them of the excellence of the investment, but you alone had the fine spiritual approach to a piece of art that unarmed them Besides they probably never entirely trust another Jew

A delightful letter came yesterday from Griselle She writes that she is about to make me proud of my little sister She has the lead in a new play in Vienna and the notices are excellent—her discouraging years with the small companies are beginning to bear fruit Poor child

it has not been easy for her but she has never complained She has a fine spirit as well as beauty and I hope the talent as well She asked about you Martin in a very friendly way There is no bitterness left there for that passes quickly when one is young as she is A few years and there is only a memory of the hurt and of course neither of you was to be blamed Those things are like quick storms for a moment you are drenched and blasted and you are so wholly helpless before them But then the sun comes and although you have neither quite forgotten there remains only gentleness and no sorrow You would not have had it otherwise nor would I I have not written Griselle that you are in Europe but perhaps I shall if you think it wise for she does not make friends easily and I know she would be glad to feel that friends are not far away

Fourteen years since the war! Did you mark the date? What a long way we have traveled as peoples from that bitterness! Again my dear Martin let me embrace you in spirit and with the most affectionate remembrances to Elsa and the boys believe me

Your ever most faithful
MAX

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH GERMANY

DECEMBER 10 1932

Mr Max Eisenstein
Schulse Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco California U S A

MAX DEAR OLD FELLOW

The check and accounts came through promptly for

which my thanks You need not send me such details of the business You know how I am in accord with your methods and here at Munich I am in a rush of new ac tivities We are established but what a turmoil! The house as you know I had long in mind And I got it at an amazing bargain Thirty rooms and about ten acres of park you would never belie e it But then you could not appreciate how poor is now this sad land of mine The servants quarters st bles and outbuildings are most extensive and would you believe it we employ now ten servants for the same wages of our two in the San Francisco home

The tapestries and pieces we shipped make a rich show and some other fine furnishings I have been able to secure so that we are much admired I was almost to say envied Four full services in the fin st china I have bought and much crystal as well as a full service of silver for which Elsa is in ecstasies

And for Elsa—such a joke! You will I know laugh with me I have purchased for her a huge bed Such a size as never was before twice the bigness of a double bed and with great posters in carved wood The sheets I must have made to order for there are no sheets made that could fit it And they are of linen the finest linen sheets Elsa laughs and laughs and her old *Grossmutter* stands shaking her head and grumbles *Nein* Martin *nein* You have made it so and now you must take care or sh will grow to match it

Ja says Elsa fi e more boys and I will fit it just nice and snug And she will Max

For the boys there are three ponies (little Karl and Wolfgang are not big enough to r de yet) and a tutor Their German is very bad be ng too much mixed with Engl sh

Elsa s family do not find things so easy no v The

old wound has healed but the scar throbs at times my friend.

I wish that you will give her our address We are such a short distance from Vienna that she can feel there is for her a home close at hand Elsa too knows nothing of the old feeling between us and you know with what warmth she would welcome your sister as she would welcome you Yes you must tell her that we are here and urge her to soon make a contact with us Give her our most warm congratulations for the fine success that she is making

Elsa asks that I send to you her love and Heinrich would also say "hello" to Uncle Max. We do not forget you, Maxel

My heartiest greetings to you
MARTIN

SCHULSE EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A.
JANUARY 21 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

MY DEAR MARTIN

I was glad to forward your address to Griselle She should have it shortly if she has not already received it. What jollification there will be when she sees you all! I shall be with you in spirit as heartily as if I also could rejoin you in person

You speak of the poverty there. Conditions have been bad here this winter but of course we have known nothing of the privations you see in Germany

Personally you and I are lucky that we have such a ound following for the gallery Of course our own clientele are cutting their purchases but if they buy only half as much as before we shall be comfortable not extravagantly o but very comfortable The oils you sent are excellent and the prices amazing I shall dispose of them at an appalling profit almost at once And the ugly Madonna is gone! Yes to old Mrs Fleshman How I gasped at h r perspicacity in recognizing its worth hesitating to set a price! She suspected me of having another client and I named an indecent figure She pounced on it grinning slyly as she wrote her check How I exulted as she bore the horror off with her you alone will know

Alas Martin I often am ashamed of myself for the delight I take in such meaningless little triumphs You in Germany with your country house and your affluence displayed before Elsa s relatives and I in America gloating because I have tricked a giddy old woman into buying a monstrosity What a fine climax for two men of forty! Is it for this we spend our lives to scheme for money and then to strut it publicly? I am always castigating myself but I continue to do as before Alas we are all caught in the same mill We are vain and we are dishonest because it is necessary to triumph over other vain and dishonest persons If I do not sell Mrs Fleshman our horror somebody else will sell her a worse one We must accept these necessities

But there is another realm where we can always find something true the fireside of a friend where we shed our little conceits and find warmth and understanding where small selfishnesses are impossible and where wine and books and talk give a different meaning to existence There we have made something that no falseness can touch We are at home

Who is this Adolph Hitler who seems rising toward power in Germany? I do not like what I read of him

Embrace all the young fry and our abundant Elsa for

Your ever affectionate
MAX

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH GERMANY

MARCH 25 1933

Mr Max Eisenstein
Schulse Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco California U S A

DEAR OLD MAX

You have heard of course of the new events in Germany and you will want to know how it appears to us here on the inside I tell you truly Max, I think in many ways Hitler is good for Germany but I am not sure He is now the active head of the government I doubt much that even Hindenburg could now remove him from power as he was truly forced to place him there The man is like an electric shock strong as only a great orator and a zealot can be But I ask myself is he quite sane? His brown shirt troops are of the rabble They pillage and have started a bad Jew baiting But these may be minor things the little surface scum when a big movement boils up For I tell you my friend there is a surge—a surge The people everywhere have had a quickening You feel it in the streets and shops The old despair has been thrown aside like a forgotten coat. No longer the people wrap themselves in

they hope again Perhaps there may be found an end to this poverty Something I do not know what will happen A leader is found! Yet cautiously to myself I ask a leader to where? Despair overthrown often turns us in mad directions

Publicly as is natural I express no doubt I am now an official and a worker in the new regime and I exult very loud indeed All of us officials who cherish whole skins are quick to join the National Socialists That is the name for Herr Hitler s party But also it is not only expedient there is something more a feeling that we of Germany have found our destiny and that the future sweeps toward us in an overwhelming wave We too must move We must go with it Even now there are being wrongs done The storm troopers are having their moment of victory and there are bloody heads and sad hearts to show for it But these things pass if the end in view is right they pass and are forgotten History writes a clean new page

All I now ask myself and I can say to you what I cannot say to any here is Is the end right? Do we make for a better goal? For you know Max I have seen these people of my race since I came here and I have learned what agonies they have suffered what years of less and less bread of leaner bodies of the end of hope The quicksand of despair held them it was at their chins Then just before they died a man came and pulled them out. All they now know is they will not die They are in hysteria of deliverance almost they worship him But whoever the savior was they would have done the same God grant it is a true leader and no black angel they follow so joyously To you alone Max, I say I do not know I do not know Yet I hope

So much for politics Ourselves we delight in our new home and have done much entertaining Tonight

the mayor is our guest at a dinner for twenty-eight. We spread ourselves a little maybe but that is to be forgiven Elsa has a new gown of blue velvet and is in terror for fear it will not be big enough She is with child again There is the way to keep a wife contented Max Keep her so busy with babies she has no time to fret.

Our Heinrich has made a social conquest. He goes out on his pony and gets himself thrown off and who picks him up but the Baron von Freische They have a long conversation about America and one day the baron calls and we have coffee Heinrich will go there to lunch next week What a boy! It is too bad his German is not better but he delights everyone

So we go my friend perhaps to become part of great events perhaps only to pursue our simple family way but never abandoning that trueness of friendship of which you speak so movingly Our hearts go out to you across the wide sea and when the glasses are filled we toast Uncle Max

Yours in affectionate regard
MARTIN

SCHULSE EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
MAY 18 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantenburg
Munich Germany

DEAR MARTIN

I am in distress at the press reports that come pouring in to us from the Fatherland Thus it is natural that I turn to you for light while there are only cor

Deutsch Völkische Bank und Handelsgesellschaft
München

JULY 9 1933

Mr Max Eisenstein
Schulse Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco California U S A

DEAR MAX

You will see that I write upon the stationery of my bank This is necessary because I have a request to make of you and I wish to avoid the new censorship which is most strict We must for the present discontinue writing each other It is impossible for me to be in correspondence with a Jew even if it were not that I have an official position to maintain If a communication becomes necessary you must enclose it with the bank draft and not write to me at my house again

As for the stern measure that so distress you I myself did not like them at first, but I have come to see their painful necessity The Jewish race is a sore spot to any nation that harbors it I have never hated the individual Jew—yourself I have always cherished as a friend but you will know that I speak in all honesty when I say I have loved you not because of your race but in spite of it

The Jew is the universal scapegoat This does not happen without reason and it is not the old superstition about Christ killers that make them distrusted But this Jew trouble is only an incident Something bigger is happening

If I could show you if I could make you see—the rebirth of this new Germany under our Gentle Leader! Not for always can the world grind a great people

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
AUGUST 1 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
(kindness of J Lederer)
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich Germany

MARTIN MY OLD FRIEND

I am sending this by the hand of Jimmy Lederer who will shortly pass through Munich on a European vacation I cannot rest after the letter you last sent me It is so unlike you I can only attribute its contents to your fear of the censorship The man I have loved as a brother whose heart has ever been brimming with sympathy and friendship cannot possibly partake of even a passive partnership in the butchery of innocent people I trust and pray that it may be so that you will write me no exposition which might be dangerous for you—only a simple yes That will tell me that you play the part of expediency but that your heart has not changed and that I was not deluded in believing you to be always a man of fine and liberal spirit to whom wrongs *are wrongs in whosoevers name they may be* committed

This censorship this persecution of all men of liberal thought the burning of libraries and corruption of the Universities would arouse your antagonism if there had been no finger laid on one of my race in Germany You are a liberal Martin You have always taken the long view I know that you cannot be swept away from sanity by a popular movement which has so much that is bad about it no matter how strong it may be

I can see why the Germans acclaim Hitler They react against the very real wrongs which have been laid

been one He condemns the passive government because it makes no change But let a powerful man arise let an active man start to make a change then where is your liberal? He is against it. To the liberal any change is the wrong one

He calls this the "long view" but it is merely a bad scare that he will have to do something himself He loves words and high sounding *precepts but he is* useless to the men who make the world what it is These are the only important men the doers And here in Germany a doer has risen A vital man is changing things The whole tide of a people's life changes in a minute because the man of action has come And I join him I am not just swept along by a current The useless life that was all talk and no accomplishment I drop I put my back and shoulders behind the great new movement I am a man because I act Before that I am just a voice I do not question the ends of our action It is not necessary I know it is good because it is so vital Men are not drawn into bad things with so much joy and eagerness

You say we persecute men of liberal thought, we destroy libraries You should wake from your musty sentimentalizing Does the surgeon spare the cancer because he must cut to remove it? We are cruel Of course we are cruel As all birth is brutal so is this new birth of ours But we rejoice Germany lifts high her head among the nations of the world She follows her glorious Leader to triumph What can you know of this you who only sit and dream? You have never known a Hitler He is a drawn sword He is a white light, but hot as the sun of a new day

I must insist that you write no further We are no longer in sympathy as now we must both realize

MARTIN SCHULSE

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
SEPTEMBER 5 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
c/o Deutsch Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich Germany

DEAR MARTIN

Enclosed are your draft and the months accounts It is of necessity that I send a brief message Griselle has gone to Berlin She is too daring But she has waited so long for success she will not relinquish it and laughs at my fears She will be at the Koenig Theater You are an official For old friendships sake I beg of you watch over her Go to Berlin if you can and see whether she is in danger

It will distress you to observe that I have been obliged to remove your name from the firms name You know who our principal clients are and they will touch nothing now from a firm with a German name

Your new attitude I cannot discuss But you must understand me I did not expect you would take up arms for my people because they are my people but because you were a man who loved justice

I commend my rash Griselle to you The child does not realize what a risk she is taking I shall not write again

Goodbye my friend
MAX

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
NOVEMBER 5 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
c/o Deutsch Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich Germany

MARTIN

I write again because I must A black foreboding has taken possession of me I wrote Griselle as soon as I knew she was in Berlin and she answered briefly Rehearsals were going brilliantly the play would open shortly My second letter was more encouragement than warning and it has been returned to me the envelope unopened marked only addressee unknown (*Adressat Unbekannt*) What a darkness those words carry! How can she be unknown? It is surely a message that she has come to harm. They know what has happened to her those stamped letters say but I am not to know She has gone into some sort of void and it will be useless to seek her All this they tell me in two words *Adressat Unbekannt*

Martin need I ask you to find her to succor her? You have known her graciousness her beauty and sweetness You have had her love which she has given to no other man. Do not attempt to write to me I know I need not even ask you to aid It is enough to tell you that something has gone wrong that she must be in danger

I leave her in your hands for I am helpless

MAX

she has not yet come there make a quiet investigation if you can My mind cannot rest I torture myself by day and by night seeing the brave little thing trudging all those long miles through hostile country with winter coming on God grant you can send me a word of relief

MAX

Deutsch Volkische Bank und Handelsgesellschaft
Munchen

DECEMBER 8 1933

Mr Max Eisenstein
Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco California U S A

DEAR MAX

Heil Hitler! I much regret that I have bad news for you Your sister is dead Unfortunately she was as you have said very much a fool Not quite a week ago she came here with a bunch of storm troopers almost right behind her The house was very active—Elsa has not been well since little Adolph was born last month—the doctor was here and two nurses with all the servants and children scurrying around

By luck I answered the door At first I think it is an old woman and then I see the face and then I see the storm troopers have turned in the park gates Can I hide her? It is one chance in thousands A servant will be on us at any minute Can I endure to have my house ransacked with Elsa ill in bed and to risk being arrested for harboring a Jew and to lose all I have built,

CABLEGRAM

SAN FRANCISCO JANUARY 2 1934

MARTIN SCHULSE

YOUR TERMS ACCEPTED NOVEMBER TWELVE AUDIT SHOWS THIRTEEN PERCENT INCREASE FEBRUARY SECOND FOUR FOLD ASSURED PAN EXHIBITION MAY FIRST PREPARE LEAVE FOR MOSCOW IF MARKET OPENS UNEXPECTEDLY FINANCIAL INSTRUCTIONS MAILED NEW ADDRESS

EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
JANUARY 3 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich Germany

OUR DEAR MARTIN

Don t forget grandma s birthday She will be 64 on the 8th American contributors will furnish 1000 brushes for your German Young Painters League Mandelberg has joined in supporting the league You must send 11 Picasso reproductions 20 by 90 to branch galleries on the 25th no sooner Reds and blues must predominate We can allow you $8 000 on this transaction at present Start new accounts book 2

Our prayers follow you daily dear brother

EISENSTEIN

understand all that he says I am sure everyone will be in readiness for your family reunion on the 15th You will be tired after these festivities and may want to take your family with you on your trip to Zurich

Before leaving however procure the following reproductions for branches of German Young Painters League looking forward to the joint exhibit in May or earlier Picasso 17 by 81 red Van Gogh 5 by 42 white Rubens 15 by 204 blue and yellow

Our prayers are with you

EISENSTEIN

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH GERMANY

FEBRUARY 12 1934

Mr Max Eisenstein
Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco California U S A

MAX MY OLD FRIEND

My God Max do you know what you do? I shall have to try to smuggle this letter out with an American I have met here I write in appeal from a despair you cannot imagine This crazy cable! These letters you have sent I am called in to account for them The letters are not delivered but they bring me in and show me letters from you and demand I give them the code A code? And how can you a friend of long years do this to me?

Do you realize have you any idea that you destroy me? Already the results of your madness are terrible I

lin branch for your painters by this week-end This will allow time for practice before the big exhibition American patrons will help with all the artists supplies that can be provided but you must make the final arrangements We are too far out of touch with the European market and you are in a position to gauge the extent of support such a showing would arouse in Germany Prepare these for distribution by March 24th Rubens 12 by 77 blue Giotto 1 by 317 green and white Poussin 90 by 90 red and hite

Young Blum left last Friday with the Picasso specifications He will leave oils in Hamburg and Leipzig and will then place himself at your disposal

Success to you!
EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U S A
MARCH 3 1934

MARTIN OUR BROTHER

Cousin Julius has two nine pound boys The family is happy We regard the success of your coming artists exhibition as assured The last shipment of canvases was delayed due to difficult es of international exchange but will reach your Berlin associates in plenty of time Consider reproduction collection complete Your best support should come from Picasso enthusiasts but neglect no other lines

We leave all final plans to your discretion but urge an early date for wholly successful exhibit

The God of Moses be at your right hand

EISENSTEIN

American Verse

PAUL REVERE S RIDE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy five
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year

He said to his friend If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land and two if by sea
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk to be up and to arm

Then he said Good night! and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore
Just as the moon rose over the bay
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset* British man-of war
A phantom ship with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide

Meanwhile his friend through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread
To the belfry chamber overhead
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
By the trembling ladder steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town
And the moonlight flowing over all

Beneath in the churchyard lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear like a sentinel's tread
The watchful night wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent
And seeming to whisper All is well!
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats

Meanwhile impatient to mount and ride

Booted and spurred with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere
Now he patted his horse s side
Now gazed at the landscape far and near
Then impetuous stamped the earth
And turned and tightened his saddle girth
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church
As it rose above the graves on the hill
Lonely and spectral and somber and still
And lo! as he looks on the belfry s height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle the bridle he turns
But lingers and gazes till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street
A shape in the moonlight a bulk in the dark
And beneath from the pebbles in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet
That was all! And yet through the gloom and
    the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night
And the spark struck out by that steed in h s flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat

He has left the village and mounted the steep
And beneath him tranquil and broad and deep
Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tides
And under the alders that skirt its edge
Now soft on the sand now loud on the ledge
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed
And the meetinghouse window blank and bare
Gaze at him with a spectral glare
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall
Who that day would be lying dead
Pierced by a British musket ball

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farmyard wall
Chasing the red-coats down the lane
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road
And only pausing to fire and load

So through the night rode Paul Revere
And so through the night went his cry of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defiance and not of fear
A voice in the darkness a knock at the door
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For borne on the night wind of the Past
Through all our history to the last
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere

Was I not close at Bunker Hill?
Close said General Putnam

Am I not that which strong men dread
On stricken field or fevered bed
On gloomy trail and stormy sea
And dare you name my name to me?
Death said General Putnam

We have been comrades you and I
In chase and war beneath this sky
And now whatever Fate may send
Old comrade can you call me friend?
"Friend! said General Putnam

Then up he rose and forth they went
Away from battleground fortress tent
Mountain wilderness field and farm
Death and the General arm in arm
Death and General Putnam

HOME SWEET HOME

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

This not u familiar lyric was the song hit of an otherwise forgotten show called Clari or The Maid of Milan the work of an author who at the age of fifty retreated to a snug berth in the consular service His appointment by President Tyler to the post where he lived and died acquires just a hundred years later a certain topical interest for it was May 1843 that he took office as the American Consul at Tunis

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble there s no place like home
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the world is ne er met with elsewhere
Home home sweet sweet home!
There s no place like home oh there s no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call—
Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home home sweet sweet home!
There s no place like home oh there s no place like home!

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door

TO HELEN

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Helen thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicèan barks of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary way worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore

On desperate seas long wont to roam
Thy hyacinth hair thy classic face
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

Lo in yon brilliant window niche
How statue like I see thee stand
The agate lamp within thy hand
Ah! Psyche from the regions which
Are holy land!

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we—
  Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above
  Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee —

For the moon never beams without bringing me
        dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee
And so all the night tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling —my darling —my life and my
        bride
  In the sepulcher there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the sounding sea

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on"

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
seat
O be swift my soul to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me
As he died to make men holy let us die to make men
free
While God is marching on

NANCY HANKS

BY ROSEMARY BENET

If Nancy Hanks
Came back as a ghost
Seeking news
Of what she loved most
She'd ask first
"Where's my son?
What's happened to Abe?
What's he done?

Poor little Abe
Left all alone
Except for Tom
Who's a rolling stone
He was only nine
The year I died
I remember still
How hard he cried

Scraping along
In a little shack
With hardly a shirt
To cover his back
And a prairie wind
To blow him down
Or pinching times
If he went to town

"You wouldn't know
About my son?

Did he grow tall?
Did he have fun?
Did he learn to read?
Did he get to town?
Do you know his name?
Did he get on?

AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA S WOODS

BY WALT WHITMAN

As toilsome I wander d Virginia s woods
To the music of rustling leaves kick d by my feet (for
 twas autumn)
I mark d at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat, (easily
 all could I understand)
The halt of a mid day hour when up! no time to lose—
 yet this sign left
On a tablet scrawl d and nail d on the tree by the grave
Bold cautious true and my loving comrade

Long long I muse then on my way go wandering
Many a changeful season to follow and many a scene
 of life
Yet at times through changeful season and scene
 abrupt lone or in the crowded street
Comes before me the unknown soldier s grave comes
 the inscription rude in Virginia s woods
Bold cautious true and my loving comrade

LITTLE BOY BLUE

BY EUGENE FIELD

The little toy dog is covered with dust
  But sturdy and stanch it stands
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
  And his musket molds in his hands
Time was when the little toy dog was new
  And the soldier was passing fair
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there

Now dont you go till I come" he said
  "And dont you make any noise!
So toddling off to his trundle bed
  He dreamed of the pretty toys
And as he was dreaming an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh the years are many the years are long
  But the little toy friends are true

Ay faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
  Each in the same old place
Awaiting the touch of a little hand
  And the smile of a little face
And they wonder as waiting these long years through
  In the dust of that little chair
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there

THE LAST LEAF

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door
    And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
    With his cane

They say that in his prime
Ere the pruning knife of Time
    Cut him down
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
    Through the town

But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets
    Sad and wan
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said
    They are gone

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
    In their bloom
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
    On the tomb

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow

But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling

A VISIT FROM ST NICHOLAS

BY CLEMENT C MOORE

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our bra ns for a long winter s nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sle gh and eight tiny reindeer
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name
Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cup d! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch to the top of the wall!
Now dash away dash away dash away all!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sk

So up to the house top the coursers they flew
With a sleigh full of toys—and St Nicholas too
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof
As I drew in my head and was turning around
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses his nose like a cherry
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod up the chimney he rose
He sprang to his sleigh to his team gave a whistle
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight
Happy Christmas to all and to all a goodnight!

AMERICAN LAUGHTER

BY KENNETH ALLAN ROBINSON

Oh the men who laughed the American laughter
Whittled their jokes from the tough bull pines
They were tall men sharpened before and after
They studied the sky for the weather signs
They tilted their hats and they smoked long nines!

Their laughter was ladled in Western flagons
And poured down throats that were parched for more
This was the laughter of democrat wagons
And homely men at the crossroads store
—It tickled the shawl that a lawyer wore!

It hurt the ears of the dainty and pretty
But they laughed the louder and laughed their fill
A laughter made for Virginia City
Springfield and Natchez under the Hill
And the river that flows past Hannibal still!

American laughter was lucky laughter
A coonskin tune by a homespun bard
It tasted of hams from the smokehouse rafter
And locust trees in the courthouse yard
And Petroleum Nasby and Artemus Ward!

They laughed at the Mormons and Mike Fink s daugh
ter
And the corncob tale of Sut Lovingood s dog
Till the ague fled from the fever water

And the damps deserted the tree stump bog
—They laughed at the tale of the jumping frog!

They laughed at the British they laughed at Shakers
At Horace Greeley and stovepipe hats
They split their fences and ploughed their acres
And treed their troubles like mountain-cats
—They laughed calamity out of the flats!

Now the Boston man according to rumor
Said as he turned in his high backed bed
This doesn t conform to my rules for humor
And he settled his nightcap over his head
—But it shook the earth like the buffalo tread!

And the corn grew tall and the fields grew wider
And the land grew sleek with the mirth they sowed
They laughed the fat meat into the spider
They laughed the blues from the Wilderness Road
—They crossed hard times to the Comstock Lode!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

BY BRET HARTE

Which I wish to remark
And my language is plain
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar
Which the same I would rise to explain

Ah Sin was his name
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye

It was August the third
And quite soft was the skies
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise

Which we had a small game
And Ah Sin took a hand
It was Euchre The same
He did not understand
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers
And the same with intent to deceive

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me

Then I looked up at Nye
And he gazed upon me
And he rose with a sigh
And said Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor —
And he went for that heathen Chinee

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand

In his sleeves which were long
He had twenty four packs—
Which was coming it strong
Yet I state but the facts
And we found on his nails which were taper
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax

Which is why I remark
And my language is plain
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain

LITTLE WILLIE

BY EUGENE FIELD

When Willie was a little boy
Not more than five or six
Right constantly did he annoy
His mother with his tricks
Not yet a picayune cared I
For what he did or said
Unless as happened frequently
The rascal wet the bed

Closely he cuddled up to me
And put his hands in mine
'Til all at *once I seemed to be*
Afloat in seas of brine
Sabean odors clogged the air
And filled my soul with dread
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed

'Tis many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bedclothes through
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do
Yet there he'd lie so peaceful like
God bless his curly head
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed

Ah me those happy days have flown
My boy's a father too

And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do
And I! Ah all thats left of me
Is dreams of pleasure fled
Our boys aint what they used to be
When Willie wet the bed

Had I my choice no shapely dame
Should share my couch with me
No amorous jade of tarnished fame
No wench of high degree
But I should choose and choose again
The little curly head
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL

BY *JOHN HAY*

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's;
But I'll tell the yarn to you'uns.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was fair,
The neighbors round the counter drawed,
And calmly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whisky skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky skin."

No man high toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round
Says he Young man the tribe of Phinns
  Knows their own whisky skins!

He went for his 'leven inch bowie knife —
I tries to foller a Christian life
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two
  My bloomin shrub with you.

They carved in a way that all admired
Tell Blood drawed iron at last and fired
It took Seth Bludso twixt the eyes
  Which caused him great surprise

Then coats went off and all went in
Shots and bad language swelled the din
The short sharp bark of Derringers
  Like bull pups cheered the furse

They piled the stiffs outside the door
They made I reckon a cord or more
Girls went that winter as a rule
  Alone to spellin school

I ve sarched in vain from Dan to Beer
Sheba to make this mystery clear
But I end with *hit* as I d d begin —
  WHO GOT THE WHISKY SKIN?

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Old man never had much to say—
  Ceptin to Jim —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
  And the old man jes wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life —and first time was
When the army broke out and Jim he went
The old man backin him fer three months
And all at I heerd the old man say
Was jes as we turned to start away —
  "Well good by Jim
    Take keer of yourse f!

'Peared like he was more satisfied
  Jes *lookin* at Jim
And likin him all to hisse f like see?—
  Cause he was jes wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin a watchin Jim—
And down at the deepot a heerin him say
  'Well good by Jim
    Take keer of yourse f!

Never was nothin about the *farm*
  Disting ished Jim
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
  The old man peared wrapped up in him

And socked it home to the boys in gray
As they scooted fer timber and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone
And the old man s words in his mind all day —
"Well good by Jim
Take keer of yourse fl

Think of a private now perhaps
We'll say like Jim
Ats clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
And the old man jes wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum through
And the glorious old Red White and Blue
A laughin the news down over Jim
And the old man bendin over him—
The surgeon turnin away with tears
At hadn t leaked fer years and years
As the hand of the dyin boy clung to
His father s the old voice in his ears —
Well good by Jim
Take keer of yourse fl

JOHN L SULLIVAN
THE STRONG BOY OF BOSTON

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

When I was nine years old in 1889
I sent my love a lacy Valentine
Suffering boys were dressed like Fauntleroys
While Judge and Puck in giant humor vied
The Gibson Girl came shining like a bride
To spoil the cult of Tennyson s Elaine
Louisa Alcott was my gentle guide
Then
I heard a battle trumpet sound
Nigh New Orleans
Upon an emerald plain
John L Sullivan
The strong boy
Of Boston
Fought seventy five red rounds with Jake Kilrain

In simple sheltered 1889
Nick Carter I would piously deride
Over the Elsie Books I moped and sighed
St Nicholas Magazine was all my pride
While coarser boys on cellar doors would slide
The grown ups bought refinement by the pound
Rogers groups had not been told to hide
E P Roe had just begun to wane
Howells was rising surely to attain!
The nation for a jamboree was gowned —
Her hundredth year of roaring freedom crowned

The British Lion ran and hid from Blaine
The razzle-dazzle hip-hurrah from Maine
The mocking bird was singing in the lane
Yet
 East side west side all around the town
The tots sang Ring a rosie—
'London Bridge a falling down "
And
John L. Sullivan
The strong boy
Of Boston
Broke every single rib of Jake Kilrain

In dear provincial 1889
Barnum s bears and tigers could astound
Ingersoll was called a most vile hound
And named with Satan Judas Thomas Paine!
Robert Elsmere riled the pious brain
Phillips Brooks for heresy was fried
Boston Brahmins patronized Mark Twain
The base ball rules were changed That was a gain
Pop Anson was our darling pet and pride
Native sons in Irish votes were drowned
Tammany once more escaped its chain
Once more each raw saloon was raising Cain
The mocking bird was singing in the lane
Yet
 East side west side all around the town
The tots sang 'Ring a rosie
'London Bridge is falling down
And
John L Sullivan
The strong boy
Of Boston
Finished the ring career of Jake Kilrain

In mystic ancient 1889
Wilson with pure learning was allied
Roosevelt gave forth a chirping sound
Stanley found old Emin and his train
Stout explorers sought the pole in vain
To dream of flying proved a man insane
The newly rich were bathing in champagne
Van Bibber Davis at a single bound
Displayed himself and simpering glory found
John J Ingalls like a lonely crane
Swore and swore and stalked the Kansas plain
The Cronin murder was the ages stain
Johnstown was flooded and the whole world cried
We heard not of Louvain nor of Lorraine
Or a million heroes for their freedom slain
Of Armageddon and the world s birth pain—
The League of Nations and the world one posy
We *thought* the world would loaf and sprawl and mosey
The gods of Yap and Swat were sweetly dozy
We *thought* the far off gods of Chow had died
The mocking bird was singing in the lane
Yet
East side west side all around the town
The tots sang Ring a rosie
LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN "
And
John L Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

BY *EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY*

In the spring of 1918 this poem was published in The Stars and Stripes *over the signature of a Private 1 Cl then attached though not deeply to a medical unit at Vincennes on the outskirts of Paris He had successfully submitted it as his own work to an editorial council which was made up of semi-illiterate enlisted men who even so ought to have known better*

I will be the gladdest thing
  Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
  And not pick one

I will look at cliffs and clouds
  With quiet eyes
Watch the wind bow down the grass
  And the grass rise

And when lights begin to show
  Up from the town
I will mark which must be mine
  And then start down!

(dreaming
et cetera of
your smile
eyes knees and of your etcetera)

TWO VOLUME NOVEL

BY DOROTHY PARKER

The sun's gone dim and
  The moon's turned black
For I loved him and
  He didn't love back

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous and a thing of state
  That here at midnight in our little town
A mourning figure walks and will not rest
  Near the old court house pacing up and down

Or by his homestead or the shadowed yards
  He lingers where his children used to play
Or through the market on the well worn stones
  He stalks until the dawn stars burn away

A bronzed lank man! His suit of ancient black
  A famous high top hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love
  The prairie lawyer master of us all

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now
  He is among us as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
  Breathe deep and start to see him pass the door

His head is bowed He thinks on men and kings
  Yea when the sick world cries how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight they know not why
  Too many homesteads in black terror weep

The sins of all the war lords burn his heart
  He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main

He carries on his shawl wrapt shoulders now
  The bitterness the folly and the pain

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
  Shall come —the shining hope of Europe free
The league of sober folk the Workers Earth
  Bringing long peace to Cornland Alp and Sea

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
  That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain And who will bring white peace
  That he may sleep upon his hill again?

THE MAID SERVANT AT THE INN

BY DOROTHY PARKER

Its queer" she said I see the light
As plain as I beheld it then
All silver like and calm and bright—
We ve not had stars like that again!

And she was such a gentle thing
To birth a baby in the cold
The barn was dark and frightening—
This new one s better than the old

I mind my eyes were full of tears
For I was young and quick distressed
But she was less than me in years
That held a son against her breast.

"I never saw a sweeter child—
The little one the darling one!—
I mind I told her when she smiled
You d know he was his mother s son

Its queer that I should see them so—
The time they came to Bethlehem
Was more than thirty years ago
I ve prayed that all is well with them."

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN

BY ROBERT FROST

Mary sat musing on the lamp flame at the table
Waiting for Warren When she heard his step
She ran on tip toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard Silas is back
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her Be kind she said
She took the market things from Warren s arms
And set them on the porch then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps

When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back he said
I told him so last haying didn t I?
If he left then I said that ended it
What good is he? Who else will harbor him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there s no depending on
Off he goes always when I need him most
He thinks he ought to earn a little pay
Enough at least to buy tobacco with
So he won t have to beg and be beholden
All right I say I can t afford to pay
Any fixed wages though I wish I could
Someone else can Then someone else will have to
I shouldn t mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was You can be certain

When he begins like that there s someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket money —
In haying time when any help is scarce
In winter he comes back to us I m done

Sh! not so loud he'll hear you Mary said

I want him to he'll have to soon or late

He s worn out He s asleep beside the stove
When I came up from Rowe s I found him here
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep
A miserable sight and frightening too—
You needn t smile—I didn t recognize him—
I wasn t looking for him—and he s changed
Wait till you see

'Where did you say he d been?

He didn t say I dragged him to the house
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke
I tried to make him talk about his travels
Nothing would do he just kept nodding off

'What did he say? Did he say anything?

But l ttle"

Anything? Mary confess
He said he d come to ditch the meadow for me"

"Warren!

But d d he? I just want to know"

Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn t make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done
him
He wanted to go over that But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—

I know thats Silas one accomplishment
He bundles every forkful in its place
And tags and numbers it for future reference
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading Silas does that well
He takes it out in bunches like birds nests
You never see him standing on the hay
He s trying to lift straining to lift himself

He thinks if he could teach him that he d be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world
He hates to see a boy the fool of books
Poor Silas so concerned for other folk
And nothing to look backward to with pride
And nothing to look forward to with hope
So now and never any different

Part of a moon was falling down the west
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills
Its light poured softly in her lap She saw
And spread her apron to it She put out her hand
Among the harp like morning glory strings
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.

"Warren she said "he has come home to die
You needn t be afraid he'll leave vou thus time

Home he mocked gently

"Yes what el e but home?
It all depends on what vou mean bv home
Of course he s nothing to us any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods worn out upon the trail"

Home is the place where when you have to go there
They have to take you in"

I should have called it
Something you somehow haven t to deserve

Warren leaned out and took a step or two
Picked up a little stick and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it bv
Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little mil s
As the road winds would bring him to his door
Silas has walked that far no doubt today
Why didn t he go there? His broth r s rich
A somebodv—director in the bank"

He never told us that

"We know it though

"I think his brother ought to help of course
I'll see to that if there is need He ought of right
To take him in and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances

But have some pity on Silas Do you think
If he d had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother
He d keep so still about him all this time?

I wonder what s between them

I can tell you
Silas is what he is—we wouldn t mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can t abide
He never did a thing so very bad
He don t know why he isn t quite as good
As anyone He won t be made ashamed
To please his brother worthless though he is

I can t think Si ever hurt anyone

No but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old h ad on that sharp edged chair back
He wouldn t let me put him on the lounge
You must go in and see what you can do
I made the bed up for him there tonight
You ll be surprised at him—how much he s broken
His working days are done I m sure of it

I d not be in a hurry to say that

I haven t been Go look see for yourself
But Warren please remember how it is
He s come to help you ditch the meadow
He has a plan You mustn t laugh at him
He may not speak of it and then he may
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon

It hit the moon
Then there were three there making a dim row
The moon the little silver cloud and she

Warren returned—too soon it seemed to her
Slipped to her side caught up her hand and waited

Warren? she questioned

Dead was all he answered

LAMENT

BY EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

Listen children
Your father is dead
From his old coats
I'll make you little jackets
I'll make you little trousers
From his old pants
There'll be in his pockets
Things he used to put there
Keys and pennies
Covered with tobacco
Dan shall have the pennies
To save in his bank
Anne shall have the keys
To make a pretty noise with
Life must go on
And the dead be forgotten
Life must go on
Though good men die
Anne eat your breakfast
Dan take your medicine
Life must go on
I forget just why

MENDING WALL
BY ROBERT FROST

Somethmg there is that doesn t love a wall
That sends the frozen ground swell under it.
And spills the upper boulders in the sun
And makes gaps even two can p ss abreast
The work of hunters is another thing
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone
But they would have the r bbit out of hiding
To please the yelping dogs The gaps I mean
No one has seen them made or heard them made
But at spring mendingtime we find them there
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again
We keep the wall between us a we go
To each the boulders that have fallen to each
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance
Stay where you are until our backs are turned!
We wear our fingers rough with handling them
Oh just another kind of outdoor game
On on a side It comes to little more
There where it is we do not need the wall
He is all pine and I am apple orchard
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines I tell him
He only says "Good fences make good neighbors
Spring is the mischief in me and I wonder

If I could put a notion in his head
"*Why* do they make good neighbors? Isn t it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows
Before I built a wall I d ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out
And to whom I was like to give offense
Something there is that doesn t love a wall
That wants it down" I could say Elves to him
But it s not elves exactly and I d rather
He said it for himself I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand like an old stone savage armed
He *moves in darkness as it seems to me*
Not of woods only and the shade of trees
He will not go behind his father s saying
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again Good fences make good neighbors

EARLY MOON

BY CARL SANDBURG

The baby moon a canoe a silver papoose canoe sails and sails in the Indian west

A ring of silver foxes a mist of silver foxes sit and sit around the Indian moon

One yellow star for a runner and rows of blue stars for more runners keep a line of watchers

O foxes baby moon runners you are the panel of memory fire white writing tonight of the Red Mans dreams

Who squats legs crossed and arms folded matching its look against the moon face the star faces of the West?

Who are the Mississippi Valley Ghosts of copper fore heads riding wiry ponies in the night?—no bridles love arms on the pony necks riding in the night a long old trail?

Why do they always come back when the silver foxes sit around the early moon a silver papoose in the In dian west?

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

BY ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know
His house is in the village though
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake

The woods are lovely dark and deep
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep

GRASS

BY CARL SANDBURG

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass I cover all

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun
Shovel them under and let me work
Two years ten years and the passengers ask the conductor
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass
Let me work

SHENANDOAH ROAD

BY E B WHITE

"Yassir yonders the highway"
Sing it nigger boy sing it to me—
Song of a big road going along
A slow time Southland song
New corn in a red clay field
Red as blood where the highway cuts it
Song of a road in the sun of morning
A dogwood blossom river bending road
Winding the hill looking for the town
Down down
A drug store a main street a Carolina town—
Sing that song to me!

In the soft days—
Salesmen traveling folks
Let them ride the cushions in the soft white lilac days
But let me go the valley pike
Thats crazy with red bud running wild
There was an old tune I remember
From the jazz baby of the four a-day
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
Pucker up now
Whistle it to new fat lambs
Whistle it loud to new wobbly foals
Yes sir let the mountains hear—
Let me whistle that tune!

An apple tree in baby pink
Throwing a shadow across a whitewashed fence to a green lawn
A locomotive engineer tooting a long sigh
Waving from the cab as the tracks swing down across the road
A black boy riding mule back into town—
Long ears for the mule
Long dingly feet for the boy—
Riding mule back gazing at the New York license plates
Of a tourist up from Florida
Dreaming of the big town he's never been to
Sit your mule black boy
Dreams are taller than cities
Water your mule in the Shenandoah
In the springtime
Sing your slow songs never mind the city
A grey cabin chinked with red mud
At the end of a row of boxwoods
Dark hole for a door
Dark hole for a window
Little dark faces at a sunshine doorstep
It's pretty weather says the man at the filling station

Ever seen the long shadows go along green willows by a stream?
Ever seen a cow stand stock still in the long shadows?
Ever seen a hen in a sheep pasture
Stand stock still in May
Waiting for something to happen?

The sun leaves the bottom lands
Long before it leaves the ridge—
And the cows are patient in the cool light

Down beneath the willow trees
Where the stream runs slow
The old old woman of Maggotty Creek
She says there s still arbutus to pick
If you know where to go

Wish on a white horse—
Make a crazy never-come true wish
That the fragrance of blossoms shall last forever
That boy and girl love shall last forever
Oh wish on a white horse
Going down the valley!

Red yellow and green
The spangled lady bareback rider
Laughs from the circus billboard—
And the town girl
Walking to the circus with the cadet from the military school
Hand in hand free and easy
Laughs
The road will be lit by flares
When the drivers march the camels home to bed
Under the moon
But the by roads lead away from the light,
And the bent grass is warm and smooth
Where the tents have been
Under the moon

"Yassir yonder s the highway
Sing it nigger boy sing it to me—
Song of a big road going along
Winding the hill looking for the town
A drug store a main street a Carolina town—
Sing that song to me!

AGED FOUR

BY MILDRED FOCHT

Christmas is a cruel day
For mothers who are poor
The wistful eyes of children
Are daggers to endure

Though shops are crammed with playthings
Enough for every one
If a mother's purse is empty
There might as well be none

My purse is full of money
But I cannot buy a toy
Only a wreath of holly
For the grave of my little boy

MR FLOOD S PARTY

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Old Eben Flood climbing alone one night
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage
That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home paused warily
The road was his with not a native near
And Eben having leisure said aloud
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear

"Well Mr Flood we have the harvest moon
Again and we may not have many more
The bird is on the wing, the poet says
And you and I have said it here before
Drink to the bird He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill
And answered huskily "Well Mr Flood,
Since you propose it I believe I will

Alone as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland s ghost winding a silent horn
Below him in the town among the trees
Where friends of other days had honored him
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben s eyes were dim

Then as a mother lays her sleeping child
Down tenderly fearing it may awake
He set the jug down slowly at his feet
With trembling care knowing that most things break
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not he paced away
And with his hand extended paused again

Well Mr Flood we have not met like this
In a long time and many a change has come
To both of us I fear since last it was
We had a drop together Welcome home!
Convivially returning with himself
Again he raised the jug up to the light
And with an acquiescent quaver said
Well Mr Flood if you insist I might

Only a very little Mr Flood——
For auld lang syne No more sir that will do
So for the time apparently it did
And Eben evidently thought so too
For soon amid the silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang
Secure with only two moons listening
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

For auld lang syne The weary throat gave out
The last word wavered and the song being done
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head and was again alone
There was not much that was ahead of him
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago

TO FIGHT ALOUD IS VERY BRAVE

BY EMILY DICKINSON

To fight aloud is very brave
But gallanter I know
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe

Who win and nations do not see
Who fall and none observe
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love

We trust in plumed process on
For such the angels go
Rank after rank with even feet
And uniforms of snow

SONG IN EXILE

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

The rustling palms bend readily
  Between the sun and me
The trades blow warm and steadily
  Across the turquoise sea
But I'd rather feel the March wind bite
  In the country of the free

Hibiscus and camellias
  Bloom here abundantly
And roses and gardenias—
  The sweetest flowers there be—
But I'd rather see through the bare north woo
  One bridal dogwood tree

The tropic light is mellow
  As a lamp in a lighted room
The sun shines high and yellow
  In the quivering cloudless dome
But oh for the snow and the cruel cold
  And the rigors of my home!

SCUM O THE EARTH

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

At the gate of the West I stand
On the island where nations throng
We call them scum o the earth

Stay are we doing you wrong
Young fellow from Socrates land?—
You like a Hermes so lithe and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles hand?
So you re of Spartan birth?
Descended perhaps from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ s pass?
Ah I forget what stra ts (alas!)
More tragic than theirs more compassion worth
Have doomed you to march in our immigrant class
Where you re nothing but scum o the earth

II

You Pole with the child on your knee
What dower have you for the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
The sad little tune
Chopin once mined from the Polish air
And mounted in gold for us to wear?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody

That Dvorák took whole from the dancers
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way
The dull little eyes the foreheads gloom
Are suddenly fair and gay
While watching these folk and their mystery
I forget that we
In our scornful mirth
Brand them as polacks —and scum o the earth

III

Genoese boy of the level brow
Lad of the lustrous dreamy eyes
Agaze at Manhattan s pinnacles now
In the first glad shock of a hushed surprise
Within your far rapt seer s eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria s prow
In that still gray dawn
Four centuries gone
When a world from the wave began to rise
Oh who shall foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy s dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies?
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well
Dante dreamed heaven out of hell
Angelo brought us there to dwell
And you are you of a different birth?—
You re only a dago —and scum o the earth !

IV

Stay are we doing you wrong
Calling you scum o the earth
Man of the sorrow bowed head

Of the features tender yet strong—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history
Sorrow bowed head?
Were you the poet king worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Or were you the prophet whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits ere long
Who should gather the lambs to his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow bowed head
Behold the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth
You're merely a butt for our mirth
You're a sheeny —and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o the earth"

V

Countrymen bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers
For that we spat on these marvellous folk
Nations of darers and dreamers
Scions of singers and seers
Our peers and more than our peers
Rabble and refuse" we name them
And "scum o the earth to shame them
Mercy for us of the few young years
Of the culture so callow and crude
Of the hands so grasping and rude
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more than peers
Mercy for us who dare despise

Men in whose loins our Homer lies
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian the grandeur of Huss
Children in whose frail arms may rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas
Help us incarnate dreams like these
Forgive and forget that we did you wrong
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth

MY CITY

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

When I come down to sleep death's endless night
The threshold of the unknown dark to cross
What to me then will be the keenest loss
When this bright world blurs on my fading sight?
Will it be that no more I shall see the trees
Or smell the flowers or hear the singing birds
Or watch the flashing streams or patient herds?
No I am sure it will be none of these

But, ah! Manhattan's sights and sounds her smells
Her crowds her throbbing force the thrill that comes
From being of her a part, her subtle spells
Her shining towers her avenues her slums—
O God! the stark unutterable pity
To be dead and never again behold my city

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN in the Course of human Events it be comes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with an other and to assume among the Powers of the Earth the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should de clare the causes which impel them to the Separation

WE hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal that they are endowed by their Cre ator with certain unalienable Rights that among these are Life Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness—That to secure these Rights Governments are instituted among Men deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed that whenever any Form of Govern ment becomes destructive of these Ends it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it and to institute new Government laying its Foundation on such Principles and organizing its Powers in such Form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness Prudence indeed will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient Causes and accordingly all Experience hath shewn that Mankind are more disposed to suffer while Evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed But when a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a Design to reduce t

Government and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an Example and fit Instrument for introducing the same absolute Rule into these Colonies

For taking away our Charters abolishing our most valuable Laws and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments

For suspending our own Legislatures and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all Cases whatsoever

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us

He has plundered our Seas ravaged our Coasts burnt our Towns and destroyed the Lives of our People

He is at this Time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the Works of Death Desolation and Tyranny already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous Ages and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized Nation

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country to become the Executioners of their Friends and Brethren or to fall themselves by their Hands

He has excited domestic Insurrections amongst us and has endeavoured to bring on the Inhabitants of our Frontiers the merciless Indian Savages whose known Rule of Warfare is an undistinguished Destruction of all Ages Sexes and Conditions

In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble Terms Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated Injury A Prince whose Character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant is unfit to be the Ruler of a free People

Nor have we been wanting in Attentions to our Brit

ish Brethren We have warned them from Time to Time of Attempts by their Legislature to extend an unwar rantable Jurisdiction over us We have reminded them of the Circumstances of our Emigration and Settlement here We have appealed to their native Justice and Magnanimity and we have conjured them by the Ties of our common Kindred to disavow these Usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our Connections and Correspondence They too have been deaf to the Voice of Justice and of Consanguinity We must therefore acquiesce in the Necessity which denounces our Sepa ration and hold them as we hold the rest of Mankind Enemies in War in Peace Friends

WE therefore the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA in GENERAL CONGRESS As sembled appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the Rectitude of our Intentions do in the Name and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies sol emnly Publish and Declare That these United Colonies are and of Right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES that they are absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown and that all political Connect on be tween them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved and that as FREE AND INDE PENDENT STATES they have full Power to levy War con clude Peace contract Alliances establish Commerce and to do all other Acts and Things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do And for the support of this Declaration with a firm Reliance on the Protection of divine Providence we mutually pledge to each other our Lives our Fortunes and our sacred Honor

Signed by ORDER *and in* BEHALF *of the* CONGRESS

JOHN HANCOCK PRESIDENT

ATTEST

CHARLES THO ISON SECRETARY

A LETTER FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

Passy March 5 1780

SIR

I have received but lately the letter your Excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de la Fayette His modesty detained it long in his own hands We became acquainted however from the time of his arrival at Paris and his zeal for the honor of our country his activity in our affairs here and his firm attachment to our cause and to you impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your Excellency s letter would have done had it been immediately delivered to me

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two and afford us a little leisure I should be happy to see your Excellency in Europe and to accompany you if my age and strength would permit in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms You would on this side the sea enjoy the great reputation you have acquired pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man s countrymen and cotemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance At present I enjoy that pleasure for you as I frequently hear the old Generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America and mark

upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age

I must soon quit the scene but you may live to see our country flourish as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over like a field of young Indian corn which long fair weather and sun hine had enfeebled and discolored and which in that weak state by a thunder gust of violent wind hail and rain seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction yet the storm being past it recovers fresh verdure shoots up with double vigor and delights the eye not of its owner only but of every observing trav ller

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor and happiness ever attend you from your Excellency s most obedient and mo t humble servant

B FRANKLIN

UNDER A CLOUD OF SAIL

FROM *Two Years Before the Mast*

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA

FRIDAY *July 22d* [1835] This day we had a steady gale from the southward and stood on under close sail with the yards eased a little by the weather braces the clouds lifting a little and showing signs of breaking away

In the afternoon I was below with Mr H—— the third mate and two others filling the bread locker in the steerage from the casks when a bright gleam of sun shine broke out and shone down the companionway and through the skylight lighting up everything below sending a warm glow through the hearts of everyone It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen a godsend Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence

Just at that moment we heard a loud shout from all parts of the deck and the mate called out down the companionway to the captain who was sitting in the cabin What he said we could not distinguish but the captain kicked over his chair and was on deck at one jump We could not tell what it was and anxious as we were to know the discipline of the ship would not allow of our leaving our places Yet as we were not called we knew there was no danger

We hurried to get through with our job when, seeing the steward's black face peering out of the

pantry Mr H—— hailed him to know what was the matter "Lan O to be sure sir! No you hear em sing out Lan O? De cap em say im Cape Horn!

This gave us a new start and we were soon through our work and on deck and there lay the land fair upon the larboard beam and slowly edging away upon the quarter All hands were busy looking at it—the captain and mates from the quarter-deck the cook from his galley and the sailors from the forecastle and even Mr N—— the passenger who had kept in his shell for nearly a month and hardly been seen by anybody and who we had almost forgotten was on board came out like a butterfly and was hopping round as bright as a bird

The land was the island of Staten Land just to the eastward of Cape Horn and a more desolate looking spot I never wish to set eyes upon—bare broken and girt with rocks and ice with here and there between the rocks and broken hillocks a little stunted vegetation of shrubs It was a place well suited to stand at the juncture of the two oceans beyond the reach of human cultivation and encounter the blasts and snows of a perpetual winter

Yet dismal as it was it was a pleasant sight to us not only as being the first land we had seen but because it told us that we had passed the Cape—were in the Atlantic—and that with twenty four hours of this breeze might bid defiance to the Southern ocean It told us too our latitude and longitude better than any observation and the captain now knew where we were as well as if we were off the end of Long Wharf

In the general joy Mr N—— said he should like to go ashore upon the island and examine a spot w probably no human being had ever set

the captain intimated that he would see the island—specimens and all—in another place before he would get out a boat or delay the ship one moment for him

We left the land gradually astern and at sundown had the Atlantic Ocean clear before us

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands but as it had now set in a strong steady and clear south wester with every prospect of its lasting and we had had enough of high latitudes the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward running inside the Falkland Islands Accordingly when the wheel was relieved at eight o clock the order was given to keep her due north and all hands were turned up to square away the yard and make sail

In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off with her nose straight for Boston and Cape Horn over her taffrail It was a moment of enthusiasm Everyone was on the alert and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards The wind was now due southwest and blowing a gale to which a vessel close hauled could have shown no more than a single close reefed sail but as we were going before it, we could carry on Accordingly hands were sent aloft and a reef shaken out of the topsails and the reefed foresail set When we came to masthead the topsail yards with all hands at the halyards we struck up Cheerily men with a chorus which might have been heard half way to Staten Land

Under her increased sail the ship drove on through the water Yet she could bear it well and the captain sung out from the quarter deck— Another reef out of that fore topsail and give it to her! Two hands sprung aloft the frozen reef points and earings were cast

adrift the halyards manned and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change It was as much as she could well carry and with a heavy sea astern it took two men at the wheel to steer her She flung the foam from her bows the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway She was going at a prodigious rate Still everything held Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut tackles got upon the backstays and each thing done to keep all snug and strong

The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride looked aloft at the sails and then to windward the mate stood in the gangway rubbing his hands and talking aloud to the ship— Hurrah old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the towrope! and the like and we were on the forecastle looking to see how the spars stood it and guessing the rate at which she was going—when the captain called out——

Mr Brown get up the topmast studding sail! What she can t carry she may drag!

The mate looked a moment but he would let no man be before him in daring He sprung forward——

Hurrah men! rig out the topmast studding sail boom! Lay aloft and I'll send the rigging up to you!

We sprung aloft into the top lowered a girtline down by which he hauled up the rigging rove the tacks and halyards ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer

It was a clear starlight night cold and blowing but everybody worked with a will Some indeed looked as though they thought the old man was mad but no one said a word We had had a new topmast studding sail made with a reef in it—a thing hardly ever heard of and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal saying that when it was time to reef a studding sail it

The mate walked the deck looking at the sails and then over the side to see the foam fly by her—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—Hurrah you jade you've got the scent!—you know where you're going! And when she leaped over the seas and almost out of the water and trembled to her very keel the spars and masts snapping and creaking There she goes! There she goes—handsomely! As long as she cracks she holds! —while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go and ready to take in sail and clear away if anything went

At four bells we hove the log and she was going eleven knots fairly and had it not been for th sea from aft which sent the ship home and threw her continually off her course the log would have shown her to have been going much faster I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec who was a good helmsman and for two hours we had our hands full

A few minutes showed us that our monkey jackets must come off and cold as it was we stood in our shirt sleeves in a perspiration and were glad enough to have it eight bells and the wheel relieved We turned in and slept as well as we could though the sea made a constant roar under her bows and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract

At four o'clock we were called again The same sail was still on the vessel and the gale if there was any change had increased a little No attempt was made to take the studding sail in and indeed it was too late now If we had started anything toward taking it in either tack or halyards it would have blown to pieces and carried something away with it The only way now was to let everything stand and if the gale went down well and good if not something must go—the w stick or rope first—and then we could get it in

For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her and the water poured over the sprit sail yard as it would over a dam Toward daybreak the gale abated a little and she was just beginning to go more easily along relieved of the pressure when Mr Brown determined to give her no respite and depending upon the wind s subsiding as the sun rose told us to get along the lower studding sail

This was an immense sail and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week—hove to It was soon ready the boom topped up preventer guys rove and the idlers called up to man the halyards yet such was still the force of the gale that we were nearly an hour setting the sail carried away the overhaul in doing it and came very near snapping off the swinging boom

No sooner was it set than the ship tore on again like one that was mad and began to steer as wild as a hawk The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work and the helm was going hard up and hard down constantly Add to this the gale did not lessen as the day came on but the sun rose in clouds A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side The mate sprung to the wheel and the man regaining his feet seized the spokes and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from bracing to though nearly half the studding sail went under water and as she came to the boom stood up at an angle of forty five degrees

She had evidently more on her than she could bear yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clew line was not strong enough and they were thinking of cutting away when another wide yaw and a come to snapped the guys and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging The outhaul block gave way

and the topmast studding sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend

I had my eye on it when the guys parted and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle and sprung out again to its shape The clew line gave way at the first pull the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off and the sail blew round the spritsail yard and head guys which gave us a bad job to get it in A half hour served to clear all away and she was suffered to drive on with her topmast studding sail set it being as much as she could stagger under

During all this day and the next night we went on under the same sail the gale blowing with undiminished force two men at the wheel all the time watch and watch and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship and be blown along —until the noon of the next day——

Sunday *July 24th* when we were in latitude 50 27 S longitude 62 13 W having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty four hours Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands the ship was kept off northeast for the equator and with her head for the equator and Cape Horn over her taffrail she went gloriously on every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern and every hour bringing us nearer to home and to warm weather

Many a time when blocked up in the ice with every thing dismal and discouraging about us had we said—if we were only fairly round and standing north on the other side we should ask for no more —and now we had it all with a clear sea and as much wind as a sailor could pray for

If the best part of a voyage is the last part surely we had all now that we could wish Everyone was in the

highest spirits and the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement At each change of the watch those coming on deck asked those going below— How does she go along? and got for answer the rate and the customary addition— Ay! and the Boston girls have had hold of the towrope all the watch and can t haul half the slack in!

Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon and the nights grew shorter and at coming on deck each morn ing there was a sensible change in the temperature The ice too began to melt from off the rigging and spars and except a little which remained in the tops and round the hounds of the lower masts was soon gone

As we left the gale behind us the reefs were shaken out of the topsails and sail made as fast as she could bear it and every time all hands were sent to the hal yards a song was called for and we hoisted away with a will

Sail after sail was added as we drew into fine weather and in one week after leaving Cape Horn the long topgallant masts were got up topgallant and royal yards crossed and the ship restored to her fair proportions

The Southern Cross we saw no more after the first night the Magellan Clouds settled lower and lower in the horizon and so great was our change of latitude each succeeding night that we sunk some constellation in the south and raised another in the northern horizon

Sunday *July 31st* At noon we were in lat 36 41 S long 38 08 W having traversed the distance of two thousand miles allowing for changes of course in nine days A thousand miles in four days and a half! This is equal to steam

Soon after eight o clock the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet

had in fine weather As the sun came up clear with the promise of a fair warm day and as usual on Sunday there was no work going on all hands turned to upon clearing out the forecastle

The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month were brought up on deck the chests moved brooms buckets of water swabs scrubbing brushes and scrapers carried down and applied until the forecastle floor was as white as chalk and everything neat and in order The bedding from the berths was then spread on deck and dried and aired the deck tub filled with water and a grand washing began of all the clothes which were brought up

Shirts frocks drawers trousers jackets stockings of every shape and color wet and dirty—many of them moldy from having been lying a long time wet in a foul corner—these were all washed and scrubbed out and finally towed overboard for half an hour and then made fast to the rigging to dry Wet boots and shoes were spread out to dry in sunny places on deck and the whole ship looked like a back yard on a washing day

After we had done with our clothes we began upon our own persons A little fresh water which we had saved from our allowance was put in buckets and with soap and towels we had what sailors call a fresh water wash The same bucket to be sure had to go through several hands and was spoken for by one after another but as we rinsed off in salt water pure from the ocean and the fresh was used only to start the accumulated grime and blackness of five weeks it was held of little consequence

We soaped down and scrubbed one another with towels and pieces of canvas stripping to it and then getting into the head threw buckets of water upon each other After this came shaving and combing and

brushing and when having spent the first part of th
day in this way we sat down on the forecastle in th
afternoon with clean duck trousers and shirts o
washed shaved and combed and looking a doze
shades lighter for it reading sewing and talking at ou
ease with a clear sky and warm sun over our heads
steady breeze over the larboard quarter studding sai
out alow and aloft, and all the flying kites abroad-
we felt that we had got back into the pleasantest part
a sailor s life

At sundown the clothes were all taken down from th
rigging clean and dry—and stowed neatly away in ou
chests and our southwesters thick boots guernse
frocks and other accompaniments of bad weather p
out of the way we hoped for the rest of the voyag
as we expected to come upon the coast early in th
autumn

Notwithstanding all that has been said about th
beauty of a ship under full sail there are very few wh
have ever seen a ship literally under all her sail A sh
coming in or going out of port with her ordinary sai
and perhaps two or three studding sails is common
said to be under full sail but a ship never has all h
sail upon her except when she has a light stea
breeze very nearly but not quite dead aft and
regular that it can be trusted and is likely to last f
some time Then with all her sails light and heavy an
studding sails on each side alow and aloft she is th
most glorious moving object in the world Such a sigh
very few even some who have been at sea a good de
have ever beheld for from the deck of your ow
vessel you cannot see her as you would a separa
object

One night while we were in these tropics I went o
to the end of the flying jib boom upon some duty an

having finished it turned round and lay over the boom for a long time admiring the beauty of the sight before me Being so far out from the deck I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel —and there rose up from the water supported only by the small black hull a pyramid of canvas spreading out far beyond the hull and towering up almost as it seemed in the indistinct night air to the clouds

The sea was as still as an inland lake the light trade wind was gently and steadily b eathing from astern the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem and the sails were spread out wide and high the two lower studding sails stretching on each side far beyond the deck the topmast studding sails like wings to the topsails the topgallant studding sail spreading fearlessly out above them still higher the two royal studding sails looking like two kites flying from the same string and h gh st of all the little skysail the apex of the pyramid seeming actually to touch the stars and to be out of reach of human hands So quiet too was the sea and so steady the breeze that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze

I was so lost in the s ght that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me until he sa d (for he too rough old man-of wars man as he was had been gazing at the show) half to himself still looking at the marble sails — How quietly they do their work!

WHERE I LIVED AND WHAT I LIVED FOR

FROM *Walden*

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

AT a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession for all were to be bought and I knew their price I walked over each farmer s premises tasted his wild apples discoursed on husbandry with him took his farm at his price at any price mortgaging it to him in my mind even put a higher price on it —took everything but a deed of it — took his word for his deed for I dearly love to talk —cultivated it and him too to some extent I trust and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough leaving him to carry it on This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real estate broker by my friends Wherever I sat there I might live and the landscape radiated from me accordingly What is a house but a *sedes* a seat?— better if a country seat I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved which some might have thought too far from the village but to my eyes the village was too far from it Well there I might live I said and there I did live for an hour a summer and a winter life saw how I could let the years run off buffet the winter through and see the spring come in The future inhabitants of this region wherever they may

place their houses may be sure that they have been an ticipated An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard wood lot and pasture and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best ad vantage and then I let it lie fallow perchance for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms —the refusal was all I wanted — but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place and had begun to sort my seeds and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with but before the owner gave me a deed of it his wife—every man has such a wife—changed her mind and wished to keep it and he offered me ten dollars to release him Now to speak the truth I had but ten cents in the world and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell if I was that man who had ten cents or who had a farm or ten dollars or all together However I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too for I had carried it far enough or rather to be generous I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and as he was not a rich man made him a present of ten dollars and still had my ten cents and seeds and materials for a wheelbarrow left I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty But I retained the landscape and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow With respect to landscapes —

> I am monarch of all I *survey*
> My right there is none to dispute "

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw having

joyed the most valuable part of a farm while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only Why the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rime the most admirable kind of invisible fence has fairly impounded it milked it skimmed it and got all the cream and left the farmer only the skimmed milk

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm to me were its complete retirement being about two miles from the village half a mile from the nearest neighbor and separated from the highway by a broad field its bounding on the river which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring though that was nothing to me the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn and the dilapidated fences which put such an interval between me and the last occupant the hollow and lichen covered apple trees gnawed by rabbits showing what kind of neighbors I should have but above all the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples through which I heard the house-dog bark I was in haste to buy it before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks cutting down the hollow apple trees and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture or in short, had made any more of his improvements To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on like Atlas to take the world on my shoulders —I never heard what compensation he received for that —and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone But it turned out as I have said

All that I could say then with respect to farming on

a large scale—I have always cultivated a garden—was that I had had my seeds ready Many think that seeds improve with age I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad and when at last I shall plant I shall be less likely to be disappointed But I would say to my fellows once for all As long as possible live free and uncommitted It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail

Old Cato whose De Re Rustica is my Cultivator says —and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage — When you think of getting a farm turn it thus in your mind not to buy greedily nor spare your pains to look at it and do not think it enough to go round it once The oftener you go there the more it will please you if it is good I think I shall not buy greedily but go round and round it as long as I l ve and be buried in it first that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length for convenience putting the experience of two years into one As I have said I do not propose to write an ode to dejection but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning standing on his roost if only to wake my neighbo s up

When first I took up my abode in the woods that is began to spend my nights as well as days there which by accident was on Independence Day or the Fourth of July 1845 my house was not finished for winter but was merely a defence aga nst the rain without plastering or chimney the walls being of rough weather stained boards with wide chinks wh ch made it cool at night The upright white hewn studs and fresl

planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look especially in the morning when its timbers were saturated with dew so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before This was an airy and unplastered cabin fit to entertain a travelling god and where a goddess might trail her garments The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains bearing the broken strains or celestial parts only of terrestrial music The morning wind forever blows the poem of creation is uninterrupted but few are the ears that hear it Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere

The only house I had been the owner of before if I except a boat was a tent which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer and this is still rolled up in my garret but the boat after passing from hand to hand has gone down the stream of time With this more substantial shelter about me I had made some progress toward settling in the world This frame so slightly clad was a sort of crystallization around me and reacted on the builder It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines I did not need to go outdoors to take the air for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat even in the rainiest weather The Harivansa says An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning Such was not my abode for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds not by having imprisoned one but having caged myself near them I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never or

rarely serenade a villager —the wood thrush the veery the scarlet t nager the field sparrow the whip poor will and many others

I was seated by the shore of a small pond about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame Concord Battle Ground but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore half a mile off like the rest covered with wood was my most distant horizon For the first week whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain its bottom far above the surface of other lakes and as the sun arose I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist and here and there by degrees its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed while the mists like ghosts we e stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual as on the s des of mountains

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August when both air and water being perfectly still but the sky overcast mid afternoon had all the serenity of evening and the wood thrush sang around and was heard from shore to shore A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds the water full of light and re flections becomes a lower heaven itself so much the mo e important. From a h lltop near by where the wood had been recently cut off there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a

stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley but stream there was none That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon tinged with blue Indeed by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the northwest those true blue coins from heaven s own mint and also of some portion of the village But in other directions even from this point I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me It is well to have some water in your neighborhood to give buoyancy to and float the earth One value even of the smallest well is that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular This is as important as that it keeps butter cool When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley like a coin in a basin all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of intervening water and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*

Though the view from my door was still more contracted I did not feel crowded or confined in the least There was pasture enough for my imagination The low shrub oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary affording ample room for all the roving families of men There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon —said Damodara when his herds required new and larger pastures

Both place and time were changed and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me Where I lived was as far

off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system behind the constellation of Cassiopeia s Chair far from noise and disturbance I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn but forever new and unprofaned part of the universe If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades to Aldebaran or Altair then I was really there or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor and to be seen only in moonle s nights by him Such was that part of creation where I had squatted —

> "There was a shepherd that d d live
> And held his thoughts as high
> As were the mounts whereon his flocks
> D d hourly feed him by

What should we think of the shepherd s life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity and I may say innocence with Nature herself I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks I got up early and bathed in the pond that was a religious exercise and one of the best things which I did They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of King Tching thang to this effect Renew thyself completely each day do it again and again and fo ever again I can understand that Morning brings back the heroic ages I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn when I was sitting with door and windows open as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of

fame It was Homer's requiem itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air singing it own wrath and wanderings There was something cosmical about it a standing advertisement till forbidden of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world The morning which is the most memorable season of the day is the awakening hour Then there is least somnolence in us and for an hour at least some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night Little is to be expected of that day if it can be called a day to which we are not awakened by our Genius but by the mechanical nudgings of of some servitor are not awakened by our own newly acquired force and aspirations from within accompanied by the undulations of celestial music instead of factory bells and a fragrance filling the air—to a higher life than we fell asleep from and thus the darkness bear its fruit and prove itself to be good no less than the light That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier more sacred and auroral hour than he has yet profaned has despaired of life and is pursuing a descending and darkening way After a partial cessation of his sensuous life the soul of man or its organs rather are reinvigorated each day and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make All memorable events I should say transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere The Vedas say All intelligences awake with the morning" Poetry and art and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men date from such an hour All poets and heroes like Memnon are the children of Aurora and emit their music at sunrise To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun the day is a perpetual morning It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me Moral reform is the effort

to throw off sleep Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something The millions are awake enough for physical labor but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life To be awake is to be alive I have never yet met a man who was quite awake How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake not by mechanical aids but by an infinite expectation of the dawn which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue and so to make a few objects beautiful but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look which morally we can do To affect the quality of the day that is the highest of arts Every man is tasked to make his life even in its details worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour If we refused or rather used up such paltry information as we get the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately to front only the essential facts of life and see if I could not learn what it had to teach and not when I came to die discover that I had not lived I did not wish to live what was not life living is so dear nor did I wish to practise resignation unless it was quite necessary I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life to live so sturdily and Spartan like as to put to rout all that was not life to cut a broad swath

and shave close to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms and if it proved to be mean why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish its meanness to the world or if it were sublime to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion For most men it appears to me are in a strange uncertainty about it whether it is of the devil or of God and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to glorify God and enjoy him forever

Still we live meanly like ants though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men like pygmies we fight with cranes it is error upon error and clout upon clout and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness Our life is frittered away by detail An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes and lump the rest Simplicity simplicity simplicity! I say let your affairs be as two or three and not a hundred or a thousand instead of a million count half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb nail In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand and one items to be allowed for that a man has to live if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all by dead reckoning and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds Simplify simplify Instead of three meals a day if it be necessary eat but one instead of a hundred dishes five and reduce other things in proportion Our life is like a German Confederacy made up of petty states with its boundary forever fluctuating so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment The nation itself with all its so-called internal improvements which by the way are

all external and superficial is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps ruined by luxury and heed less expense by want of calculation and a worthy aim as the million households in the land and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose It lives too fast Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have comme ce and export ice and talk through a telegraph and ride thirty miles an hour without a doubt whether *they* do or not but whether we should live like baboons or like men is a l ttle uncertain If we do not get out sleepers and forge rails and devote days and nights to the work but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them* who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built how shall we get to Heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad it rides upon us Did you ever think what those sl epers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man an Irishman or a Yankee man The rails are la d on them and they are covered with sand and the cars run smoothly over them They are sound sleepers I assure you And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over so that if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail others have the misfortune to be ridden upon And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position and wake him up they suddenly stop the cars and make a hue and cry about it as if this were an exception I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is for this is a s gn that they may sometime get up again

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of

life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry Men say that a stitch in time saves nine and so they take a thousand stitches to-day and save nine to morrow As for *work* we haven t any of any conse quence We have the Saint Vitus dance and cannot possibly keep our heads still If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell rope as for a fire that is without setting the bell there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord notwithstanding that press of en gagements which was his excuse so many times this morning nor a boy nor a woman I might almost say but would forsake all and follow that sound not mainly to save property from the flames but if we will confess the truth much more to see it burn since burn it must and we be it known did not set it on fire —or to see it put out and have a hand in it if that is done as hand somely yes even if it were the parish church itself Hardly a man takes a half hour s nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks 'What s the news? as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels Some give directions to be waked every half hour doubtless for no other purpose and then to pay for it they tell what they have dreamed After a night s sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man any where on this globe —and he reads it over his coffee and rolls that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world and has but the rudiment of an eye himself

For my part I could easily do without the post-office I think that there are very few important communica tions made through it To speak critically I never re ceived more than one or two letters in my life—I wrote

this some years ago—that were worth the postage The penny post is commonly an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newsp per If we read of one man robbed or murdered or killed by accident or one house burned or one vessel wrecked or one steamboat blown up or one cow run over on the Western Railroad or one mad dog killed or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter —we never need read of an other One is enough If you are acquainted with the principle what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all *news* as it is called is gossip and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip There was such a rush as I hear the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressu e —news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth or twelve years beforehand with sufficient accuracy As for Spain for instance if you kno v how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta and Don Pedro and Seville and Granada from time to time in the right proportions —they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers —and serve up a bull fight when other entertainments fail it will be true to the letter and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers and as for England almost the last significant scrap of news from that quar ter was the revolution of 1649 and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year you never need attend to that thing again unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character If one may

who rarely looks into the newspapers nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts a French revolution not excepted

What news! how much more important to know what that is which was never old! Kieou he yu (great dignitary of the state of Wei) sent a man to Khoung tseu to know his news Khoung tseu caused the messenger to be seated near him and questioned him in these terms What is your master doing? The messenger answered with respect My master desires to diminish the number of his faults but he cannot come to the end of them The messenger being gone the philosopher remarked What a worthy messenger! What a worthy messenger! The preacher instead of vexing the ears of drowsy farmers on their day of rest at the end of the week—for Sunday is the fit conclusion of an ill spent week and not the fresh and brave beginning of a new one—with this one other draggle tail of a sermon should shout with thundering voice Pause! Avast! Why so seeming fast but deadly slow?

Shams and delusions are esteemed for soundest truths while reality is fabulous If men would steadily observe realities only and not allow themselves to be deluded life to compare it with such things as we know would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights Entertainments If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be music and poetry would resound along the streets When we are unhurried and wise we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality This is always exhilarating and sublime By closing the eyes and slumbering and consenting to be deceived by shows men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit everywhere which still is built on purely illusory

foundations Children who play life discern its true law and relations more clearly than men who fail to live it worthily but who think that they are wiser by experience that is by failure I have read in a Hindoo book that there was a kings son who being expelled in infancy from his native city was brought up by a forester and growing up to maturity in that state imagined himself to belong to the barbarous race with which he lived One of his fathers ministers having discovered him revealed to him what he was and the misconception of his character was removed and he knew himself to be a prince So soul continues the Hindoo philosopher from the circumstances in which it is placed mistakes its own character until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher and then it knows itself to be *Brahme* " I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things We think that that *is* which *appears* to be If a man should walk through this town and see only the reality where think you would the Mill-dam go to? If he should give us an account of the realities he beheld there we should not recognize the place in his description Look at a meeting house or a court house or a jail or a shop or a dwelling house and say what that thing really is before a true gaze and they would all go to pieces in your account of them Men esteem truth remote in the outskirts of the system behind the farthest star before Adam and after the last man In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime But all these times and places and occasions are now and here God himself culminates in the present moment and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the pe

instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions whether we travel fast or slow the track is laid for us Let us spend our lives in conceiving then The poet or the artist never yet had so fair and noble a design but some of his posterity at least could accomplish it

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito s wing that falls on the rails Let us rise early and fast or break fast gently and without perturbation let company come and let company go let the bells ring and the children cry —determined to make a day of it Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner situated in the meridian shallows Weather this danger and you are safe for the rest of the way is down hill With unrelaxed *nerves* with morning vigor sail by it look ing another way tied to the mast like Ulysses If the engine whistles let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains If the bell rings why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like Let us settle ourselves and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion and prejudice and tradition and delusion and appearance that allu vion which covers the globe through Paris and London through New York and Boston and Concord through Church and State through poetry and philosophy and religion till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place which we can call *reality* and say This is and no mistake and then begin having a *point d'appui* below freshet and frost and fire a place where you might found a wall or a state or set a lamp post safely or perhaps a gauge not a Nilometer but a Realometer

that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces as if it were a cimeter and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow and so you will happily conclude your mortal career Be it life or death we crave only reality If we are really dying let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities if we are alive let us go about our business

Time is but the stream I go a fishing in I drink at it but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is Its thin current slides away but eternity remains I would drink deeper fish in the sky whose bottom is pebbly with stars I cannot count one I know not the first letter of the alphabet I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born The intellect is a cleaver it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary My head is hands and feet I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing as some creatures use their snout and fore paws and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts so by the divining rod and thin rising vapors I judge and here I will begin to mine

THE HUNTING CAMP

FROM *The Oregon Trail*

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

LONG before daybreak the Indians broke up their camp The women of Mene Seela s lodge were as usual among the first that were ready for departure and I found the old man himself sitting by the embers of the decayed fire over which he was warming his withered fingers as the morning was very chill and damp The preparations for moving were even more confused and disorderly than usual While some families were leaving the ground the lodges of others were still standing untouched At this old Mene-Seela grew impatient and walking out to the middle of the village he stood with his robe wrapped close around him and harangued the people in a loud sharp voice Now he said when they were on an enemy s hunting grounds was not the time to behave like children they ought to be more active and united than ever His speech had some effect The delinquents took down their lodges and loaded their pack horses and when the sun rose the last of the men women and children had left the deserted camp

This movement was made merely for the purpose of finding a better and safer position So we advanced only three or four miles up the little stream when each family assumed its relative place in the great ring of the village and the squaws set actively at work in preparing the camp But not a single warrior

dismounted from his horse All the men that morning were mounted on inferior animals leading their best horses by a cord or confiding them to the care of boys In small parties they began to leave the ground and ride rapidly away over the plains to the westward I had taken no food and not being at all ambitious of farther abstinence I went into my host's lodge which his squaws had set up with wonderful despatch and sat down in the centre as a gentle hint that I was hungry A wooden bowl was soon set before me filled with the nutritious preparation of dried meat, called *pemmican* by the northern voyagers and *wasna* by the Dahcotah Taking a handful to break my fast upon I left the lodge just in time to see the last band of hunters disappear over the ridge of the neighboring hill I mounted Pauline and galloped in pursuit riding rather by the balance than by any muscular strength that remained to me From the top of the hill I could overlook a wide extent of desolate prairie over which far and near little parties of naked horsemen were rapidly passing I soon came up to the nearest and we had not ridden a mile before all were united into one large and compact body All was haste and eagerness Each hunter whipped on his horse as if anxious to be the first to reach the game In such movements among the Indians this is always more or less the case but it was especially so in the present instance because the head chief of the village was absent and there were but few "soldiers" a sort of Indian police who among their other functions usually assume the direction of a buffalo hunt. No man turned to the right hand or to the left. We rode at a swift canter straight forward up hill and down hill and through the stiff obstinate growth of the endless wild-sage bushes For an hour and a half

we were crowding together over a lower intervening hill, I heard Reynal and Raymond shouting to me from the left and looking in that direction I saw them riding away behind a party of about twenty mean looking Indians These were the relatives of Reynal's squaw Margot who not wishing to take part in the general hunt were riding towards a distant hollow where they saw a small band of buffalo which they meant to appropriate to themselves I answered to the call by ordering Raymond to turn back and follow me He reluctantly obeyed though Reynal, who had relied on his assistance in skinning cutting up and carrying to camp the buffalo that he and his party should kill, loudly protested and declared that we should see no sport if we went with the rest of the Indians Followed by Raymond I pursued the main body of hunters while Reynal in a great rage whipped his horse over the hill after his ragamuffin relatives The Indians still about a hundred in number galloped in a dense body at some distance in advance a cloud of dust flying in the wind behind them I could not overtake them until they had stopped on the side of the hill where the scouts were standing Here each hunter sprang in haste from the tired animal he had ridden and leaped upon the fresh horse he had brought with him There was not a saddle or a bridle in the whole party A piece of buffalo-robe girthed over the horse's back served in the place of the one and a cord of twisted hair lashed round his lower jaw answered for the other Eagle feathers dangled from every mane and tail as marks of courage and speed As for the rider he wore no other clothing than a light cincture at his waist and a pair of moccasins He had a heavy whip with a handle of solid elk horn and a lash of

knotted bull hide fastened to his wrist by a band His bow was in his hand and his quiver of otter or panther skin hung at his shoulder Thus equipped some thirty of the hunters galloped away towards the left, in order to make a circuit under cover of the hills that the buffalo might be assailed on both sides at once The rest impatiently waited until time enough had elapsed for their companions to reach the required position. Then riding upward in a body we gained the ridge of the hill and for the first time came in sight of the buffalo on the plain beyond

They were a band of cows four or five hundred in number crowded together near the bank of a wide stream that was soaking across the sand beds of the valley This valley was a large circular basin sun scorched and broken scantily covered with herbage and surrounded with high barren hills from an opening in which we could see our allies galloping out upon the plain The wind blew from that direction The buffalo aware of their approach had begun to move though very slowly and in a compact mass I have no farther recollection of seeing the game until we were in the midst of them for as we rode down the hill other objects engrossed my attention Numerous old bulls were scattered over the plain and ungallantly deserting their charge at our approach began to wade and plunge through the quicksands of the stream and gallop away towards the hills One old veteran was straggling behind the rest with one of his forelegs which had been broken by some accident dangling about uselessly His appearance as he went shambling along on three legs was so ludicrous that I could not help pausing for a moment to look at him As I came near he would try to rush upon me nearly throwing himself down at every awkward attempt

Looking up I saw the whole body of Indians full an hundred yards in advance I lashed Pauline in pursuit and reached them just in time for at that moment each hunter as if by a common impulse violently struck his horse each horse sprang forward and scattering in the charge in order to assail the entire herd at once we all rushed headlong upon the buffalo We were among them in an instant Amid the trampling and the yells I could see their dark figures running hither and thither through clouds of dust and the horsemen darting in pursuit While we were charging on one side our companions attacked the bewildered and panic stricken herd on the other The uproar and confusion lasted but a moment The dust cleared away and the buffalo could be seen scattering as from a common centre flying over the plain singly or in long files and small compact bodies while behind them followed the Indians riding at furious speed and yelling as they launched arrow after arrow into their sides The carcasses were strewn thickly over the ground Here and there stood wounded buffalo their bleeding sides feathered with arrows and as I rode by them their eyes would glare they would bristle like gigantic cats and feebly attempt to rush up and gore my horse

I left camp that morning with a philosophic resolution Neither I nor my horse were at that time fit for such sport, and I had determined to remain a quiet spectator but amid the rush of horses and buffalo the uproar and the dust I found it impossible to sit still and as four or five buffalo ran past me in a line I lashed Pauline in pursuit We went plunging through the water and the quicksands and clambering the bank chased them through the wild-sage bu covered the rising ground beyond But ne th

tive spirit nor the blows of the knotted bull hide could supply the place of poor Pauline s exhausted strength We could not gain an inch upon the fugitives At last, however they came full upon a ravine too wide to leap over and as this compelled them to turn abruptly to the left I contrived to get within ten or twelve yards of the hindmost At this she faced about bristled angrily and made a show of charging I shot at her and hit her somewhere in the neck Down she tumbled into the ravine whither her companions had descended before her I saw their dark backs appear ing and disappearing as they galloped along the bottom then one by one they scrambled out on the other side and ran off as before the wounded animal following with the rest

Turning ba k I saw Raymond coming on his black mule to meet me and as we rode over the field to gether we counted scores of carcasses lying on the plain in the ravines and on the sandy bed of the stream Far away in the distance horsemen and buffalo were still scouring along with clouds of dust rising behind them and over the sides of the hills long files of the frightened animals were rapidly ascending The hunters began to return The boys who had held the horses behind the hill made their appearance and the work of flaying and cutting up began in earnest all over the field I noticed my host Kongra Tonga beyond the stream just alighting by the side of a cow which he had killed Riding up to him I found him in the act of drawing out an arrow which with the exception of the notch at the end had e tirely disappeared in the animal I asked him to give it to me and I still retain it as a proof though by no means the most striking one that could be offered of the

force and dexterity with which the Indians discharge their arrows

The hides and meat were piled upon the horses and the hunters began to leave the ground Raymond and I too getting tired of the scene set out for the village riding straight across the intervening desert There was no path and as far as I could see no land marks sufficient to guide us but Raymond seemed to have an instinctive perception of the point on the horizon towards which we ought to direct our course Antelope were bounding on all sides and as is always the case in the presence of buffalo they seemed to have lost their natural shyness Bands of them would run lightly up the rocky declivities and stand gazing down upon us from the summit At length we could distinguish the tall white rocks and the old pine trees that as we well remembered were just above the site of the encampment Still we could see nothing of the camp itself until mounting a grassy hill we saw the circle of lodges dingy with storms and smoke standing on the plain at our feet

I entered the lodge of my host His squaw instantly brought me food and water and spread a buffalo robe for me to lie upon and being much fatigued I lay down and fell asleep In about an hour the entrance of Kongra Tonga with his arms smeared with blood to the elbows awoke me he sat down in his usual seat on the left side of the lodge His squaw gave him a vessel of water for washing set before him a bowl of boiled meat and as he was eating pulled off his bloody moccasins and placed fresh ones on his feet then outstretching his limbs my host composed himself to sleep

And now the hunters two or three at a time

rapidly in and each consigning his horses to the squaws entered his lodge with the air of a man whose day s work was done The squaws flung down the load from the burdened horses and vast piles of meat and hides were soon gathered before every lodge By this tim it was darkening fast and the whole village was illumined by the glare of fires All the squaws and children were gathered about the piles of meat exploring them in search of the daintiest portions Some of these they roasted on sticks before the fires but often they dispensed with this superfluous operation Late into the night the fires were still glowing upon the groups of feasters engaged in this savage banquet around them

Several hunters sat down by the fire in Kongra Tonga s lodge to talk over the day s exploits Among the rest Mene Seela came in Though he must have seen full eighty winters he had taken an active share in the day s spo t He boasted that he had killed two cows that morning and would have killed a third if the dust had not blinded him so that he had to drop his bow and arrows and press both hands against his eyes to stop the pain The fire light fell upon his wrinkled face and shrivelled figure as he sat telling his story with such inimitable gesticulation that every man in the lodge broke into a laugh

Old Mene Seela was one of the few Indians in the village with whom I would have trusted myself alone without suspicion and the only one from whom I should have received a gift or a service without the certainty that it proceeded from an interested motive He was a great friend to the whites He liked to be in their society and wa very vain of the favors he had received from them He told me one afternoon as we were sitting together in his son s lodge that

he considered the beaver and the whites the wisest people on earth indeed he was convinced they were the same and an incident which had happened to him long before had assured him of this So he began the following story and as the pipe passed in turn to him, Reynal availed himself of these interruptions to translate what had preceded. But the old man accompanied his words with such admirable pantomime that translation was hardly necessary

He said that when he was very young, and had never yet seen a white man he and three or four of his companions were out on a beaver hunt, and he crawled into a large beaver lodge to see what was there Sometimes he crept on his hands and knees sometimes he was obliged to swim and sometimes to lie flat on his face and drag himself along In this way he crawled a great distance under ground It was very dark, cold and close so that at last he was almost suffocated, and fell into a swoon. When he began to recover he could just distinguish the voices of his companions outside who had given him up for lost, and were singing his death song At first he could see nothing, but soon discerned something white before him and at length plainly distinguished three people entirely white one man and two women sitting at the edge of a black pool of water He became alarmed and thought it high time to retreat. Having succeeded after great trouble in reaching daylight again, he went to the spot directly above the pool of water where he had seen the three mysterious beings Here he beat a hole with his war-club in the ground, and sat down to watch. In a moment the nose of an old male beaver appeared at the opening Mene-Seela instantly seized him and dragged him up when two other beavers both females thrust out their heads and these he

served in the same way "These" said the old man concluding his story for which he was probably indebted to a dream must have been the three white people whom I saw sitting at the edge of the water

Mene Seela was the grand depositary of the legends and traditions of the village I succeeded however in getting from him only a few fragments Like all Indians he was excessively superstitious and continually saw some reason for withholding his stories It is a bad thing he would say to tell the tales in summer Stay with u till next winter and I will tell you every thing I know but now our war parties are going out and our young men will be killed if I sit down to tell stories before the frost begins

But to leave this digression We remained encamped on this spot five days during three of which the hunters were at work *incessantly* and immense quantities of meat and hides were brought in Great alarm however prevailed in the village All were on the alert. The young men ranged the country as scouts and the old men paid careful attention to omens and prodigies and especially to their dreams In order to convey to the enemy (who if they were in the neighborhood must inevitably have known of our presence) the impression that we were constantly on the watch piles of sticks and stones were erected on all the surrounding hills in such a manner as to appear at a distance like sentinels Often even to this hour that scene will rise before my mind like a visible reality the tall white rocks the old pine trees on their summits the sandy stream that ran along their bases and half encircled the village and the wild sage bushes with their dull green hue and their medicinal odor that covered all the neighboring declivities Hour after hour the squaws

would pass and repass with their vessels of water be tween the stream and the lodges For the most part no one was to be seen in the camp but women and children two or three superannuated old men and a few lazy and worthless young ones These together with the dogs now grown fat and good natured with the abundance in the camp were its only tenants Still it presented a busy and bustling scene In all quarters the meat hung on co ds of hide was drying in the sun and around the lodges the squaws young and old were laboring on the fresh hides stretched upon the ground scraping the hair from one side and the still adhering flesh from the other and rubbing into them the brains of the buffalo in order to render them soft and pliant

In mercy to myself and my horse I did not go out with the hunters after the first day Of late however I had been gaining strength rapidly as was always the case upon every respite of my disorder I was soon able to walk w th ease Raymond and I would go out upon the neighboring prairies to shoot antelope or sometimes to assail straggling buffalo on foot an attempt in which we met with rather indifferent suc cess As I came out of Kongra Tonga s lodge one morn ing Reynal called to me from the opposite side of the village and asked me over to breakfast The b eak fast was a substantial one It consisted of the rich juicy hump ribs of a fat cow a repast absolutely un ri alled in its way It was roasting before the fire impaled upon a stout stick which Reynal took up and planted in the ground before his lodge when he with Raymond and myself taking our seats around it unsheathed our knives and assailed it with good will." In spite of all medical experience this solid fare w

out bread or salt seemed to agree with me admirably

We shall have strangers here before night said Reynal

How do you know that? I asked

I dreamed so I am as good at dreaming as an Indian There s the Hail Storm he dreamed the same thing and he and his crony The Rabbit have gone out on discovery

I laughed at Reynal for his credulity went over to my host s lodge took down my rifle walked out a mile or two on the prairie saw an old bull standing alone crawled up a ravine shot him and saw him escape Then exhausted and rather ill humored I walked back to the village By a strange coincidence Reynal s prediction had been verified for the first persons whom I saw were the two trappers Rouleau and Saraphin coming to meet me These men as the reader may possibly recollect had left our party about a fortnight before They had been trapping among the Black Hills and were now on their way to the Rocky Mountains intending in a day or two to set out for the neighboring Medicine Bow They were not the most elegant or refined of companions yet they made a very welcome addition to the limited society of the village For the rest of that day we lay smoking and talking in Reynal s lodge This indeed was no better than a hut made of hides stretched on poles and entirely open in front. It was well carpeted with soft buffalo robes and here we remained sheltered from the sun surrounded by the domestic utensils of Madame Margot s household All was quiet in the village Though the hunters had not gone out that day they lay sleeping in their lodges and most of the women were silently engaged in their heavy tasks A few young men were playing at a lazy game of ball in

the area of the village and when they became tired some girls supplied their place with a more boisterous sport. At a little distance among the lodges some children and half grown squaws were playfully tossing one of their number in a buffalo-robe an exact counterpart of the ancient pastime from which Sancho Panza suffered so much Farther out on the prairie a host of little naked boys were roaming about engaged in various rough games or pursuing birds and ground squirrels with their bows and arrows and woe to the unhappy little animals that fell into their merciless torture loving hands A squaw from the next lodge a notable housewife named Weah Washtay or the Good Woman brought us a large bowl of *wasna* and went into an ecstasy of delight when I presented her with a green glass ring such as I usually wore with a view to similar occasions

The sun went down and half the sky was glowing fiery red reflected on the little stream as it wound away among the sage bushes Some young men left the village and soon returned driving in before them all the horses hundreds in number and of every size age and color The hunters came out, and each securing those that belonged to him examined their condition and tied them fast by long cords to stakes driven in front of his lodge It was half an hour before the bustle subsided and tranquillity was restored again By this time it was nearly dark Kettles were hung over the fires around which the squaws were gathered with their children laughing and talking merrily A circle of a different kind was formed in the centre of the village This was composed of the old men and warriors of repute who sat together with their white buffalo-robes drawn close around their shoulders as the pipe passed from hand to hand their

tion had not a particle of the gravity and reserve usually ascribed to Indians I sat down with them as usual I had in my hand half a dozen squibs and serpents which I had made one day when encamped upon Laramie Creek with gunpowder and charcoal and the leaves of Fremont's Expedition" rolled round a stout lead pencil I waited till I could get hold of the large piece of burning *bois de vache* which the Indians kept by them on the ground for lighting their pipes With this I lighted all the fireworks at once and tossed them whizzing and sputtering into the air over the heads of the company They all jumped up and ran off with yelps of astonishment and consternation After a moment or two they ventured to come back one by one and some of the boldest picking up the cases of burnt paper examined them with eager curiosity to discover their mysterious secret From that time forward I enjoyed great repute as a "fire medicine"

The camp was filled with the low hum of cheerful voices There were other sounds however of a different kind for from a large lodge lighted up like a gigantic lantern by the blazing fire within came a chorus of dismal cries and wailings long drawn out like the howling of wolves and a woman almost naked was crouching close outside crying violently and gashing her legs with a knife till they were covered with blood Just a year before a young man belonging to this family had been slain by the enemy and his relatives were thus lamenting his loss Still other sounds might be heard loud earnest cries often repeated from amid the gloom at a distance beyond the village They proceeded from some young men who being about to set out in a few days on a war party were standing at the top of a hill calling on the Great Spirit to aid them in their enterprise While I was listening Rouleau

with a laugh on his careless face called to me and directed *my attention to another quarter* In front of the lodge where Weah Washtay lived another squaw was standing angrily scolding an old yellow dog who lay on the ground with his nose resting between his paws and his eyes turned sleepily up to her face as if pretending to give respectful attention but resolved to fall asleep as soon as it was all o er

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! said the old woman I have fed you well and taken car of you ever since you e e small and blind and could only crawl about and squeal a little instead of howling as you do now When you g ew old I said you were a good dog You were strong and gentle when the load was put on your back and you never ran among the feet of the horses when we were all travelling to gether over the prairie But you had a bad heart! Whenever a rabb t jumped out of the bushes you were always the first to run after him and lead away all the other dogs behind you You ought to have known that it was very dangerous to act so When you had got far out on the prairie and no one was near to help you perhaps a wolf would jump out of the ravin and then what could you do? You would certainly have been killed for no dog can fight well with a load on his back Only three days ago you ran off in that way and turned over the bag of wooden pins with which I used to fasten up the front of the lodge Look up there and you will see that it is all flapping open And now to night you have stolen a great piece of fat meat wh ch was roasting before the fire for my children I tell you you have a bad heart and you must die!

So saying the squaw went into the lodge and com ing out with a large stone mallet killed the unfortun

monotonous chanting would awaken me and I would see him seated bolt upright on his couch going through his dolorous performance with a most business like air There were other voices of the night still more inharmonious Twice or thrice between sunset and dawn all the dogs in the village and there were hundreds of them would bay and yelp in chorus a horrible clamor resembling no sound that I have ever heard except perhaps the frightful howling of wolves that we used sometimes to hear long afterward when descending the Arkansas on the trail of General Kearneys army This canine uproar is if possible more discordant than that of the wolves Heard at a distance slowly rising on the night it has a strange unearthly effect and would fearfully haunt the dreams of a nervous man but when you are sleeping in the midst of it the din is outrageous One long loud howl begins it and voice after voice takes up the sound till it passes around the whole circumference of the village and the air is filled with confused and discordant cries at once fierce and mournful It lasts a few moments and then dies away into silence

Morning came and Kongra Tonga mounting his horse rode out with the hunters It may not be amiss to glance at him for an instant in his character of husband and father Both he and his squaw like most other Indians were very fond of their children whom they indulge to excess and never punished except in extreme cases when they would throw a bowl of cold water over them Their offspring became sufficiently undutiful and disobedient under this system of education which tends not a little to foster that wild idea of liberty and utter intolerance of restraint which lie at the foundation of the Indian character It would be hard to find a fonder father than Kongra Tonga

There was one urchin in particular rather less than two meet high to whom he was exceedingly attached and sometimes spreading a buffalo-robe in the lodge he would seat himself upon it place his small favorite upright before him and chant in a low tone some of the words used as an accompaniment to the war dance The little fellow who could just manage to balance himself by stretching out both arms would lift his feet and turn slowly round and round in time to his fathers music while my host would laugh with delight and look smiling up into my face to see if I were admiring this precocious performance of his offspring In his capacity of husband he was less tender The squaw who lived in the lodge with him had been his partner for many years She took good care of his children and his household concerns He liked her well enough and as far as I could see they never quarrelled but his warmer affections were reserved for younger and more recent favorites Of these he had at present only one who lived in a lodge apart from his own One day while in this camp he became displeased with her pushed her out threw after her her ornaments dresses and every thing she had and told her to go home to her father Having consummated this summary divorce for which he could show good reasons he came back seated himself in his usual place and began to smoke with an air of the utmost tranquility and self satisfaction

I was sitting in the lodge with him on that very afternoon when I felt some curiosity to learn the history of the numerous scars that appeared on his naked body Of some of them however I did not venture to inquire for I already understood their origin Each of his arms was marked as if deeply gashed with a knife at regular intervals and there were other scars also of a different

character on his back and on either breast They were the traces of the tortures which these Indians in common with a few other tribes inflict upon themselves at certain seasons in part it may be to gain the glory of courage and endurance but chiefly as an act of self sacrifice to secure the favor of the spirits The scars upon the breast and back were produced by running through the flesh strong splints of wood to which heavy buffalo skulls are fastened by cords of hide and the wretch runs forward with all his strength assisted by two companions who take hold of each arm until the flesh tears apart and the skulls are left behind Others of Kongra Tonga's scars were the result of accidents but he had many received in war He was one of the most noted warriors in the village In the course of his life he had slain as he boasted to me fourteen men and though like other Indians he was a braggart and liar yet in this statement common report bore him out Being flattered by my inquiries he told me tale after tale true or false of his warlike exploits and there was one among the rest illustrating the worst features of Indian character too well for me to omit it Pointing out of the opening of the lodge towards the Medicine Bow Mountain not many miles distant he said that he was there a few summers ago with a war party of his young men Here they found two Snake Indians hunting They shot one of them with arrows and chased the other up the side of the mountain till they surrounded him and Kongra Tonga himself jumping forward among the trees seized him by the arm Two of his young men then ran up and held him fast while he scalped him alive They then built a great fire and cutting the tendons of their captive's wrists and feet threw him in and held him down with long poles until he was burnt to death He garnished his story with descriptive par

ticulars much too revolting to mention His features were remarkably mild and open without the fierceness of expression common among these Indians and as he detailed these devilish cruelties he looked up into my face with the air of earnest simplicity which a little child would wear in relating to its mother some anecdote of its youthful experience

Old *Mene Seela s lodge could offer another illustra*tion of the ferocity of Indian warfare A bright-eyed active little boy was living there who had belonged to a village of the Gros Ventre Blackfeet a small but bloody and treacherous band in close alliance with the Arapahoes About a year before Kongra Tonga and a party of warriors had found about twenty lodges of these Indians upon the plains a little to the eastward of our present camp and surrounding them in the night they butchered men women and children preserving only this little boy alive He was adopted into the old mans family and was now fast becoming identified with the Ogillallah children among whom he mingled on equal terms There was also a Crow warrior in the village a man of gigantic stature and most symmetrical proportions Having been taken prisoner many years before and adopted by a squaw in place of a son whom she had lost he had forgotten his old nationality and was now both in act and inclination an Ogillallah

It will be remembered that the scheme of the grand *war party against the Snake and Crow Indians orig*inated in this village and though this plan had fallen to the ground the embers of martial ardor continued to glow Eleven young men had prepared to go out against the enemy and the fourth day of our stay in this camp was fixed upon for their departure At the head of this party was a well built active little Indian called White Shield whom I had always noticed for the

ness of his dress and appearance His lodge too though not a large one was the best in the village his squaw was one of the prettiest and altogether his dwelling was the model of an Ogillallah domestic establishment I was often a visitor there for the White Shield being rather partial to white men used to invite me to continual feasts at all hours of the day Once when the substantial part of the entertainment was over and he and I were seated cros legged on a buffalo robe smoking together very amicably he took down his warlike equipments which were hanging around the lodge and displayed them with great pride and self importance Among the rest was a superb head-dress of feathers Taking this from its case he put it on and stood b fore me perfectly conscious of the gallant air which it gave to his dark face and his vigorous graceful figure He told me that upon it were the feathers of three war eagles equal in value to the same number of good horses He took up also a shield gayly painted and hung with feathers The effect of these barbaric ornaments was admirable His quiver was made of the spotted skin of a small panther common among the Black Hills from which the tail and distended claws were still allowed to hang The White Shield concluded his entertainment in a manner characteristic of an Indian He begged of me a little powder and ball for he had a gun as well as a bow and arrows but this I was obliged to refuse because I had scarcely enough for my own use Making him however a parting present of a paper of vermilion I left him quite contented

On the next morning the White Shield took cold and was attacked with an inflammation of the throat Immediately he seemed to lose all spirit and though before no warrior in the village had borne himself more proudly he now moped about from lodge to lodge with

a forlorn and dejected air At length he sat down close wrapped in his robe before the lodge of Reynal but when he found that neither he nor I knew how to relieve him he arose and stalked over to one of the medicine men of the village This old impostor thumped him for some time with both fists howled and yelped over him and beat a drum close to his ear to expel the evil spirit This treatment failing of the desired effect the White Shield withdrew to his own lodge where he lay disconsolate for some hours Making his appearance once more in the afternoon he again took his seat on the ground before Reynals lodge holding his throat with his hand For some time he sat silent with his eyes fixed mournfully on the ground At last he began to speak in a low tone

I am a brave man he said all the young men think me a great warrior and ten of them are ready to go with me to the war I will go and show them the enemy Last summer the Snakes killed my brother I cannot live unless I revenge his death To morrow we will set out and I will take their scalps

The White Shield as he expressed this resolution seemed to have lost all the accustomed fire and spirit of his look and hung his head as if in a fit of despondency

As I was sitting that evening at one of the fires I saw him arrayed in his splendid war dress his cheeks painted with vermilion leading his favorite war horse to the front of his lodge He mounted and rode round the village singing his war song in a loud hoarse voice amid the shrill acclamations of the women Then dismounting he remained for some minutes prostrate upon the ground as if in an act of supplication On the following morning I looked in vain for the departure of the warriors All was quiet in the village until late in

the forenoon when the White Shield came and seated himself in his old place before us Reynal asked him why he had not gone out to find the enemy?

I cannot go he answered in a dejected voice I have given my war arrows to the Meneaska

You have only given him two of your arrows, said Reynal If you ask him he will give them back again

For some time the White Shield said nothing At last he spoke in a gloomy tone —

One of my young men has had bad dreams The spirits of the dead came and threw stones at him in his sleep

If such a dream had actually taken place it might have broken up this or any other war party but both Reynal and I were convinced at the time that it was a mere fabrication to excuse his remaining at home

The White Shield was a warrior of noted prowess Very probably he would have received a mortal wound without the show of pain and endured without flinching the worst tortures that an enemy could inflict upon him The whole power of an Indian s nature would be summoned to encounter such a trial every influence of his education from childhood would have prepared him for it the cause of his suffering would have been visibly and palpably before him and his spirit would rise to set his enemy at defiance and gain the highest glory of a warrior by meeting death with fortitude But when he feels himself attacked by a mysterious evil before whose assaults his manhood is wasted and his strength drained away when he can see no enemy to resist and defy the boldest warrior falls prostrate at once He believes that a bad spirit has taken possession of him or that he is the victim of some charm When suffering from a protracted disorder an Indian will often abandon himself to his supposed destiny pine away

and die the victim of his own imagination The same effect will often follow a series of calamities or a long run of ill luck and Indians have been known to ride into the midst of an enemy s camp or attack a grizzly bear single handed to get rid of a life supposed to lie under the doom of fate

Thus after all his fasting dreaming and calling upon the Great Spi it the White Shield s w ir p rty came to nought

THE ONLY ONE

BY MAUDE BARNES MILLER

One friend I have who lets me live
  And never tries to make me over
Completely unreformative—
  His name is Rover

THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

BY CARL SANDBURG

ONE morning in February of 1848 a man sat at his desk in the House of Representative writing a piece of poetry He was an old man he had been born in 1767 or seven years before the Revolutionary War commenced with the firing of shots at Lexington and he was a very practical man even though on this morning as the House was called to order for business he was writing a piece of poetry

A resolution was introduced expressing thanks to the generals of the Mexican War for their brave conduct and skilled strategy the clerk had read Resolved by the House That —when there was a cry and a stir and the members of the House looked toward the old man he had stood up as if he might speak once more from the floor where he had spoken hundreds of times he clutched his desk with groping convulsive fingers then he sank back into his chair with a slump a friend and two doctors carried him to a sofa and he was taken first into the rotunda and then into the Speakers room Mustard poultices were placed on his chest and back he was rubbed and given a friction treatment

About an hour afterward he spoke a few words This is the last of earth but I am content" His wife relatives and friends stood by his side one was Henry Clay of Kentucky who held the old mans hand and looked into the old mans face while tears came into his eyes At the funeral services in Washington one Repre-

sentative from each state was in attendance they escorted the body to Faneuil Hall in Boston the body was laid in a grave in Quincy Massachu etts

This was the end of John Quincy Adams his life career and works For seventeen years he had been a member of Congress during eight of those years he had fought against the "gag rule by which Congress voted a ainst any petitions relating to slavery being received each year the majority against him was less until the gag rule was beaten he had bee i President of the United States from 1825 to 1829 and before that was Secretary of State under President Monroe and had more of a hand in writing the Monroe Doctrine than did Monroe earlier yet he had been in London and Paris at work with Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin on the treaty that ended the War of 1812

This same John Quincy Adams saw N ipoleon come back to Paris from Elba he was in Russia representing President Madison at the time the armies of Napoleon were burned out of Moscow and sent reeling and har ned back toward France before that he had been a professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard Univer sity he had come to Harvard after serving as United States Senator from Massachusetts and helping Presi lent Jefferson make the Louisiana Purchase Washing on had appointed him Minister to Portugal after which is father President John Adams sent him to Berlin before his graduation from Harvard he had served as a ecretary to the American commissioners who negotiated h treaty of peace that ended the Revolutionary War n 1782 the year before that he was with the American nvoy to Russia following university studies at Paris nd Leipzig

A sweet lovable man who had led a clean ard work steady habits many dangers furio

FOR US THE LIVING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IF you could go back through the years—if by virtue of some such gift as was the wonder and redemption of an old skin flint named Scrooge, you could go back through the long file of American years and play eavesdropper on one fateful moment in our history, which one would you choose? Would you choose that moment in which the first starved and despairing settlers in Virginia saw, at long last, the Governor's relief boat coming slowly round the bend in the muddy James? Or that moment in which, under the dripping trees at Saratoga, Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne surrendered his sword after the battle which had turned the tide of our own now sanctified revolution? Or would you slip unnoticed into the multitude which stood in the November sunshine on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg so that you might hear from his own lips that address by Abraham Lincoln which surely will live at least as long as this country does? Always in my own fond recourse to this pastime that was my choice. But it may not have been a good one. For had I been at Gettysburg when Lincoln spoke, the chances are overwhelming that I would not have heard what he said.

In our own day it has been an ironic commonplace that that speech which in the long history of liberty and patriotism—as mountain top signals to mountain top—calls back across the centuries to the funeral oration of Pericles, made no impression at all on most of the reporters who filed it with the harried telegraph operators

at Gettysburg nor on most of the editors who in composing their papers next day *merely gave their readers* the impression that Mr Lincoln also spoke" To be sure The New York Times observed the occasion by printing an editorial headed "Two Great Speeches" but if you are persistent enough to read it you will notice that "The Times was referring to the stupefying two hour oration with which Edward Everett had preceded Mr Lincoln's address and to the stirring speech which Henry Ward Beecher fresh from his ordeal in England had just made at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn

It might be enjoyable and not unprofitable to glance here in passing at the more preposterous comments made by those already hostile to the speaker In the nearby town of Harrisburg The Patriot and Union said "We pass over the silly remarks of the President for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of And "The Chicago Times had this to say 'The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly flat and dish watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States One of those whose job it was to enlighten such foreigners intelligent or otherwise—the American correspondent of The London Times —duly kept them posted as follows The ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln Anything more dull and commonplace it wouldn't be easy to produce These however were but spiteful expressions of the same kind of angry partisanship which marked so much of the sniping at Lincoln while he lived and with which even the latest of his successors is by no means unfamiliar

But here I am concerned only with the immed

effect upon the fifteen thousand who were actually pres ent at Gettysburg From the unconscious or reluctant testimony of many witnesses one thing is clear Few of them suspected for a moment that the world *would* long remember what was said there Indeed that is the basis of a celebrated and exceedingly sentimental short story called *The Perfect Tribute* in which Lincoln is presented as having left Gettysburg melancholy in the conviction that he had failed The story could have been written only by someone who knew little about Lincoln and less about public speaking But it *is* true that the first audience however much *ex post facto* perceptiveness its members may later have laid claim to were at the time quite unimpressed Historians with that wisdom after the event which lends to posterity its smug air of superiority have been amused to wonder why I know why I think it can be proved beyond all doubt that of the fifteen thousand only an inconsider able few heard what Lincoln said

It is easy to see why this must have been so Even the most inexperienced playwright is careful to post pone past the first ten minutes any crucial line of his dialogue not only because stragglers will still be rattling down the aisles but because there is such a thing as an arc of attention and in the relation between the voices on the stage and the ears beyond the footlights it takes a bit of time to establish that arc s trajectory Listen to any speaker at a dinner and note how inevitably he de votes his first two or three minutes to saying nothing at all while his audience with its varying rate of adjust ment is tuning in The need for such purely vocal pre-liminaries is trebled when the gathering is held under the sky Mr Lincoln spoke not only in the open air but to a multitude of which many having just escaped from the trap of a two hour discourse were for reasons you

are free to surmise moving anxiously toward the exits Some of these as it dawned on them that the President had risen turned in their tracks and started shoving their way back toward the rostrum So it was not only to a huge crowd in the open air that he spoke but to one that was not even stationary He would have had to talk for at least five minutes before even those within reach of his voice could have really begun to listen But the address is made up of ten sentences It has only two hundred and seventy two words After he had been speaking for two minutes and thirty five seconds Mr Lincoln sat down Most of those present could not have taken in a word he said

Now all this I know from my own platform experience Of course it was an old story to him who had held the difficult Cooper Union audience in thrall who had gone down with Douglas into the dust of the arena and who had spoken by *torchlight* to many a milling crossroads crowd No one this country ever produced—not Patrick Henry nor Henry Ward Beecher nor Woodrow Wilson—knew better than Lincoln how to *make* an audience listen If he did not make the one at Gettysburg listen it must have been for a reason you will find suggested by an anecdote out of Edna Ferber s adventures with the *goyim* Once as a guest of the William Lyon Phelpses in New Haven she heard her host invoke the blessing of God on the excellent menu by muttering confidentially into his soup plate After the Amen Mrs Phelps complained that she had not heard a word My dear he replied I wasn t speaking to you Is it not clear that if Mr Lincoln did not trouble to make the crowd at Gettysburg hear him it is because he was not speaking to them?

To whom then? The other day I put that question to John Thomason of the Marines Smiling as if he knew

the answer he told me about a letter he had found in a trunk in a Texas attic It was written in 1863 by a young Confederate captain who had been wounded at Gettysburg and was still there on crutches when months later the battlefield was dedicated He must have been one of the scattered few—there are such exceptions in every audience—who did hear what Lincoln said To the folks back home he wrote 'We've got to stop fighting that man Wherefore Major Thomason thinks that if Lincoln was indifferent to those present at Gettysburg it was because over their heads he was talking to the South

I think he may have been but my own inescapable notion is that over the heads of the South he was also talking to Americans as yet unborn and unbegot

whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long *endure*

Have these words for example at any time since they were first spoken ever had such painful immediacy as they have seemed to have in our own anxious era? Yes he was talking to you and to me Of this there is no real question in my mind The only question—in an age when beggars on horseback the world around are challenging all that Lincoln had and was—the only question is whether we will listen

It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here

For whom was the speech meant? Why the answer is in his own words For us For us the living For us to resolve and see to it—and see to it— that government of the people by the people for the people SHALL NOT perish from the earth

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper Now at the expiration of four years during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation little that is new could be presented The progress of our arms upon which all else chiefly depends is as well known to the public as to myself and it is I trust reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all With high hope for the future no prediction in regard to it is ventured

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war All dreaded it—all sought to avert it While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place devoted altogether to saving the Union without war insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation Both parties deprecated war but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive and the other would accept war rather than let it perish And the war came

One eighth of the whole population were colored

slaves not distributed generally over the Union but localized in the southern part of it These slaves con stituted a peculiar and powerful interest All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war To strengthen perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God and each invokes his aid against the other It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men s faces but let us judge not that we be not judged The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully

The Almighty has his own purposes Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses comes but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come but which, having continued through his appointed time He now wills to remove and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may

speedily pass away Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword as was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said 'The judg ments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether

With malice toward none with charity for all with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right let us strive on to finish the work we are in to bind up the nation s wounds to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations

THE CONFFDERATE ARMY

BY JOHN W THOMASON JR

This elegy was written a year before Pearl Harbor by an incurable Texan who was a fighting Lieutenant of Marines at Belleau Wood and Soissons in 1918 By the end of 1940 he had dwindled to a mere Lieutenant Colonel in the Naval Intelligence The following passage is from a foreword to a collection of his stories called A Lone Star Preacher *The second story in that collection* A Preacher Goes to War *will be found elsewhere in this volume*

THE Provisional Army of the Confederate States was —as all wartime armies are—a cross section of the society from which it came It had its knightly hearted zealots consecrated to a Cause their chins lifted above human frailty It had its romantics white plumes of chivalry nodding in their eyes It had its great grandees who went out with their body servants and fine linen as to a tournament and who when it was discovered that battlefields were unsalubrious places fled to safe jobs near the seat of government or stayed and fought it out in homespun pants and hide brogans according to the essence of them It had its solid middle-of the road men who took the sunshine and the sleet with equal minds and these are the backbone of armies It had its rascals corpse robbers coffee coolers malinger ers deserters—it had a great many deserters American armies perhaps because of the unexpected mushiness which streaks American discipline record appalling highs in the matter of desertion It had its braggarts its Falstaffs and its Ancient Pistols and it had men at arms

as meek and valiant as Chaucers very gentle perfect knight.

It was never a really homogeneous army The Tide water regiments of Virginia with their broad vowels and their cavalier dash were not quite the same as the sturdy blue light soldiers from the Valley whom Stone wall Jackson led down to First Manassas They were plain and simple men from the hill farms of North Carolina and Tennessee in the formations of D H Hill who hardened under fire as steel in a furnace South Carolina sent high nosed heroes critical of family in their officers but hard-dying men in any company In the hearts of Alabama and Georgia there smouldered always an angry hell burning brightest in battle From Texas and Mississippi and Arkansas came the tall hunters who broke the cane and bridled the western waters bear killers Indian fighters reported as savage and dreadful by civilized patriots called to arms out of rock fenced New England pastures And Louisiana sent under Harry Hayes those famous cosmopolitan Zouaves called the Louisiana Tigers who campaigned with the ferocity of Free Companions in the Hundred Years War And there were the Florida troops who undismayed in fire stampeded the night after Fredericksburg when the Aurora Borealis snapped and crackled over that field of frozen dead And the Kentuckians and the Marylanders served doggedly from divided families

One thing they had in common—a belief in Southern rights That one of those rights involved the dark institution of chattel slavery is not pertinent because few of them owned slaves or hoped to own them That tariff and free trade entered into it is not pertinent either—they were pastorals and their economics were bounded by their fields and woodlots What are you

THE FIRST G A R PARADE

BY LLOYD LEWIS

IT was May 23 1865 Sherman sat in a wooden stand before the White House Close by sat President John son and his Cabinet and around them governors sena tors notables and ladies Crowds jammed Pennsylvania Avenue roofs windows From a distance came the blare of bands shouts The Army of the Potomac was being reviewed The East was having its day Tomorrow would come Sherman s day and the West s Into view swung General Meade The crowd shrieked "Gettys burg! Here came George Armstrong Custer—a briga dier general at twenty six—the Eastern army s most romantic figure Female voices squealed The *New York World* reporter jotted down his description

> fair and ruddy complexion—a sunrise of golden hair which ripples upon his blue shoulders—on his left arm hangs a wreath of evergreens—scarlet kerchief—white gauntlets

An overwrought woman threw a wreath Custer snatched at it His horse bolted The crowd shrieked "A runaway! The *World* man saw Custer s hat blow off in the sunshine his locks unskeined stream a foot behind him it is like the charge of a Sioux chief tain" (Prophetic simile in eleven years Custer would be dead under a charge of Sioux warriors) Sherman watched Custer disappear—"he was not reviewed at all (Prophetic dramatization of the end of cavalry as a major arm of war)

Sherman was critical of Eastern troops noting that many turned their eyes around like country gawks to look at the big people on the stand They did not march well because of the faulty music from two civilian or chestras— pampered and well fed bands that are taught to play the very latest operas He resolved to eliminate that music tomorrow and have his own men march to their own regimental bands Come what might his army *must* outmarch the Easterners

Meade walked up onto the stand Sherman said to him I m afraid my poor tatterdemalion corps will make a poor appearance tomorrow when contrasted with yours Meade said the people would make allowances Comparisons were in the generals minds Six years later Meade said that his Army of the Potomac had suffered 60 per cent of the Union casualties of the whole war

That night Sherman ordered his officers Be careful about your intervals and your tactics I will give plenty of time to go to the Capitol and see everything after ward but let them keep their eyes fifteen feet to the front and march by in the old customary way Many men had new uniforms but rags were still common The *World* man noted many bare feet Hazen was still mak ing vain efforts to have the Fifteenth Corps cut its hair Sherman was going to let the East see his army as it had lived for better or for worse

Through the night he moved in from Virginia closer to the city and at break of day bugles blew and the *World* reporter wrote

> directly all sorts of colors over a wild mo notony of columns began to sway to and fro up and down and like the uncoiling of a tremendous python the Army of Sherman winds into Wash ington

The Fifteenth Corps led the way. For a little while it paused behind the Capitol, snickering to see Uncle Billy ride past, dressed up after dingy carelessness for years. His horse wore wreaths on its neck. Young ladies were thrusting roses in lapels and down gun barrels, or bringing ice water from tubs on street corners. Springtime flirtations danced up and down the waiting lines. Sherman eyed his men anxiously. Had he any right to expect them, after all those reckless years and miles, to march like bandbox soldiers?

He would not ride alone. Howard would be seen at his side. In Carolina he had said that if he were killed Howard must take command and end the campaign. Now Howard, although transferred to the Freedmen's Bureau, was entitled to ride at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, but Sherman had asked him, out of respect for Logan's disappointment at Atlanta, to let the Illinois soldier have that honor.

The Capitol was blooming with flags. The morning was bright and soft. A cannon boomed. Nine o'clock! Sherman shook a spur, his horse stepped forward, drum sticks made the air flutter like flying canister or wild geese wings. Bands blared into "The Star-spangled Banner." Around the corner of the Capitol the Westerners came.

Stage fright stuck in plowboys' throats. The roofs and trees were black with people. Pennsylvania Avenue stretched like a long, long river between human banks. White handkerchiefs waved like apple blossoms in an Indiana wind. Boys' eyes caught blurred sights of signs spanning the avenue—"Hail to the Western Heroes," "Hail Champions of Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Bentonville—Pride of the Nation."

Cheers crashed against the blushing faces of the

marchers Their lips twitched and their eyes fell in self consciousness Many of them wished they were back among the swamps of Carolina—even among the bullets of Vicksburg J W Anderson Company G Nineteenth Illinois heard people pray as his regiment swept by he noted sobbing women hold up babies to see the soldiers Mourning still hung on buildings—mourning for Lin coln Crape draped all flags Now and then curious cheers welled up from the marching men wild cries arising from the excitement and from comprehending at last the tremendous miles behind them

Sherman riding ahead his old slouch hat in hand—the sun on his red hair—was listening to the tread of his men Sometimes in sudden hushes he could hear one footfall behind him The hushes came when ambulances rolled by with bloodstained stretchers fastened on their sides Gales of laughter followed hushes as at the end of the corps came Negro refugees of both sexes and all ages leading or riding mules walking beside wagons filled with tents and kettles surmounted by turkeys and pet raccoons Pigs grunted from end gates here and there Gamecocks rode cannon crowing Ragamuffin Negroes bearing Revolutionary blunderbusses grinned at guffawing spectators

Sherman hoped as perhaps he had never hoped any thing in his lifetime that his men were marching well They sounded all right but he couldn t be sure in the roaring current of noise They *must* show the East that they were not an undisciplined mob " Sherman neared the White House where the test would come Ellen would be in the stand with Tommy and Old Solitude Willy s eyes would not be there to shine *Cold* eyes of elegant society people would be leveled

Sherman s horse walked up the avenue slope before the Treasury Building In a minute it would swing to

past black silk hats that waved and white handkerchiefs that flew It would be her first sight of him in eighteen months There he was on a shining bay —his saber was flashing in front of his face his beard was getting terribly grizzled his hair was cut closer than usual thank the Lord he was very thin he was gone

The whole army was thin Carl Schurz in the stand felt his heart leap as the Westerners wheeled into view —"nothing but bone and muscle and skin under their tattered battle flags Their flags were thin too from wind and bullets—many were nothing but shreds of faded red and white and blue Cheers drowned the bands The street in front of the stand was ankle-deep in flowers—worn heels bare heels kept step among the roses

Cheers for Howard with the empty sleeve for Logan with the black hair For Hazen very hand some for Mother Bickerdyke riding an army horse side saddle a sunbonnet on her head a calico dress on her capable body The *New York Tribune* reporter saw officers of the Fifteenth Corps shout something unin telligible in the uproar and the men

> without turning their heads their eyes still front relax their imperturbable faces and break into wild yells tearing off their hats with free hands and waving them in air—their eyes still front

They were cheering the President and Grant Boys of the Twelfth Wisconsin said "We couldn t look at the reviewing stand If Lincoln had been there I m afraid our line would have broken up"

Almost all the spectators it seemed noted that the Westerners took a more springy stride than had th Easterners the day before a step guessed at from tw

to four inches longer—a proud rolling swinging step One old man in the stand thrilled as he saw it Tom Corwin who at seventy one had been remembering how so long ago he had sat beside the deathbed of Judge Sherman Who would have thought then that the judge s boy Cump would march so far in history? Elo quence came from Corwin as the river of Westerners rolled by

They march like the lords of the world " he said

Another Ohio pioneer sat glowing in the stand the Methodist Episcopal Bishop Edward R Ames remorse less traveler of the wilderness itinerant preacher mis sionary to the Indians criss-crosser of the continent, understanding now those splendid legs Beside him sat the German ambassador who said as the Fifteenth Corps passed An army like that could whip all Eu rope As the Twentieth Corps went by he said An army like that could whip the world" and when the Fourteenth Corps had gone ending the parade he said to Ames An army like that could whip the devil

It was commonly agreed that Sherman s men were taller leaner than Easterners their beards were longer and more shaggy—more of them wore beards more of the beards were yellow and red It was also agreed that the Westerners were more obviously the symbol of de mocracy the private soldiers apparently hailing from the same social strata as their officers Spectators had difficulty distinguishing officers from the men whereas such differences had been plain in the Army of the Po tomac Many observers noted how completely the East ern regiments in Sherman s Twentieth Corps had taken on the characteristics of their Western comrades— they walked like Westerners "

The East had shown better clothing more paper collars superior discipline the West had marched far

better Western boys had older faces The *New York World* man thought Sherman's soldiers "hardier knottier weirder He concluded that the army of the East had been composed of citizens the West of pioneers" Charles A Page of the *New York Tribune* declared the Westerners faces were more intelligent self reliant and determined

To Washingtonians Sherman's army had the variety and strangeness of a foreign caravan—blackamoors mules swaying wagons signalmen carrying sixteen foot staffs with small flags that looked to the *New York World* man like talismanic banners emblems of a grander Masonry than the world is worthy of Excited onlookers spoke of the Crusaders—a word that no member of the army so far as later research would reveal had ever applied to themselves

Once he had passed the reviewing stand Sherman left the line of march and with his staff entered the White House grounds where he dismounted and hurried to enter the tier of seats He found Ellen Tommy and the Salt Boiler and embraced them, then hurried to shake hands with President Johnson Grant was next then Stanton

The time had come to repay insult with insult The Secretary of War held out his hand but Sherman ignored it Elbridge J Copp a telegrapher in the War Department saw the incident plainly Sherman's face was scarlet and his red hair seemed to stand on end A buzz of surprise eddied through the stand whispers flew Sherman sat down to watch his men go by

Charles A Dana admirer of Sherman and assistant to Stanton thought that the affair had been carefully plotted He said that the Blairs who had been working to persuade President Johnson to desert the Radicals and swing back to Lincolnian gentleness

South had been conniving to oust Stanton from office Dana declared that for some days before the review Cump s brother Charles 'had been very active in stir ring up a quarrel and with the Blairs and other anti Radical politicians had gathered on the stand to hu miliate Stanton publicly In all likelihood General Sher man had not been acting in concert with any one For a month he had planned to insult Stanton and this had been his first opportunity

As the last pickaninny laden mule disappeared the notables came down from the stand Copp the telegra pher saw throngs pump Sherman s hand and shower bouquets upon him

> At first he was affable then he grew less cordial as the crowds crushed in He pushed down the steps step by step and refused proffered hands finally exclaiming Damn you get out of the way damn you!

That night when serenaders called him out from John Sherman s house—next door to Stanton s—he said he wouldn t make a speech because he might get ex cited and say things better left unsaid The *World* man heard him add

> For when I speak I speak to the point and when I act in earnest I act to the point If a man minds his own business I let him alone but if he crosses my path he must get out of the way I want peace and freedom for every man to go where he pleases to California or to any other portion of our country without restriction

From the crowd came a voice referring to gossip that the army was to help Mexico drive out Emperor Max imilian

How about going to Mexico General?"

"You can go there if you like and you can go to hell if you want to!" barked Sherman, and he went indoors.

For days and nights he was busy with complaints that his Westerners were fighting with Eastern soldiers in saloons, stealing horses and buggies—the Eighty-fifth Illinois played such a prank upon Washington's chief of police—capturing horse cars, kicking off conductors, collecting fares, refusing to make change, and carrying passengers beyond their stops. He heard of one group who refused to alight at the end of the line. "End hell!" they bellowed. "We paid to be hauled out to camp, five cents to be hauled out to camp, and we're not going to be swindled." And, said Sherman in later years, "Do you know, those boys seized the reins and drove that car right up on the road to camp a mile beyond the end of the track? Fortunately the road was smooth and hard and the poor horses were able to pull it."

Grant wrote him that General Augur, policing Washington, complained that Western and Eastern troops whenever they met "are sure to fight" and that Sherman's men exhibited "deep feeling, especially when in a little liquor, on account of the difficulties between yourself and Secretary Stanton." Augur described how Western officers jumped on bars, gave "three groans for Mr. Stanton," then got down and take another drink. Sherman rode the streets after midnight calming his men. Soon Dana was writing General Wilson that Grant had been forced to put the Potomac River between the Westerners and the Easterners on account of the fist fighting:

> I have heard of one or two men who have been killed and one or two who have been seriously wounded. Sherman's men are pretty troublesome to the farmers and other quiet people where they are

Hazen thought the Army of the Tennessee was or dered to Louisville for demobilization with unseemly haste He admitted that the boys were still free with reckless appropriation of other people s property and that an amount of investigation and police court work was done daily which very soon made it necessary to send the Army of the Tennessee away so that our ex pected long rest at Washington was reduced to a few days"

On May 30 Sherman wrote his farewell address to his men As the soldiers read it they were sad They rejoiced of course at the prospect of seeing home folks yet army comrades now seemed closer than relatives They had prayed and sung about the happy day when the cruel war is over They had longed to be done with stinking death But that had been in days when peace was far away Now it was here and it was not what they had expected It was hard to say good by to boys with whom they had walked fought bled and stolen chickens

All at once they knew that the sun would not rise on danger in Ohio and that in the twilights of Indiana would come the boom of frogs—not Joe Johnston s can non There would be fireflies and not sharpshooters blazing in the long grass of Missouri Soon they would be hunting work instead of hens All too quickly now their iron legs would be following plows and harrows round and round a narrow field—their feet would be boxed in by inviolate fences or frame villages that never changed Never again would they move with the equi noxes sweating in the Southern sun Life s supreme sweetness was ending not beginning Our work is done" they read in Uncle Billy s farewell Their eyes ran down the printed page regretfully They caught sentences that recounted their triumphs—he was re

minding them that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline and that the same work and discipline were equally important in the future

> our favored country is so grand so expansive so diversified in climate soil and productions that every man may find a home and occupation suited to his taste none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure You will be invited to seek new adventures abroad do not yield to the temptation for it will lead only to death and disappointment farewell you have been good soldiers you will make good citizens

To the men the paper read like a lament until near the end

> If unfortunately new war should rise in our country Sherman's army will be the first to buckle on its old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance

New war? Occasionally boys wondered vaguely about this as the railroad trains hauled them westward War with whom? Certainly not with the South The West need never go there again With France over Mexico? Not likely

No if war came it would be with those damned Easterners in the paper collars!

THREE SPEECHES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES JR

Here are printed three samples of oral prose by the younger Holmes the third being his own contribution to a birthday observance celebrated by the radio while he was still serving as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court The first Oliver Wendell Holmes is represented earlier in these pages by The Last Leaf a poem of which Poe always carried a copy in his pocket Lincoln didn t have to He knew it by heart and used to recite it Another father and son contribute to this volume—the Whites of Emporia

I

(From a lecture on THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW delivered at Harvard in 1886)

NO man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen —to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach In saying this I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you in all sadness of conviction that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists Only when you have worked alone —when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will —then only will you have achieved Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and

forgotten men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought —the subtile rapture of a postponed power which the world knows not because it has no external trappings but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army And if this joy should not be yours st ll it is only thus that you can know that you have done what it lay in you to do —can say that you have lived and be ready for the end

II

(From an address on "THE SOLDIER'S FAITH" delivered at Harvard on Memorial Day 1895)

Three years ago died the old colonel of my regiment the T entieth Massachusetts He gave our regiment its soul No man could falter who heard his Forward Twentieth! I went to his funeral From a side door of the church a body of little choir boys came in like a flight of careless doves At the same time the doors open d at the front and up the main aisle advanced his coffin followed by the few gray heads who stood for the men of the Twentieth the rank and file whom he had loved and whom he led for the last time The church was empty No one remembered the old man whom we were burying no one save those next to him and us And I said to myself The Twentieth has shrunk to a skeleton a gho t a memory a forgotten name which we other old men alone keep in our hearts And then I thought It is right It is as the colonel would have had it This also is part of the soldier s faith Hav ing known great things to be content with silence Just

then there fell into my hands a little song sung by a warlike people on the Danube which seemed to me fit for a soldier s last word another song of the sword but a song of the sword in its scabbard a song of oblivion and peace

A soldier has been buried on the battle field

And when the wind in the tree tops roared
The soldier asked from the deep dark grave
  Did the banner flutter then?
Not so my hero the wind replied
The fight is done but the banner won
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence
  Have borne it in triumph hence
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave
    I am content

Then he heareth the lovers laughing pass
  And the soldier asks once more
Are these not the voices of them that love
  That love—and remember me?
Not so my hero the lovers say
We are those that remember not
For the spring has come and the earth has smiled
  And the dead must be forgot
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave
    I am content

III

(A broadcast on his ninetieth birthday.)

In this symposium my part is only to sit in silence To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task

But I may mention one thought that comes to me as a listener in The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self "The work is done"

But just as one says that the answer comes "The race is over but the work never is done while the power to work remains"

The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest It cannot be while you still live For to live is to function That is all there is in living

And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago

> Death plucks my ear and says Live—
> I am coming

THE TRAWNBEIGHS

BY CHARLES M FLANDRAU

This account of an English family on their uppers in exile is a true story recorded by an appreciative resident of St Paul Minnesota If it forms a chapter of Viva Mexico it is only because Mr Flandrau (who was a good neighbor in advance of his time) happened just then to be writing his beautiful book on his adventures in that country Actually he had encountered the Trawnbeighs in Minneapolis Any thoughtful student of that household when under pressure—the word guts has been defi ed as grace under pressure —will better understand why after Dunkirk the Na_is encountered something stronger than they were

WHEN my first New Year s party dispersed I walked back to the center of the town with a man who had lived for many years in Mexico who had been everywhere and had done everything and who seemed to know something funny or tragic or scandalous about everybody in the world He loved to talk to describe to recall and while we had some drinks together at a café under the sky blue portales he aroused my interest in people I never had heard of and never should see He told me among other things about the Trawnbeighs

This as nearly as I can remember is what he told me about the Trawnbeighs

The Trawnbeighs he said were the sort of people who dressed for dinner " even when as sometimes happened they had no dinner in the house to dress for It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the Trawnbei hs were English Indeed on looking back I often feel that to my first apparently flippant statement it is unneces-

sary to add *anything* For to one who knew Mr and Mrs Trawnbeigh Edwina Violet Maud and Cyril it was the first and last word on them their alpha and omega together with all that went between Not that the statement *is* flippant—far from it There is in it a seriousness a profundity an immense philosophic import At times it has almost moved me to lift my hat very much as one does for reasons of state or religion or death

This let me hasten to explain is not at all the way I feel when I put on evening clothes myself which I do at least twice out of my every three hundred and sixty *five opportunities No born American could feel that* way about his own dress coat He sometimes thinks he does he often—and isn t it boresome!—pretends he does but he really doesn t As a matter of unimportant fact the born American may have dressed every evening of his grown up life But if he found himself on an isolated played out Mexican coffee and vanilla finca with a wife four children a tiled roof that leaked whenever there was a norther an unsealed sala through the bamboo partitions of which a cold wet wind howled sometimes for a week at a time with no money no capacity for making any no prospects and no cook—under these depressing circumstances it is impossible to conceive of an American dressing for dinner every night at a quarter before seven in any spirit but one of ghastly humor

With the Trawnbeighs performance of this sacred rite however irony and humor had nothing to do The Trawnbeighs had a robust sense of fun (so I feel sure have pumpkins and turnips and the larger varieties of the nutritious potato family) but humor when they didn t recognize it bewildered them and it always struck them as just a trifle underbred when they did

Various things can be done with two thousand pounds but just what *shall* be done ought to depend very largely on whether they happen to be one's first two thousand or one's last Trawnbeigh however invested his (interred would be a more accurate term) quite as if they never would be missed The disposition to be a country gentleman was in Trawnbeigh's blood Indeed the first impression one received from the family was that everything they did was in their blood It never seemed to me that Trawnbeigh had immediately sunk the whole of his little fortune in an old small and dilapidated coffee place so much because he was dazzled by the glittering financial future the shameless owner (another Englishman by the way) predicted for him as because to own an estate and live on it was so to speak his natural element He had tried while Mrs Trawnbeigh was cooking on the Isthmus to get something to do But there was really nothing in Mexico he *could* do He was splendidly strong and in the United States he very cheerfully and with no loss of self respect or point of view would have temporarily shoveled wheat or coal or driven a team or worked on the street force as many another Englishman of noble lineage has done before and since but in the tropics an Anglo Saxon cannot be a day laborer He can't because he can't And there was in Mexico no clerical position open to Trawnbeigh because he did not know Spanish (It is significant that after fifteen consecutive years of residence in the country *none* of the Trawnbeighs knew Spanish) To be somehow and somewhere an English country gentleman of a well known slightly old fashioned type was as much Trawnbeigh's destiny as it is the destiny of say a polar bear to be a polar bear or a camel to be a camel As soon as he got his two thousand pounds he became one

When I first met them all he had been one for about ten years I had recently settled in Trawnbeigh s n igh borhood which in Mexico means that my ranch was a hard day and a half ride from his over roads that are not roads but merely ditches full of liquefied mud on the level stretches and ditches full of assorted bowlders on the ascent So although we looked neighborly on a small map I might not have had the joy of meeting the Trawnbeighs for years if my mule hadn t gone lame one day when I was making the interminable trip to Re bozo T awnbeigh s place was seven m les from the main road and as I happened to be near the parting of the ways when the off hind leg of Catal na began to limp I decided to leave her with my mozo at an Indian village until a pack train should pass by (there is always someone in a pack train who can remove a bad shoe) while I proceeded on th mozo s mule to the Trawn be ghs My usual stopping place for the night was five miles farther on and the Indian village was—well it was an Indian village Time and again I had been told of Trawnbeigh s early adventures and I felt sure he could "put me up (as he would have said himself) for the night He put me up not only that night but as my mozo didn t appear until late the next afternoon a second night as well And when I at last rode away it was with the feeling of having learned from the Trawn beighs a great lesson

In the first place they couldn t have expected me they couldn t poss bly have expected anyone And it was a hot afternoon But as it was the hour at which people at home dropped in for tea Mrs Tra vnbeigh and her th ee plain heavy looking daughters were perfectly pre pared to d spense hospitality to any number of mythical friends They had on hideous but distinctly dressy dresses of amazingly stamped materials known I

lieve as summer silks and they were all four tightly laced Current fashion in Paris London and New York by no means insisted on small smooth round waists but the Trawnbeigh women had them because (as it gradually dawned on me) to have had any other kind would have been a concession to anatomy and the weather To anything so compressible as one s anatomy or as vulgarly impartial as the weather the Trawn beighs simply did not concede I never could get over the feeling that they all secretly regarded weather in general as a kind of popular institution of vital im portance only to the middle class Cyril an extremely beautiful young person of twenty two who had been playing tennis (by himself) on the asoleadero was in flannels and Trawnbeigh admirably looked the part in gray middle aged riding things although as I dis covered before leaving their stable at the time consisted of one senile burro with ingrowing hoofs

From the first it all seemed too flawless to be true I had never visited in England but I doubt if there is another country whose literature gives one so definite and lasting an impression of its home life" Perhaps this is because the life of families of the class to which the Trawnbeighs belonged proceeds in England by such a series of definite and traditional episodes In a house-hold like theirs the unexpected must have a devil of a time in finding a chance to happen For during my visit absolutely nothing happened that I hadn t long since chuckled over in making the acquaintance of Jane Austen Thackeray George Eliot and Anthony Trollope not to mention Ouida (it was Cyril of course who from time to time struck the Ouida note) and the more laborious performances of Mrs Humphrey Ward They all of them did at every tick of the clock precisely what they ought to have done They were a page the least

bit crumpled torn from *Half Hours with the Best Authors* and cast dear Heaven! upon a hillside in darkest Mexico

Of course we had tea in the garden There wasn t any garden but we nevertheless had tea in it The house would have been cooler less glaring and free from the venomous little rodadoras that stung the backs of my hands full of microscopic polka dots but we all strolled out to a spot some fifty yards away where a bench half a dozen shaky homemade chairs and a rustic table were most imperfectly shaded by three tattered banana trees

"We love to drink tea in the dingle dangle Mrs Trawnbeigh explained How the tea tray itself got to the dingle dangle I have only a general suspicion for when we arrived it was already there equipped with caddy cozy a plate of buttered toast, a pot of strawberry jam and all the rest of it But try as I might I simply could not rid myself of the feeling that at least two footmen had arranged it all and then discreetly retired a feeling that also sought to account for the tray s subsequent removal which took place while Trawnbeigh Cyril Edwina and I walked over to inspect the asoleadero and washing tanks I wanted to look back but something (the fear perhaps of being turned into a pillar of salt) restrained me

With most English-speaking persons in that part of the world conversation has to do with coffee coffee and—coffee The Trawnbeighs however scarcely touched on the insistent topic While we sat on the low wall of the dilapidated little asoleadero we discussed pheasant shooting and the "best places for haberdashery and Gladstone bags" Cyril as if it were but a matter of inclination sa d he thought he might go over for the shooting that year a cousin had asked him "

make a seventh I never found out what this meant and didn t have the nerve to ask

Bertie shoots the twelfth doesn t he? Edwina here inquired

To which her brother replied as if she had shown a distressing ignorance of some fundamental date in history like 1066 or 1215 Bertie *always* shoots the twelfth

The best place for haberdashery in Mr Trawnbeigh s opinion was the Stores But Cyril preferred a small shop in Bond Street maintaining firmly but with good humor that it was not merely as the pater insisted because the fellow charged more but because one didn t run the risk of seeing some beastly bounder in a cravat uncommonly like one s own Trawnbeigh as a sedate parent bordering on middle age felt obliged to stand up for the more economical Stores but it was evident that he really admired Cyril s exclusive principles and approved of them Edwina cut short the argument with an abrupt question

I say she inquired anxiously has the dressing bell gone yet? The dressing bell hadn t gone but it soon went For Mr Trawnbeigh after looking at his watch bustled off to the house and rang it himself Then we withdrew to our respective apartments to dress for dinner

I ve put you in the north wing old man there s always a breeze in the wing my host declared as he ushered me into a bamboo shed they used apparently for storing corn and iron implements of an agricultural nature But there was also in the room a recently made up cot with real sheets a tin bath tub hot and cold water in two earthenware jars and an empty packing case upholstered in oilcloth When Trawnbeigh spoke of this last as a wash hand stand I knew I had indeed

strayed from life into the realms of mid Victorian romance

The breeze Trawnbeigh had referred to developed in the violent Mexican way while I was enjoying the bath tub into an unmistakable norther Water fell on the roof like so much lead and then sprang off (some of it did) in thick round streams from the tin spouts the wind screamed in and out of the tiles overhead and through the north wing s blurred windows the writhing banana trees of the dingle dangle looked like strange things one sees in an aquarium As soon as I could get into my clothes again—a bath was as far as I was able to live up to the Trawnbeigh ideal—I went into the sala where the dinner table was already set with a really hea t rending attempt at splendor I have said that nothing happened with which I h d not a sort of literary acquaintance but I was wrong While I was standing there wondering how the T awnbeighs had been able all those years to keep it up a window in the next room blew open with a bang I ran in to shut it but befo e I reached it I stopped short and as hastily and quietly as I could tiptoed back to the wing For the next room was the kitchen and at one end of it Trawnbeigh in a shabby but perfectly fitting dress-coat his trouser rolled up halfway to his knees was patiently holding an umbrella over his wife s sacred d nner gown while sh —bebangled becameoed beplumed and str pped to the buff—masterfully cooked our dinner on the brasero

To me it was all extremely wonderful and the wonder of it d d not lessen during the five years in which on my way to an l from Rebozo I stopped over at the Trawnbeighs several times a year For although I knew that they were often financially all but down and out the endless red tape of their daily life never struck me as be ng m rely a path tic bluff Their rising be

and dressing bells their apparent dependence on all sorts of pleasant accessories that simply did not exist their occupations (I mean those on which I did not have to turn a tactful back such as botanizing crewel work painting horrible water colors and composing long lists of British sounding things to be sent out from the Stores) the informality with which we waited on ourselves at luncheon and the stately punctilious manner in which we did precisely the same thing at dinner the preordained hour at which Mrs Trawnbeigh and the girls each took a candle and said good night leaving Trawnbeigh Cyril and me to smoke a pipe and do a whisky peg (Trawnbeigh had spent some years in India) the whole inflexibly insular scheme of their existence was more infinitely more than a bluff It was a placid tenacious clinging to the straw of their ideal in a great deep sea of poverty discomfort and isolation And it had its reward

For after fourteen years of Mexican life Cyril was almost exactly what he would have been had he never seen the place and Cyril was the Trawnbeighs one asset of immense value He was most agreeable to look at he was both related to and connected with many of the most historical sounding ladies and gentlemen in England and he had just the limited selfish amiable outlook on the world in general that was sure (granting the other things) to impress Miss Irene Slapp of Pittsburgh as the height of both breeding and distinction

Irene Slapp had beauty and distinction of her own Somehow although they all needed the money I dont believe Cyril would have married her if she hadnt Anyhow one evening in the City of Mexico he took her in to dinner at the British Legation where he had been asked to dine as a matter of course and before the second entrée Miss Slapp was slightly in love with him and

very deeply in love with the scheme of life the standard the ideal or whatever you choose to call it he had in herited and had been brought up under staggering dif ficulties to represent

The young beggar has made a pot of money in the States" Trawnbeigh gravely informed me after Cyril had spent seven weeks in Pittsburgh—whither he had been persuaded to journey on the Slapps private train

And you know I ve decided to s ll the old place he casually remarked a month or so later "Yes yes he went on the young people are beginning to leave us (I hadn t noticed any signs of impending flight on the part of Edwina Violet and Maud) Mrs Trawnbe gh and I want to end our days at home Slapp believes there s gold on the place—or would it be petroleum? He s welcome to it After all I ve never been fearfully ke n on business

And I rode away pondering as I always did on the great lesson of the Trawnbeighs

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

STATE OF CONNECTICUT

By His Excellency WILBUR L CROSS Governor a

PROCLAMATION

TIME out of mind at this turn of the seasons when the hardy oak leaves rustle in the wind and the frost gives a tang to the air and the dusk falls early and the friendly evenings lengthen under the heel of Orion it has seemed good to our people to join together in praising the Creator and Preserver who has brought us by a way that we did not know to the end of another year In observance of this custom I appoint Thursday the twenty sixth of November as a day of

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING

for the blessings that have been our common lot and have placed our beloved State with the favored regions of earth—for all the creature comforts the yield of the soil that has fed us and the richer yield from labor of every kind that has sustained our lives—and for all those things as dear as breath to the body that quicken man s faith in his manhood that nourish and strengthen his spirit to do the great work still before him for the brotherly word and act for honor held above price for steadfast courage and zeal in the long long search after truth for liberty and for justice freely granted by each to his fellow and so as freely enjoyed and for the crowning glory and mercy of peace upon our land—that we may humbly take heart of these blessings as we gather once

again with solemn and festive rites to keep our Harvest Home

Given under my hand and seal of the State at the Capitol in Hartford this twelfth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty six and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixty first

(Seal)

(signed) Wilbur L Cross

By His Excellency s Command

(signed) C John Satti
Secretary

MARY WHITE

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Here is the story of a short life which was lived to the hilt in Emporia Kansas That life came to an end on May 14 1921 and this is the obituary notice which Mary White s father wrote for the May 17 issue of the Emporia Gazette *of which he was and is the editor The brother Bill whose Harvard classmates sent those roses to deck her coffin is the now celebrated W L White who wrote* They Were Expendable *and is represented further along in this volume by another piece of hot off the griddle war-time journalism called* The Norse Travel Again

THE Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White s death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life Horses have fallen on her and with her— I m always trying to hold em in my lap she used to say But she was proud of few things and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair Her death resulted not from a fall but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness She came home from a day s work at school topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual and felt that a ride would refresh her She climbed into her khakis chattering to her mother about the work she was doing and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country

air and the radiant green fields of the spring As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers by She knew everyone in town For a decade the little figure with the long pig tail and the red hair ribbon has been famil ar on the streets of Emporia and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her She passed the Kerrs—walking the horse—in front of the Normal Library and waved at them passed another friend a few hundred feet further on and waved at her The horse was walking and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat and the horse swung into a lope She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them still moving gayly north on M rchant Street A *Ga ette* carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him but with her bridle hand the ho se veered quickly plunged into the parking where the low hanging limb faced her and while she still looked back waving the blow came But she did not fall from the horse she slipped off dazed a bit stag gered and fell in a faint She never qu te recovered consciousness

But she did not fall from the horse neither was she riding fast A year or so ago she used to go like the wind But that habit was broken and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh hard exercise and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet That need has been in her heart for yea s It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong muscular body what had been a f ail and sickly frame during the first years of her life But the rid ng gave her more than a body It released a gay and hardy soul She was the happiest,

thing in the world And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon She came to know all sorts and conditions of men Charley O Brien the traffic cop was one of her best friends W L Holtz the Latin teacher was another Tom O Connor farmer politician and Rev J H J Rice preacher and police judge and Frank Beach music master were her special friends and all the girls black and white above the track and below the track in Pepville and Stringtown were among her acquaintances And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures She loved to rollick persiflage was her natural expression at home Her humor was a continual bubble of joy She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor She was mischievous without malice as full of faults as an old shoe No angel was Mary White but an easy girl to live with for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors she loved books On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad one by Galsworthy *Creative Chemistry* by E E Slosson and a Kipling book She read Mark Twain Dickens and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings Well and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922 was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y W C A

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books funny pictures She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually naturally for she was after all a child with no strong purposes—and this year she

tasted the first fruits of success by having her pic tures accepted by the High School Annual But the thrill of delight she got when Mr Ecord of the Normal Annual asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart Her drawings were accepted and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see No suc cessful artist ever drank a deeper draft of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows In her glory she almost forgot her horse—but never her car

For she used the car as a jitney bus It was her social life She never h d a party in all h r nearly seventeen years— wouldn t have one but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn t begin to fill the car with pick ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—w h te and black old and young rich and poor men and women She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long legged High School boys and an occasional girl and parade the town She never had a date nor went to a dance except once with her b other Bill and the boy proposition didn t interest her—yet But young people—great spring breaking varnish-cracking fender ben ling door sagging carloads of kids —gave her great pleasure Her zests were keen But the most fun she ever had in her life was act ng as chairman of the committee that got up the big tu key dinner for the poor folks at the county home scores of p es gallons of slaw jam cakes pre serves oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home And being of a practical turn of mind she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually

got it all Not that she was a cynic she just disliked to tempt folks While there she found a blind colored uncle very old who could do nothing but make rag rugs and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School She found one girl reading in the toilet because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who she thought could remedy the evil The poor she had always with her and was glad of it She hungered and thirsted for righteousness and was the most impious creature in the world She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents not particularly for her souls good She never had a thrill of piety in her life and would have hooted at "testimony But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of lifes abundance and she wanted to help She never wanted help for herself Clothes meant little to her It was a fight to get a new rig on her but eventually a harder fight to get it off She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring and never asked for anything but a wrist watch She refused to have her hair up though she was nearly seventeen Mother she protested you don t know how much I get by with in my braided pigtails that I could not with my hair up Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up to be a child The tomboy in her which was big seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts She was a Peter Pan who refused to grow up

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it no s nging no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill s Harvard classmen—Heavens how proud that would have made her!—and the red roses from the *Ga ette* force—in vases at her head and feet A short prayer Paul s beautiful essay on Love from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians some remarks about her democratic spirit by her f iend John H J Rice pastor and police judge which she would have deprecated if she could a prayer sent down for her by her friend Carl Nau and opening the service the slow poignant movement from Beethoven s *Moonlight Sonata* wh ch she loved and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaiko vski s *Pathetic Symphony* which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph then the Lord s Prayer by her friends in the H gh School

That was all

For her pall bearers only her friends were chosen her Latin teacher W L Holtz her High School prin cipal Rice Brown h r doctor Frank Foncannon her friend W W Finney her pal at the *Ga ette* office Walter Hughes and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend Charley O Brien the traffic cop had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to b d her good by

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous energetic little body sank to its l st sleep But the soul of her the glowing gorgeous fervent soul of her surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

A WEDDING NOTICE FROM THE *FOUNTAIN INN TRIBUNE*

BY *ROBERT QUILLEN*

In writing this uncommonly candid social note the editor of a small town South Carolina newspaper employed fictitious names in order to guard against libel suits and simple assault and was thereby enabled to realize the ambition of every day-dreaming reporter—to write just once an honest account of a local wedding

MR ROBERT CHETWAY and Miss Alice Broadkin were married at noon Monday at the home of the bride's parents Mr and Mrs P D Broadkin Rev M L Gassoway officiating

The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs

The bride is a skinny fast little idiot who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was twelve years old She paints like a Sioux Indian sucks cigarettes in secret and drinks mean corn liquor when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night She doesn't know how to cook sew or keep house

The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior newly painted thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme for the groom was newly plastered also and the bride newly painted

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk His pants were held up by

pale green suspenders His number eight patent leather *shoes* matched his state in tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle grease polish of his hair In addition to his jag he carried a pocket knife a bunch of keys a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility

The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end and the boney upper end sticking out at the other

The young people will make their home with the brides *parents*—which *means* they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing

The happy pair anticipates a blessed event in about five months

Postscript This may be the last issue of THE TRIBUNE but my life amb tion has been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth Now that it is done death can have no sting

A LETTER FROM NICOLA SACCO TO HIS SON

This letter was written by Nicola Sacco an untutored workman in a shoe fa tory who along with a fish-peddler named Bartolomeo Vanzetti was put to death nine days later by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts They had been con cted of a murder committed by someone in the cours of a payroll robbery Clamorous doubts as to their guilt and misgivings as to the fairness of their trial delayed but did not prevent their exe ution In the interven years these doubts and misgivings have not lessen d

August 18 1927 Charlestown State Prison

My Dear Son and Companion

Since the day I saw you last I had always the idea to write you this letter but the length of my hunger strike and the thought I might not be able to explain myself made me put it off all this time

The other day I ended my hunger strike and just as soon as I did that I thought of you to write to you but I find that I did not have enough strength and I cannot finish it at one time However I want to get it down in any way before they take us again to the death house because it is my conviction that just as soon as the court refuses a new trial to us they will take us there And between Friday and Monday if nothing happens they will electrocute us right after midnight on August 22nd Therefore here I am right with you with love and with open heart as ever I was yesterday

I never thought that our inseparable life could be separated but the thought of seven dolorous years makes it seem it did come but then it has not changed

really the unrest and the heart beat of affection That has remained as it was More I say that our ineffable affection reciprocal is today more than any other time of course That is not only a great deal but it is grand because you can see the real brotherly love not only in joy but also and more in the struggle of suffering Remember this Dante We have demonstrated this and modesty apart we are proud of it

Much we have suffered during this long Calvary We protest today as we protested yesterday We protest always for our freedom

If I stopped hunger strike the other day it was because there was no more sign of life in me Because I protested with my hunger strike yesterday as today I protest for life and not for death

I sacrificed because I wanted to come back to the embrace of your dear little sister Ines and your mother and all the beloved friends and comrades of life and not death So Son today life begins to revive slow and calm but yet without horizon and always with sadness and visions of death

Well my dear boy after your mother had talked to me so much and I had dreamed of you day and night how joyful it was to see you at last To have talked with you like we used to in the days—in those days Much I told you on that visit and more I wanted to say but I saw that you will remain the same affectionate boy faithful to your mother who loves you so much and I did not want to hurt your sensibilities any longer because I am sure that you will continue to be the same boy and remember what I have told you I knew that and what here I am going to tell you will touch your sensibilities but don t cry Dante because many tears have been wasted as your mother s have been wasted for seven years and never did any good So Son in

stead of crying be strong so as to be able to comfort your mother and when you want to distract your mother from the discouraging soulness I will tell you what I used to do To take her for a long walk in the quiet country gathering wild flowers here and there resting under the shade of trees between the harmony of the vivid stream and the gentle tranquility of the mothernature and I am sure that she will enjoy this very much as you surely would be happy for it But remember always Dante in the play of happiness don t you use all for yourself only but down yourself just one step at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help help the prosecuted and the victim because that are your better friends they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy of freedom for all and the poor workers In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved

I am sure that from what your mother told me about what you said during these last terrible days when I was lying in the iniquitous death house—that description gave me happiness because it showed you will be the beloved boy I had always dreamed

Therefore whatever should happen tomorrow nobody knows but if they should kill us you must not forget to look at your friends and comrades with the smiling gaze of gratitude as you look at your beloved ones because they love you as they love every one of the fallen persecuted comrades I tell you your father that is all the life to you your father that loved you and saw them and knows their noble faith (that is mine) their supreme sacrifice that they are still doing for our freedom for I have fought with them and they are the ones that still hold the last of our hope that today they can still save us from electrocution it is the

struggle and fight between the rich and the poor for safety and freedom Son which you will understand in the future of your years to come of this unrest and struggle of life's death.

Much I thought of you when I was lying in the death house—the singing the kind tender voices of the children from the playground where there was all the life and the joy of liberty—just one step from the wall which contains the buried agony of three buried souls It would remind me so often of you and your sister Ines and I wish I could see you every moment But I feel better that you did not come to the death house so that you could not see the horrible picture of three lying in agony waiting to be electrocuted because I do not know what effect it would have on your young age But then in another way if you were not so sensitive it would be very useful to you tomorrow when you could use this horrible memory to hold up to the world the shame of the country in this cruel persecution and unjust death Yes Dante they can crucify our bodies today as they are doing but they cannot destroy our ideas that will remain for the youth of the future to come

Dante when I said three human lives buried I meant to say that with us there is another young man by the name of Celestino Maderios that is to be electrocuted at the same time with us He has been twice before in that horrible death house that should be destroyed with the hammers of real progress—that horrible house that will shame forever the future of the citizens of Massa chusetts They should destroy that house and put up a factory or school to teach many of the hundreds of the poor orphan boys of the world

Dante I say once more to love and be nearest to your mother and the beloved ones in these sad days and

I am sure that with your brave heart and kind goodness they will feel less discomfort And you will also not forget to love me a little for I do—O Sonny! thinking so much and so often of you

Best fraternal greetings to all the beloved ones love and kisses to your little Ines and mother Most hearty affectionate embrace

Your Father And Companion

I S Bartolo send you the most affectionate greetings I hope that your mother will help you to understand this letter because I could have written much better and more simple if I was feeling good But I am so weak

MON PAYS

BY EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

This is part of the foreword which Miss Millay wrote for Flowers of Evil which she and George Dillon had translated from the French of Baudelaire. Three of Miss Millay's own poems will be found elsewhere in this book.

THE French have no word which means 'home.' They are so well aware of the lack of this word in their language that they are gradually taking over the English word. It is to be found in their standard dictionary, the Larousse, and is given as follows: *home, mot anglais signifiant maison, employé pour designer le chez soi, la famille, la vie intime.* It is even found in the abridged form of this dictionary. And more and more one sees the word—always looking rather forlorn and reproachful and extremely funny, like a dog in ruffles—above the doorways of hotels and boarding houses in France: *Le Home, Le Home Sans Souci, Le Home Marechal Foch.*

French people a few generations from now will very likely use the word 'home' as naturally as they use any other word in their vocabulary, unaware that there was ever a time when their language was without it. But today they are still conscious when they use it that it is a foreign word. And the French translator detailed by his employer to translate "Home Sweet Home" into French will be pardoned if he does a little gesticulating.

There are, on the other hand, words in French which the English language cannot approximate. How, for instance, am I to translate the Frenchman's expression

mon pays ? I cannot translate it as my country when I say my country I mean my country tis of thee I mean the United States of America But the Frenchman when he says *mon pays*" is not thinking of France France is *la patrie* " He is thinking of a part of Normandie a part of Provence bounded by no lines visible on any map bounded only by the horizon of his early associations made significant for him by the simple and marvellous events of his childhood and adolescence it is the part of the world he comes from To *La France* he gives his loyalty his patriotism if necessary his life But what he really loves is "*son pays*"

How can I render this into English? I cannot say my state my county I was born in the state of Maine but the state of Maine is very big I have not picked mayflowers on every hillside of its many rocky hillsides I have not steamed clams in seaweed on every spruce wooded island off its coast no it is not quite that But sometimes when motoring up along the shore of Maine after we have passed Wiscasset when we are coming to Waldoboro and Thomaston when I know that only a few miles further on are Rockland Rockport Union Camden I say to my companion—in French because there is no way of saying it in English— *C'est mon pays*"

COON HUNT

BY E B WHITE

THIS week in our county the two leading topics are deerslaying and civilian defense Our best defenders are off in the woods sharpening their aim and laying up protein reserves The rest of us attend the meetings and listen to the speakers in our minds we rebuild with the volunteer bricklayers the still unruined cities On the way home we pass the cars of the hunters and note that they are wearing antlers If Hitler had ever spent a fall in a New England village watching the bucks go by on the running boards he never would have dared reoccupy the Rhineland

Everyone is excited about the local defense program and there is a pleasing confusion in all quarters—the sort of confusion which makes a democracy so lovable and so frightening The absence of the tangible foe the unlikelihood of his soon appearing in military guise these give the whole thing a certain incredibility without lessening its intensity In a day or two a registrar *will be around* to find out whether I want to join a demolition squad or learn tap dancing to amuse the draftees In scope the co-ordinating program is quite amazing—a curious blend of rather elusive vitamins for school-children and protect on against even more elusive poison gas for adults At the moment its advantage to the cause I suspect, is glandular it will release in many people including myself a pent up desire to serve their country in this fight Its disadvantage is that sheer activity often creates the illusion of accomplishment

people's gaze will be diverted from the theater of war to the theater of defense and a sense of invincibility not in accord with the facts will be developed In a military way America is about as invincible as anyone could wish but in other ways I believe she is in immediate peril

A few days before the defense meeting where the civilians gathered to raise their barricades against the invader the enemy slipped into town and out again and I think there were hardly a dozen people who caught a glimpse of his coat tails The populace was watching for planes in the sky—but when the enemy came he came in the curious shape of certain old boxes and hencoops and logs and odd and ends of rubbish that the town boys piled up on Halloween against the door of the Jewish merchant the unpopular storekeeper who had been too grasping It was a passing visit The next day the hencoops were rolled away The dummy which dangled in a noose from the elm tree with the legend This is what happens to you if you trade at ——'s was cut down Bystanders laughed to see such fun a few of the elders complimented the boys on the job and the town settled into its stride People got ready to attend the defense meeting where they could volunteer to serve democracy by organizing a motor corps and preparing surgical dressings The enemy had disappeared virtually unnoticed and all that remained were the fame of his European successes and the shadow of distant wings Only a few people had felt his hot breath in the branches of the elm

There would never be a moment in war or in peace when I wouldn't trade all the patriots in the county for one tolerant man Or when I wouldn't swap the vitamins in a child's lunchbox for a jelly glass of magnanimity

There were two dogs with us the night we went coon hunting One was an old hound veteran of a thousand campaigns who knew what we were up to and who wasted no time in idle diversions The other was a puppy brought along to observe and learn to him the star sprinkled sky and the deep dark woods and the myriad scents and the lateness of the hour and the frosty ground were intoxicating The excitement of our departure was too much for his bowels Tied in the truck he was purg d all the way over to Winkumpaw Brook and was hollow as a rotten log before the night was well under way This may have had something to do with what happened

It was great hunting that night perfect for man and beast a fateful night for coon The stars leaned close and some lost their hold and fell I was amazed at how quickly and ea ly the men moved through the woods in strange country guided by hunches and a bit of lan tern gleam The woods hit back at you if you let your guard down

We were an odd lot A couple of the men were in coveralls—those bunny suits garage mechan cs wear One old fellow had been all stove to pieces in a car ac cident another wa down with a hard cold and a rack ing cough another had broken two ribs the day before and had been strapped up that afternoon by a doctor He had killed the pain with a few shots of whiskey and the spirits had evidently reminded him of coon hunting This fellow had a terrible thirst for water all during the n ght and he had a way of straying off from the main party and hugg ng the water courses where he could kneel and drink when the need was great We could sometimes follow the progre s of his thirst in the wink ing of his buglight in some faraway valley After a bit

he would rejoin us I'm drivin a covered bridge he would say disconsolately

I felt a strong affinity for the puppy because he and I were the new ones to this strange game and somehow it seemed to me we were sharing the same excitement and mystery of a night in the woods I had begun to feel the excitement back in the kitchen of the farmhouse where the hunters had gathered dropping in and standing about against the walls of the room The talk began right away all the cooning lore the tales of being lost from three in the morning until six and the tricks a coon would play on a dog There was a woman in the room wife of the owner of the old dog and she was the only one for whom the night held no special allure She sat knitting a huge mitten Mostly the hunters paid no attention to her Only one remark went her way One of the men observing the mitten asked

"Gettin that man o yours ready for winter?"

She nodded

I should kill him before winter if he was mine—he's no good for anything else the fellow continued pleasantly

The woman raised a grudging smile to this sure fire witticism She plied the needles without interruption This obviously was not the first time she had been left at home while men and dogs went about their business and it wasn't going to be the last time either For her it was just one night in a long succession of nights This was the fall and in the fall the men hunted coon They left after sundown and returned before sunup That was all there was to that

The best coon country is always far away Men are roamers and getting a long way from home is part of the sport. Our motorcade consisted of two vehicles a truck for the dogs and owners and a sedan for the

hangers-on lantern bearers and advisory committee *The old dog* jumped into place the minute he was let out of the barn the puppy was hoisted in and tied The two of them sat on a pile of straw just behind the cab The man with the broken ribs got into the sedan No body seemed to think it was in the least odd that he was going coon hunting to walk twelve or fifteen miles in rough country He said the adhesive tape held every thing O K and anyway he said the only time his chest hurt was when he breathed

We advanced without stealth the truck leading The headlights of our car shone directly in the face of the dogs The old dog leaned back craftily against the side boards to steady himself against the motion He half closed his eyes and was as quiet on the journey as a middle aged drummer on a day train The pup crouched uneasily and was frequently thrown He would rare up and sniff then crouch again then a curve would throw him and he would lose his balance and go down He found a hole in the sideboards and occasionally would press his nose through to sniff the air Then the excite ment would attack his bowels and he would let go all over everything—with some difficulty because of the violent motion of the truck The old dog observed this untidiness with profound contempt

We got away from the highway after a while and followed a rough back road up into some country I had never been into At last we got out and let the old hound go He went to work instantly dropping down hill out of sight We could hear his little bell tinkling as he ranged about in the dim valley between us and a night struck lake When he picked up a scent suddenly his full round tones went through you and the night was a gong that had been struck The old dog knew his business The men waiting around would discuss in,

bark coon Nobody could make it out Obviously there was no coon scent or the old dog would have picked it up instantly and been at his work

"What in *the* devil? asked somebody

The puppy was howling unmercifully as though possessed He charged here and there and came back along his own track passing us at a crazy mad pace and diving into the woods on the other side of the trail The yelps sounded hysterical now Again the puppy charged back This time as he passed we could see that he had a queer look in his eye and that his movements were erratic He would dive one way at a terrible clip then stop and back off as though ducking an enemy half cringing but he kept putting up this terrible holler and commotion Once he came straight at me I stepped aside and he went by screaming

Runnin fit said his owner Thats the trouble I can tell now by the way he acts Hes took with cramps in his bowwils and he dont know anythin to do cept run and holler C'mon Dusty c mon boy!

He kept calling him softly But Dusty was in another world and the shapes were after him It was an eerie business this crazy dog tearing around in the dark woods half coming at you half running from you Even the old dog seemed disturbed and worried as though to say You see—you *will* bring a child along after his bedtime"

The men were patient sympathetic now

"Thats all it is hes took with a fit

Dusty charged into the midst of us scattering us He stopped bristling his eyes too bright a trace of froth at his mouth He seemed half angry half scared and wanting comfort "Nothing much you can do he'll run it off" they said

And Dusty ran it off in the deep dark woods big

with imaginary coons and enormous jealous old hounds alive with the beautiful smell of the wild His evening had been too much for him for the time being he was as crazy as a loon Someone suggested we go home

We started moving up toward the cars which were two or three fields away over where you could see the elms black against the sky The thought of home wasn t popular A counter suggestion was made to prolong the hunting and we separated off into two parties one to return to the cars the other to cut across country with the old dog and intercept the main body where a certain woods road met the high ay I walked several mo e miles and for the first time began to feel cold It was another hour before I saw Dusty again He was all right All he needed was to be held in somebody s arms He was very very sleepy He and I were both sleepy I think we will both remember the first night we ever went coon hunting

A VISIT TO LONDON

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

WE arrived in London in a fog The great sprawling metropolis was completely enveloped in a pea soup mist which we were told had descended a month and a half previously We didn t mind because somehow it seemed right that we should have our first sight of the great sprawling metropolis in a fog Nell s only regret was that on account of the fog we could only get a dim view of the famous old Waterloo Station which we heard had been built on the cricket fields of Eton

Nell wanted to put up at one of the fashionable caravansaries in Tooting Bec but I vetoed that I told her as long as we were in London we ought to try to get the flavour of the great sprawling metropolis (which I shall refer to from now on as London) by stopping at one of those cosy old inns replete with historical interest and devoid of modern plumbing Nell then suggested we go to the Cheshire Cheese but I demurred again I wanted to stop at the famous old inn frequented by Dr Johnson and those other noted Regency bucks but for the life of me I couldn t think of the name of the place so to the Cheshire Cheese we went

It proved utterly charming exactly as we had pictured an old English inn—mullioned windows mullioned waiters ceilings with broad beams barmaids with broader beams et cetera There was a room where Queen Elizabeth hid from Essex and his army and another room where she hid with Essex and his army

and a third room where Essex and his army later hid from her

There was a room where Shakespeare had been arrested for poaching and a room where Charles I hid from the Parliament while the Parliament was hiding from him in the room next door which was the same room where Titus Oates hatched his plot It was called the Plot Hatching Room on account of the fact that Guy Fawkes had also hatched his plot there

Off the kitchen was a room where King Alfred let the cakes burn And the tapster looked exactly like Sam Weller Nell and I were delighted at our good fortune in finding such a really mellow old place

We hired the Plot Hatching Room and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable Both Nell and I had been looking forward with considerable interest to tasting British food and we were not disappointed for we dined excellently a typical English meal of clotted Devonshire cream roast beef port wine and plum pudding Afterward we took a tram (short for terambulator) to His Majesty s Theatre in Ludgate Circus and there saw a play by Noel Coward

Next morning we were awakened bright and ea ly by the cries of the hawksters tipsters drapers mercers et cetera vending their wares in the streets below (London newsboys are not permitted to shout their headlines They come up and whisper the news in your ear This often tickles your ear particularly if the whispered headline contains a lot of sibilants such as Lady Susan Sursingham Shoots Sire Sir Seth Sursingham)

There was a dense fog out It was much denser than the pea soap fog that had greeted our arrival It was more the consistency of creamed cauliflower soup You could scarcely see Windsor Castle

A rosy-cheeked serving wench who reminded N

of Sam Weller came in and laid a fire of sea coals and we breakfasted cosily by it Typical English break fast of clotted Devonshire cream kedgeree roast beef Yorkshire pudding mulled ale crumpets sack and port The girl was curious about America and wanted to know if the Indians still used bows and arrows in attacking Manhattan Then she asked if we would give her an Indian yell so Nell and I obliged with the old Ojibway war cry

Cornell I yell yell yell Cornell!

Team Team Team! ! !

She was quite impressed even a bit terrified

We spent that day sightseeing and went in the evening to Their Majesties Theatre to see a play It was by Noel Coward

What a fog next morning! I thought it was like *potage à la reine* but Nell said it reminded her more of *borsch* And those fascinating London noises coming at you out of the mysterious fog Nell and I are greatly interested in the noises characteristic of the various cities we visit In Paris her favourite sound was the scrunch of the French burying the family sock full of gold in the back yard Mine was the low hum of models posing for artists in the nude Her favourite London noise was the click of pearl buttons dropping from costers weskits but I preferred the throaty drawl of duchesses snubbing persons in trade

Nothing daunted by the fog we sallied forth on our sightseeing first taking the precaution of donning our raincoats or waterproofs as the English call them

The English have the most peculiar words for things Our subway for instance is their tube I believe they have no word for our tube They call baggage luggage a cracker a lift and an elevator a biscuit Their meat is our poison and our drink is theirs They call a spade

a spade In telephoning they say "Are you there? where we say Hello Hello Hello Operator Operator Yes they do answer There s always somebody there Ring them again

The English are a great people for clipping their words for making one syllable do the work of two or three For instance if an American were dining with a British lady of quality and he wanted the Worcestershire sauce he would say Lady Ursula could I trouble you for the Worcestershire sauce? but an Englishman would say Lady Ursula pass the Woosh

On the other hand they sometimes go to the other extreme When they wish to express scepticism or incredulity they say Oh I say now not really you know what? when we achieve the same effect by saying Nuts! A London society woman says too pe fectly divayne where a New York society woman says too poifectly divine And when the British want to express disapproval of conduct they consider unsportsmanlike or unethical they s y Thats not cricket where we say That s probably wrestling

One soon gets used to these little strangenesses By the time we had been in London a week nobody would have dreamed we were Americans had it not been for our tortoise shell glasses Nell s habit of chewing tobacco and saying 'Waal now I reckon and of course the large American flags she and I always carried

The following day was Thursday and there was a really superb fog like lobster bisque with toast Melba, I thought but Nell said she saw it as cream of asparagus She read in 'The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" as the British call the London *Times* that a debate on the Boston Tea Party was the order of the day in the House of Lords so we gulped a typical English breakfast of fish and chips jugged hare and gin and bitters

and hurried over to the Houses of Parliament But the debate was not very exciting and there was such a dense fog in the House of Lords that we couldn t see anything anyhow o we went over to the Commons in the hope of hearing Lady Astor the American born peeress in action

They were debating the oakum situation in Woking (or it may have been the woking situation in Oakum) and the Prime Minister was being interrogated by the Opposition Mr Winston Churchill

Next morning there was a glorious fog just like oyster gumbo I wanted to go over to Rotten Row to see the regatta but Nell had her heart set on going down to Trafalgar Square to see the famous statue of Lord Nelson This is the statue which according to the old story (see any high school textbook in English history) tips its hat every time a virgin passes We no sooner reached the Square than Lord Nelson tipped his hat to Nell Not only tipped his hat to her but told her in a low but quite audible whisper that she reminded him of Sam Weller Nell was furious on both counts and strode off muttering It s a fake It s a fake"

Nell went shopping the next day but flopped badly The shopkeepers wouldn t sell her anything because she had never been formally introduced to them British shopkeepers are very strict about this Nell came home angry and desperate

"I need a new tooth brush she wailed "and I don t know a single druggist in London socially What am I going to do?

"Well for one thing don t say druggist" I warned her In England a druggist is a chemist A public school is a private school The left side of the road is the right side and gasoline is petrol And *My Country tis of Thee* is *God Save the King*

That night we thought we'd go to Soho the Italian or Bohemian quarter of London as we had heard there were some very good Italian restaurants there We found a very good one and dined magnificently for two and thruppence hapenny on clotted Devonshire cream roast beef bubble and squeak, ale and ravioli.

Passing through Upper Tooting on the way home I was interested in seeing the offices of the famous humorous weekly *Punch* or The Thunderer as the English affectionately call it Once a week the staff of *Punch* lunch together and then over the port decide on the cover for the next week

Nell and I liked the London cops or bobbies very much They are a highly efficient body of men who wear chin straps and never allow a murderer to escape Murder is rare in England and an unsolved murder is rarer The low rate of homicide is due to the fact that the British never get well enough acquainted to kill each other Once in a while a foreigner kills an Englishman for being too reticent but if you see an Englishman murdering another Englishman you can be pretty sure the victim is either a blood relative or a friend of long standing

The suicides in London are mainly foreigners driven to despair by attempts to understand the difference between the city with a small c and the City with a capital C It seems that the City is part of the city but the City is not all of the city You can be in the city and not be in the City but you cannot be in the City without being in the city Nell spent two days trying to figure this out and then I had to take her to a nursing home where she spent a week in a dense fog

Our stay in London ended rather unexpectedly After she returned from the nursing home Nell did not seem her usual self Irritable and upset One

when I passed her the clotted Devonshire cream she glared at me and hissed I don t want any clotted Devonshire cream See?

And a moment later she added

Nor any clotted Yorkshire pudding either See?"

I thought this rather odd Nell generally has a good appetite and cleans her plate

I looked out of the window after we finished break fast

My there s a magnificent fog out Nell I said to make conversation Just like mulligatawny soup

"It s not like mulligatawny soup at all she snapped It s like clam chowder"

For some time past she had been growing more and more unreasonable on the subject of the fogs It seemed to me she had an uncanny faculty for picking the wrong soup to fit a fog and while much of the happiness of our life together has been based on mutual respect for each other s opinions I considered this a plain question of fact on which it was my duty to set Nell right The fog was certainly mulligatawny not clam chowder I told her so

The other day I added when it really was clam chowder you said it was like Philadelphia pepper pot

She flew into a rage told me that it was I who had been quoting the wrong soups all along that she was sick of it sick of the fogs and sick of me With that she packed her bag and left for Cannes

I dined alone at a pub that night and later went to a play But somehow I could not enjoy it Something was missing Suddenly I realized what it was The play was not by Noel Coward I went home restless and uneasy

Another day went by and then feeling very blue indeed I was on the point of sending Nell a wire telling

her she could name her own fogs if she would only come back when a message arrived from her It read as follows

Sorry I dusted off in such a huff Lovely cream of tomato soup down here Do come on down before it s all gone Love Nell

I took the next train for Cannes

THE TURTLE

BY OGDEN NASH

The turtle lives twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile

THE NORSE TRAVEL AGAIN

BY W L WHITE

"I THINK we should not tell you our names says the boy The three of them in blue pilots uni forms are sitting on the ground facing me under the wing of a Curtiss P-36 fighter standing on the Toronto airdrome You did not need to look at the word Nor way embroidered on their tunic shoulders to know they were from the north

"It is better not says the second boy Then no one of our families will be shot by the Germans

The three were of high school age all had blue eyes and creamy pink and white skins the hair of each showing under their jaunty air force caps was almost equally blond

It is best that you know only that I am called Erik and that I was a student and that this other is called Rolf who is a fisher living on an island off the mouth of a certain fjord and that the third who is called Johan is working on his fathers farm which is far to the north of Oslo but the name of its parish we should not say

The other two nodded

But before you can really know why we are stealing a boat to come out and make a resistance against the Germans" continued Erik "you must understand how our hearts have changed since the Germans are first coming in That first day I am Oslo attending high school At noon when the Ger mans are marching through the street, it is like I

have been hit on the head and cannot think only stand staring at these ranks of round helmets

We hear only that everyone is a traitor and our forts did not shoot Only later do we learn that the Germans are spreading such lies On the third day I hear our government has escaped to the north where armies are forming I have a friend who owns a car and we decide to go north for the fighting At Hamar they give us uniforms and guns and I am put in a ski patrol Our company is to hold one narrow pass through which the Germans must come while the English are landing at Andalsnes to help us We were told we should sweep the column until all had scattered from the road

Yet on that first day I argued with our officer that from our hiding place we should first fire a machine gun burst over the heads of the Germans because it would not be fair to shoot directly at men who do not even know we are there But he said that wars are won not by the side which is fairest, but by that which is most clever and I could see this was right Yet when the first of the Germans came I could not at once make my finger pull on the trigger which would start the firing In those first days we all felt like this whenever it was necessary to pull a trigger But it did not last long and we pulled gladly many triggers before that day when the British evacuated and we had to surrender For two weeks I was a prisoner but then I was released and went home

But I must sleep with my brother because a German officer is in my room A German major has come a few days after the occupation and when he knocks he asks if it is not my fathers house Then he says in good Norwegian Do you not know me?

Then he tells my mother that more than twenty years before during the other war he has lived with them when he was a little boy sent from Berlin to Norway for its butter and cream when these things could not be had for children in Germany My mother looks and it is indeed the same one whom they have made fat and pink when he was only twelve At last she says 'You can take my house as you have taken my country but we are moving out and closes the door

For a while the Germans try to make much of us and smile but soon this is dropped when they see it is no good and many of the German soldiers those who are young and good looking and think greatly of themselves are angry because none of our girls will speak with them But the only girls who will speak with them are those of the water front Yet soon the Germans are tired of these girls and want very much the girls with bright hair in the good part of town who will not look at them

On our island they admire toward our girls too said Rolf the fisherman but we tell them our meaning toward them—that we do not like them that we do not want them on our island or in our country

There is something I would ask" said Johan the farmer In our parish there are two boys who are of the *Hird*—the young Quislings—what is officially of the *Ungherden* But I have heard that in the cities there are many and they march in uniform Is this true?"

Our city is a great one said Erik "with many scores of thousands of people Yet from all these only twenty three are of the *Hird* in uniforms These twenty three sometimes march in broad day but only when the German soldiers are near to shelter them

The Germans do not like them much They think little of traitors in their own land and not much more of traitors in ours even if these help them

"The *Hird* in my city were boys of the street, or ones who had been in trouble with the police before the invasion and hope now in the *Hird* they can make their names better and to make money from the Germans But now their friends do not see them when they meet and this makes them very angry Yet Quisling says over the Oslo radio they are the best youth of Norway!

"The good Norwegians hate the *Hird* even more than the Germans and try to stop their marchings Whenever those of the new government come down from Oslo to speak to our people the *Hird* is there to surround the new government and the German soldiers come to shelter the *Hird* Many people come into the market square where the new government *man is always speaking from the steps of the town hall* with the *Hird* around him But from the steps of a building opposite a man would come out of the crowd to make another kind of talk and the people would turn toward him and away from the man of the new government from Oslo and afterward sing the Kings Song Then after the meeting we would try to find the *Hird* to make fights with them but the Germans always shelter them When the people whistle at the *Hird* the Germans charge and break them up with kicks and bayonets One night I have seen a friend of mine knocked down by the Germans who then kick him in the mouth knocking out his teeth. When this boys brother goes to pick him up the Germans knock him down and when he calls them Swine! he is taken to prison It was on this night I decided to go to England for more fighting"

I have heard of this even back in my parish" said Johan

The two things which make Norway most angry are this *Hird* and the Gestapo tortures and in addi tion the food which is worse and worse" said Rolf 'We left Norway in August but before that I had not eaten meat since the Easter feast And then it is whale During the first year the Germans come we had much whale meat, for our ships tow in carcasses which formerly they had stripped of oil and left to sink It tastes as beef only coarser and there was some for all at a low price But the Germans also find it is good to eat So they take the whale for themselves so we get only dried fish once a day

They also take our good Australian corn said Johan The old government had stored enough for three years as well as sugar and coffee But the Germans take it Milk they also take to Germany so that now a child in Norway can have but one pint a day

'When the Germans secretly ship our coffee and sugar away we learn from the broadcasts of the Freedom Sender the next day exactly how much they take and where they send it said Rolf

Many nights I cannot get the Freedom Sender on my radio said Johan Do you know what town it is in?"

If I did I should not say even here in America said Erik But I can tell you where it is not One day the Quisling newspaper has an attack on it saying it is all lies made up by the British and broad cast from England only pretending to come from here in Norway So that very night the Freedom Sender comes on the air in its regular channel at twenty nine point eight meters and the announcer tells us just

what the weather is here in Norway as he talks how the clouds are what is the temperature and from where is the wind which no one could know who is not in Norway"

"The Freedom Sender began a month after the invasion and soon all were talking of it It has saved many lives This summer there was a lawyer who went whispering about among the young men asking which of them planned to travel, telling them he could arrange for them to go without cost to England to continue the resistance Many listened believing that the money for the boats and gasoline must come from our government abroad and quickly several hundred have said that they wanted to travel. But one night we get a sending over the air from the Freedom station giving this man's name and his town and telling all good Norwegians to beware Because he arranges for a boat, but when in the night, those who want to travel climb in it he also arranges for a German destroyer to come alongside just as it leaves the fjord and none are ever seen again for he is with the Gestapo One morning this lawyer is found dead in his bed with knives in him and I think this is done by the brothers of some whom he has betrayed to their death

In my parish" said Johan we have heard much of the secret work that is being done in the towns but we really know very little If you are helping in these things you seek to know nothing except your own part. I get an unsigned letter from someone which tells me on the next midnight I will find pamphlets hidden in a special place I do not know who of my friends send this letter sometimes I see it in his eyes when he greets me but I never speak of it or seek to know for sure"

Erik nodded So it is always in these things I

talking and each wants to know no more than what he should do It was last spring I have decided to escape to England for the fighting Erik continued and I can tell you the day and hour It was when I see the front teeth of my friend kicked out by the German soldiers as he lay in the street Then it is in my mind to travel as soon as I can

Following the custom of all who travel I decide I will say nothing to my family Then when they are questioned afterward they can truly say to the Germans that they knew nothing of it and so cannot be trapped into a lie and sent to prison Also if they are knowing that you go for the first two days they are very fearful imagining that even in this hour a German patrol plane with machine guns may be diving on your boat All in the streets may read this fear o grief upon their faces and questions may be asked

I remember a friend of mine who is leaving a note for his mother which she finds an hour after he goes and is telephoning the Norwegian police asking that he be stopped Through the police the Germans are learning of it and a German patrol ship is coming on their boat when it is hardly out of the fjord So all are taken and are still in a German prison This woman was not for the Germans she was only a frightened fool who did not stop to think what will happen if she talks So those who plan to travel keep their mouths tight, and say nothing to their best friends or their girls or their parents that they have decided to go"

"First I am saying to some who I think are helping in these things that I would like to travel They say nothing to this When a week goes by and they do not telephone me to be ready I see I must find the means for myself First I am looking at school for

friends who are to be trusted and who are of my mind to travel After much talking softly there are five of us Our gasoline we get from a man who owns a truck and is hauling for the Germans—paying him one dollar a gallon for forty gallons Then food—we are saving our ration cards until we have seventeen breads with meat and fish balls and other things in tins which could last three weeks if we miss Scotland or the islands and are blown out toward Iceland or beyond—as many are

"*Then we are looking along the water front for a* fisher s boat we may steal Finally we see a good one with both a motor and sail Then each puts what money he has in an envelope and there is enough to pay the fisher for his boat only he will get it in the mail and with no names after we are gone We have asked and find that he is a good Norwegian so we know he will not repo t that his boat is stolen for some time giving us a chance to get far out to sea On a Saturday all is ready and I pack my bag telling my family I go for a holiday in the mountains so we will not be missed until school is beginning again on Monday

We take our boat down the fjord past the fort where are the German soldiers We do not look at them nor they at us since from our oilskins we might be fishers At the mouth of the fjord we turn south around the point and go into a place of which I know where few people come Here we eat and sleep although it is yet day for we wish to start in the night

But just before the sun is setting we are wakened by the noise of another boat which comes around the point so we make believe we are working on the motor for we cannot know if they are Germans or only fishers When they see us they turn toward us T

their motor is stopping and they are drifting along side You have a good boat one of them calls to us

We think it is I answer but I go on working hoping to make as little talk as I can But the fishers do not start their motor

Such a boat might go to England says one of them

It is too small I say It is good only for pleasure trips such as we make today

A larger boat like ours would be better for travel ing said another of the fishers One could get to England more quickly and surely We might trade

If one wanted to go I answer But for pleasure a little boat like this is good enough

Then you should have much pleasure he says For I see you have many cans of gasoline—perhaps enough for three days All of the fishers laugh at this Then they start their motor and go past us com ing very close One stands up and calls Here is some thing to help in your pleasure and throws into our boat what seems to be only a rolled up paper But when we open it there is a costly sea captain s chart of all these northern waters and their islands with shoals and soundings large and plain showing the Shetlands and Orkneys and even the Faeroes and on it marked in pencil is the best passage from where we are to Scotland And now they are waving to us as they go around the point and we wave back for we know they are good Northmen wishing us God speed

An hour after sundown we start heading south and somewhat west following the fisher s chart. But at two in the morning the motor stops and none of us can get it started although we work until the battery in our torch is exhausted Then there is nothing but

to wait until dawn for light We try to sleep but the boat rolls much in the troughs of the waves and we argue how much we are drifting so we can set a course But even with the light we cannot repair the motor although we are still in sight of land which lies blue in the east under the rising sun We work until noon and then decide we can do nothing but raise the sail and go back to land hoping that we will meet not Germans on the shore but fishers who will fix our motor But the wind is against us and it is almost sunset when we are near enough to see a village on a headland at the mouth of a fjord

"But now we all hold council Because if we are stopped by Germans they surely will see the many tins of petrol in our boat by which they will know we are hoping to travel to England and we will be shot So we decide there is nothing to do but empty the gasoline and sink the tins

"We are sad when we throw the tins into the sea until all is gone except the little in the tank For when the motor is fixed and even if then we had money to buy more and could find one who would sell to us this could not be done until tomorrow and it is already Sunday night By tomorrow morning we will be missed from school and if it is guessed we are traveling to England the German patrol plane would have been told to look for us

"Yet the worst of all is that half an hour after we have thrown away the gasoline suddenly we succeed in starting the motor! But now there remains to us so little gas that there can be no thought of England and we can only go on in to land and hope we can get back to school before we are missed

But because trains are so few it is Wednesday before I am back But at school I have not been

missed To my family I am telling that I must wait back in the mountains with a comrade who is taken with a fever on a trail They say nothing nor do they ask what mountains I was in yet I think then that they are believing me

But it is not until August that I again try to travel One day on the telephone comes a voice I do not know asking if I would go to a certain place back in the hills which rise above the fjord Here I find four hiding until they can travel to England and I am bringing them food One of these is Johan and this four will leave in a few days with six others from our town in a large boat But since the four are not of our town and have no papers for the police they must hide Hidden with them among the pines are many tins of gasoline which they are stealing from a German airdrome by night Day by day we are bringing back into this hiding place breads and tinned food which would do us for three weeks It is on one of these days that my uncle calls me for a talking My uncle has a shop for mens clothing and has many who work for him and is sometimes doing business with the Germans My uncle asks me if I have it in my heart to go to England I tell him if such a thing is in my heart it should not be spoken of Then my uncle says if it is in my heart I should put it away because he has learned from the Gestapo that the families of those who travel will be punished That might mean the Germans would take from my uncle his business and blacken our family name

"Then I am angry I say to my uncle that the name of our family can be no blacker than he has already made it among all good Norwegians by having business with the Germans And if it would be in my heart to travel my risk would be much greater than his and

I would do it not for my own gain but for all our people so that they will one day be free So my uncle is much ashamed He is truly not a bad Norwegian, but only rich and therefore fearful of his money So he says if such a thing is deeply in my heart he will even help me if he can

So I think and tell him I know some who are hoping to travel, and that they are greatly needing brandy to warm them against the cold seas The Germans are letting the Norwegians have but one bottle a month, while they themselves have much which they are taking from the French

Now only that day there has been in my uncle s shop a German of the Gestapo who is admiring greatly to have a suit made of good English woolens that are remaining of my uncle since before the invasion So the next day my uncle calls me to his house and is giving me six bottles of old French brandy he has of this one of the Gestapo because he is agreeing to sell him a suit of English wools at a low price and without need of giving up clothing coupons although this is against their German law

On the morning of the day we are to leave I take this brandy where Johan and the other three wait. Just as I leave my mother is coming into my room and seeing my suitcase open on the bed so I am telling her I go for a holiday in the forest with friends She stands there a minute but there is nothing in her face Then she goes quickly out with no word of good by I am thinking that she has not seen I have on my thickest clothes although the month is August. And I am thinking how much better this is that she knows nothing and that no farewells are said But *the first morning we are at sea I open my suitcase* and in it is a paper written by a hand which is shaky

but which I know well and it tells Oh my son I know what it is in your heart to do and what you do is good and you go with my love And this paper I still keep with me although the ink is washed of sea water and it cannot now be read

I start for the water front where the six should be busy making ready the boat But on the way I meet two of these six running and very frightened telling me it is all over because the Germans have found our boat and arrested four of those who are working on it one of them admits that we are trying to travel and perhaps is giving even the names So then we start back to my own house so that I shall not be caught by the Germans with a suitcase But when we are still a thousand meters away I see two German soldiers outside my house so I now know they have my name

So then I tell the two that we will be safe for a time back in the hills where the gasoline is hidden and the other four wait. We are seven we have plenty of foods and gasoline but we must have a boat quickly

"And then I remember Rolf the fisher who lives out on the island where few come When I was a boy and go there for holidays he was my good comrade I have not seen him since the invasion but I am sure he is a true Northman So the six wait and are opening some of the canned foods to eat while I climb down to the water where is a village and find a fisher who will row me to the island

He comes knocking at my house after dark says Rolf "And I know by the voice it is Erik, although I am not seeing him for two years When I find it concerns some who would travel to England and that they have plenty of gas I am glad and say we can have our pick of many boats to steal on this island

and that I will go with them for this has been my meaning for many weeks So now it is only a question of whose boat we take And I think of a very good one the machine of which I know very well because it is belonging to a friend When we of the island are saying among ourselves that we want to travel to England this one with the good boat is listening but is never saying that it is also his meaning because he is timid So I tell Erik it is this boat we will take for a joke on this friend who is ever timid

We go to the boat of my timid friend and with a stone I am breaking the lock and soon we are across the water to the place where the six wait with the gasoline and foods These are quickly in the boat but now we must paint it and this takes an hour—smearing it with gray and green the color of our summer seas the top and even the sail so it is not easily seen by German planes I am also bringing my compass and charts which we will throw in the sea if Germans approach and am telling the others that it will be safest first to go north and then west Because while it is closer to Scotland it is also most dangerous because we fishers looking up from our boats can see the German scouting planes patrolling many times a day But to the north these planes are fewer and then turning west I can bring them either to the Shetlands or the islands of the Faeroes which are small and few and far to the north, in the direction of Iceland These would take the most days but it is the safest of all And because of this the others say I am captain and the boat goes as I say Also I am oldest—twenty years

"Then we start, keeping north along the coast in the darkness I do not tell the others how dangerous are these waters and because they are not fishers they

do not know Some of them even sleep But when dawn light coming from over the land begins to make our waters light one of them sees a black shape roll ing in the waves and asks what it is To show them I turn the boat toward it When we are less than fifty feet away they know it for one of the great German horned mines which are strewn in these waters so that the British may not make a landing Then one of them says perhaps we were near a great many such in the night without seeing them

"That morning I am sleeping a few hours But at noon I waken because the sound of the machine changes and I know it is not going well It is very hot and I guess that something has stopped up the water pipe which cools the machine and I make a test of this and it is true And I tell the others that we should turn toward shore to get help for it for such a pipe cannot be fixed at sea but some fear we may be taken by the Germans

"Then Erik tells them there is little danger The Germans have already taken the first boat and since in August there is no school from which we would be missed no one can yet know we have left and there will be no hunt for us So we turn toward the land In the afternoon we are seeing a town so we turn to ward this and come up to the quay But when those on the dock guess that we travel to England they are fearful to help us saying in whispers that many Ger mans are about this water front Then they walk away and none will talk with us So lying there by the dock we try to fix it ourselves but we can do nothing as we lack the wrenches While we work there are Ger man soldiers who walk along the dock and come close to us but do not notice because since they are newly

come do not see that our faces are strange in this town and think we are only fishers

While we wait there above passes a German flying patrol boat moving up and down the coast as though making a search Then two of us tell Erik what they should have said before—that the search is probably for us For these two say they were but last week released from concentration camp and must report each day to the Gestapo and when they did not report this noon it was guessed they were traveling to England The German flying patrol comes near but our boat seems to them no different from those of other fishers tied near by

"When it is dark the ones who were so timid by day are coming to help us bringing wrenches and working by flashlight under cover of a canvas which we spread so that their light is not seen As soon as we leave I am placing the compass If we are hailed by German patrol boats I can throw this into the water while we are yet far from them Then we will put our nets out and maybe they will not guess we are making a long voyage

The first part of the night all is well There are stars to steer by and there is no other sound in the darkness but the even running of the machine and the steady voice of the water through which we slide But at two o clock I notice that a straight line of thick high clouds is rising up from the southern horizon covering the stars I know there is much wind in such a cloud Calling Erik to the tiller I make sure that the ropes which lash our water casks are fast and then that the canvas is fast over our food and over the spark plugs of our machine The air is so still Erik will not at first believe but just as the clouds are

hooding the stars at the top of the sky comes the first gust of breeze with the first raindrops and I tell him to shake two of the sleepers that they may test the pump for I think we will be needing it soon In half an hour that great wind is driving the drops almost level over the sea and they come into our boat mixed with salt spray torn from the wave tops I can hardly see the prow of our boat and the great seas almost lift us up to touch the clouds which are driving low over us as we can see by the lightning By dawn light we find half the breads soaked with water but none can eat, for all those of the land have emptied their bellies hours ago from the great swinging of the boat and now lean over the sides to retch but nothing comes

You too have emptied yours says Erik

But not from the swinging of the boat, insists Rolf it was another thing The gasoline reservoir above the motor holds but a few liters—enough for five hours Then it must be refilled through a small hole from one of our gasoline cans There is no fun nel so I am finding a short length of hose and am making a siphon of this—sucking through it with my mouth of the gasoline in the can then pinching the hose and lowering the tip into the reservoir But it is gasoline stolen from the German airdrome not honest gasoline but that which they make in their factories and with so foul a stink of those who made it that after I have sucked I must empty my guts over the boat s side like the rest

All day it blows and most of the day it rains from those low clouds which drift over and I cannot steer straight west for the Shetlands for this would put us into the troughs of the waves where the great ones spilling into the boat would fill us faster than we

could pump or perhaps capsize us and I know none could cling long in such a sea with the water so cold

So I steer southwesterly knowing this great wind with its current is pushing us always into the north none can guess how fast or far and yet I am hoping we will not miss the Shetlands whose headlands we should raise by tomorrow afternoon Those of the land do not think on this but only of the pumps and how often they must retch over the side but nothing comes

"Yet I cheer them by saying that all danger from Germans will be past for no German plane is flying in such weather nor could a patrol boat see us from far in such thick air This is true and yet the greater danger is that we shall miss the Shetlands and passing them perhaps miss as well the Faeroes moving between them out into the Atlantic where our gas is giving out and then since because of the war there is no shipping in these northern waters we must drift until we die having no oars which took our ancestors without fear all over these waters to Iceland and Greenland and even to Vinland as we know from our old poems

But if those of the land know enough to fear this they do not speak of it They are stout of heart and work long at the pumps Just before darkness we eat, of that part of the breads which are not wetted and of goat s cheese and of fish balls which we get by opening tins and with the work we are so hungry that it stays on our stomachs

The dawn comes with much wind and very cold but with a clear sky I am glad for this afternoon I am hoping we are near the Shetlands which is a great headland rising from the sea and on so clear a day hardly to be missed So toward noon as each great green sea lifts us into the sky sparkling in the

sun and with much froth blowing from its tops I am standing up in the boat to look along the horizon for the Shetlands

But we see nothing After lunch is eaten those of the land spy black shapes down into the water which are following our boat and when I explain it is only sharks they are still afraid I see it is a kind of shark which loves the coldest waters and is seen by fishers off Northern Norway and Greenland but seldom comes south So I fear the storm has pushed us farther into the north than I had guessed—north of the Shetlands and maybe even north of the Faeroes—yet there is nothing to do but go on and hope that we will not miss them So all afternoon we look each time the seas lift us and little else happens except we are stopped for an hour by some trouble with the boat and then—

He means that of the rudder! said Johan "And that must be told because it was the best thing of all

So they of the land think because they have never before seen it said Rolf laughing a little scornfully "all things are new to them and they know not which to fear It was only that in the afternoon one of the great seas is ripping loose our rudder and of course this must be mended So I am taking off my clothes and going over the side"

"When first he goes in his body against the bright green and blue of those seas is white as a linen sheet says Erik

"When I am under the boat I am seeing what is wrong and am pulling with all my strength on the rudder shaft and on the socket into which it is fitting which is bent by the smashing of those seas But the strength of any man in water is not what it is on land and his arms feel feeble Also the great cold of

this water is sucking the heat from my body as a thirsty man sucks beer on a hot summers day So each time I can pull only a little feeble as a baby and then come up for air holding onto the boats side before I go down again

"And taking care every minute that the great seas do not smash the boat against his head while he is under water cracking it like an egg said Erik

So imagine they of the land said Rolf But finally I see my strength under water is so little that I must have a tool so I get back into the boat to search for what there may be

And as we pull him in said Erik "his body which was white is pink like a boiled lobster and we are putting his clothes against the motor so that the heat is drying them

In the boat I search until I find a steel bar for prying and with this I jump into the sea again But still it is not easy for the metal slips and even with the bar there is no strength left in my hands which are weaker in that cold than a babys But at last, after coming up many times for air with one great pull on the bar I am hearing the shaft click into its socket but I am so weak that the prying bar is slipping from my fingers and going down through the waters And because I know if the seas again smash the rudder we are helpless without this bar I am trying to swim down after clutching at it as it turns over and over glinting in the long sun rays which flicker down into that green water But further and further it goes beyond my fingers Then everything is turning black and I know I must get up to air quickly

"We are grabbing him by his long yellow hair" laughs Erik and then under the arms and in the

ward and at five they spy a shape in that direction which they think is land but which I say can only be a low cloud as land must be to the west or north west But they will not believe and continue to look at this thing and at last borrow my telescope Then there is a great shout of laughter and they say Rolf you are a great sailor and you know every wave and island and cloud in the sea but now we can show even you a marvel—a cloud which has two radio masts on its top

So I take the glass and it is true—that shape to the southwest is really the Faeroes and I wonder greatly how mighty was the storm and the current which carried us so far into the north And also I wonder at how closely we escaped this last danger for if those of the land had not spied this shape through an opening in the mist I would be taking them past it and ever farther west and north searching for the Faeroes until all our gasoline is gone

Then I turn our boats head toward the islands and we all laugh and break the head from another bottle and pass it around They swear I am a mightier captain than they dreamed one who would take them not merely to England but beyond to Greenland or Vinland like those of a thousand years ago when there were many sea kings in the fjords of Norway who led their people all over the world in wooden boats not much greater than ours

As we near land we see a boat ahead and are hoisting our Norwegian flag It is a fisher from the islands and they call to us in their speech which is the old speech of the Northmen only ours in Nor way is so much changed now that it is hard for us t understand them They say that many boats from

Norway have come before us in these months and that we should not enter the harbor alone for fear of many mines which the British have planted to protect it but should wait at a bell buoy which we will find a mile from the shore where a patrol boat will be coming out to show us a safe channel through the mine fields

This boat we follow in but at the dock we must again wait until the British port officer is coming to talk with us Yet many people are gathered along the quay calling out to make us welcome and throwing us cigarettes or chocolates

Some call to us in Norwegian and they say they are two who have come all the way in a canoe arriving only last week after eight days alone on the water until they were a little crazy and on coming ashore could not stop talking even at night when there was none to listen but now they are well again When the British officer is bringing us ashore we see others who have traveled from Norway

But now our own Norwegian consul is coming" says Erik who tells us that the British will intern us for a few days Then they are bringing us to a most pleasant jail which is the biggest hotel in the town and for dinner they are giving us roasted beef which we have not tasted for many months and also milk in a great pitcher and a plate high with yellow butter and a great bowl of sugar and many other things we had almost forgotten

After this a British intelligence officer is asking us many questions far into the night, and then they are opening all the cans of fish balls and food we have brought from Norway They say that they must be cause among the many who are traveling out of tl

occupied countries to make a resistance have been a few Gestapo talking the native language sent by the Germans to spy

They tell us that only the week before one of these is hiding a small radio sealed in a tin can which is labeled fish balls So all must be opened They search our clothes and even our shoes and at last saying they are very sorry they even squeeze the shaving cream from my tube and cut into bits the soap which Rolf has brought thinking maybe there might be writings hidden in it

But when it is over and they see we are true North men we bring out the four bottles of good French brandy which remain and offer of it to the British intelligence officer who laughs greatly when he hears we have tricked it from the Gestapo So we all drink to our king and to his

Then he tells what great numbers of men are coming out from Norway in boats and canoes And he tells us the plane we have seen at midday was out to watch for such as we and when it flew twice over us and each time off into the southwest this was to show us the direction of land

Next day comes a British trawler on its regular weekly trip among these islands to collect the Nor wegians and we go to Scotland and then to London where is our own king and government and more questions are asked We find that through these ques tions our government knows all that happens in Nor way each week what the Germans are doing and which ones are with them

"Then they ask us where we will serve and some choose the army which trains in England for the day when we are landing again in Norway and some the navy which guards our Norwegian ships that are

bringing supplies to the British from all the seven seas But we three choose the Norwegian air force

So this is why we have traveled to make a resistance and there is only one other little thing My mother has a sister who lives at Minneapolis and to this one she writes that to my family has come a great sorrow For in August her son Erik has gone to sea and since then there has been no word of him Yet it is bitter to give up all hope so my mother is writing to ask my aunt if by any chance there is word even in America, of her son Erik

In writing my mother takes a great risk, with all letters passing through the Germans So my aunt at Minneapolis answers as though she had not received it *She writes* that if my mother could only see her own son Harold—my mother knowing well her sister has no son—who is twenty years old last August nineteenth—which is exactly my age—and how brave is this Harold who is now training to be a flier and how proud my mother would be for our family if she could only see this boy and how healthy he looks and much other silliness about how quiet and modest are Harold's manners and yet he is so handsome that in Toronto the girls are even melting on the streets as he passes in his new uniform Yet I do not mind the silliness *for I know it will please my mother"*

This is the story as it was told to me when I journeyed to Little Norway" in the forests north of Toronto There ever increasing numbers of these young Norse who travel again appear at the gateway to offer themselves as combat and bomber pilots for Britain so that Hitler may be defeated and their home land freed of its Nazi fetters Some of them come still wearing the clothes in which they embarked in

boats from their saddened home shores Many come because they are inspired to serve under the Norwegian who commands the camp in Canada Ole Reistad a man who was described to me as a combination Red Grange Babe Ruth and Billy Mitchell of Norway — a famous Olympic games athlete who became his country s best beloved air hero All of them come with a will to win

FIRST FIG

BY EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

My candle burns at both ends
  It will not last the night
But ah my foes and oh my friends—
  It gives a lovely light.

A TALK TO YOUNG MEN

BY ROBERT C BENCHLEY

Graduation Address on the Decline of Sex

TO you young men who only recently were graduated from our various institutions of learning (laughter) I would bring a message a message of warning and yet at the same time a message of good cheer Having been out in the world a whole month it is high time that you learned something about the Facts of Life something about how wonderfully Nature takes care of the thousand and one things which go to make up wh t some people jokingly call our sex" life I hardly know how to begin Perhaps Dear Harry would be as good a way as any

The next time you are at your grocer s buying gin take a look at hi eggs They really are some hen s eggs but they belong to the grocer now as he has bought them and is entitled to sell them So th y really *are* his eggs funny as it may sound to anyone who doesn t know If you will look at these eggs you will see that each one is *almost* round but not *quite* They are more of an egg shape This may strike you as odd at first until you learn that this is Nature s way of distinguishing eggs from large golf balls You see Mother Nature takes no chances She used to but she learned her lesson And that is a lesson that all of you must learn as well It is called Old Moth r Nature s Lesson and begins on page 145

Now these eggs have not always been like thi

That stands to reason They once had something to do with a hen or they wouldn t be called hens eggs If they are called ducks eggs that means that they had something to do with a duck Who can tell me what it means if they are called ostrichs eggs ? That s right

But the egg is not the only thing that had some thing to do with a hen Who knows what else there was? That s right

Now the rooster is an entirely different sort of a bird from the hen It is very proud and has a red crest on the top of his head This red cr st is put there by Nature so that the hen can see the rooster coming in a crowd and can hop into a taxi or make a previous engagement if she wants to A favorite dodge of a lot of hens when they see the red crest of the rooster making in their direction across the barnyard is to work up a sick headache One of the happiest and most contented roosters I ever saw was one who had had his red crest chewed off in a fight with a dog He also wore sneakers

But before we take up this phase of the question (for it is a question) let us go back to the fish king dom Fish are probably the worst example that you can find in the first place because they work under water and in the second because they don t know anything You won t find one fish in a million that has enough sense to come in when it rains They are just stupid that s all and nowhere is their stupidity more evident than in their sex life

Take for example, the carp The carp is one of the least promising of all the fish He has practically no forehead and brings nothing at all to a conversation Now the mother carp is swimming around some fine spring day when suddenly she decides that it would

be nice to have some children So she makes out a deposit slip and deposits a couple million eggs on a rock (all this goes on *under* water mind you of all places) This done she adjusts her hat powders her nose and swims away—a woman with a past

It is not until all this is over and done with that papa enters the picture and then only in an official capacity Papas job is very casual He swims over the couple of million eggs and takes a chance that by sheer force of personality he can induce half a dozen of them to hatch out The remainder either go to waste or are blacked up to represent caviar

So you will see that the sex life of a fish is nothing much to brag about It never would present a problem in a fish community as it does in ours No committees ever have to be formed to regulate it and about the only way in which a fish can go wrong is through drink or stealing This makes a fish s life highly unattractive you will agree for after a time one would get very tired of drinking and stealing

We have now covered the various agencies of Nature for populating the earth with the lesser forms of life We have purposely omitted any reference to the reproduction of those unicellular organisms which reproduce by dividing themselves up into two four eight etc parts without any outside assistance at all This method is too silly even to discuss

All of which brings us to the point of wondering if it *all* isn t a gigantic hoax If the specialists fall down on trap shooting they are going to begin to doubt the whole structure which they have erected and before long there is going to be a reaction which will take the form of an absolute negation of sex An Austrian scientist has already come out with the announcement that there is no such thing as a hundred

per cent male or a hundred per cent female If this is true it is really a big step forward It is going to throw a lot of people out of work but think of the money that will be saved!

And so young men my message to you is this Think the thing over very carefully and examine the evidence with fair minded detachment And if you decide that within the next ten years sex is going out of style make your plans accordingly Why not be pioneers in the new movement?

P S HE GOT THE JOB

Excerpt from a letter written to the editor of this book by a shattered buck privat n the Air Corps st t oned at Miami

I DON T krow whether you are familiar with the board system whereby enlisted men who wish to attend a school for Officer Candidates are examined cross questioned and interviewed as to their poss ble qualifications to be officers If they pass the board they are eligible for one of the numerous schools for officers in the various branches of the service—Artillery Engi neers Anti aircraft Ordnance etc At any rate to tell this story the above information is necessary Here in the Air Corps the board has the reputation of being very tough but it actually isn t tough enough to justify the sto ies that spread around about it It consists gen er lly of a Major a Captain and a Lieutenant and although a very large number of men *are* r jected a large number also pass

The procedure is that a man after he has been in the army for three months appl es for OCS papers He fills these out—a process which takes weeks and in volves knowing where your father was born where your wife s father was born (and trying to get the little woman to write a letter stating any facts about her old man was a career in itself) and the goddamndest information in general that I ve ever attempted to as semble At any rate after that is done you hand in your papers and expect to be called before the board in about a week if all goes well During the intervening time you get a n ce short haircut have one uniform

clean and pressed and ready in the closet get polish for your belt buckle and read any math books or magazines or newspapers available as a large part of the examination is supposed to consist of questions on math and current events Then you talk to everybody you know meet or can pick up who has ever been before the board

The conversation generally runs something like this

Q "What happens first?

A Oh all the candidates for that day are put in a room and you sit there until your name is called

Q Then what do you do?"

A You go into the room march in front of the board and say Private Allen reporting to Major Jones as ordered sir

Q And then what?

A Then they generally ask you to sit down

Q Do you sit at ease or attention?

A You sit at attention—and for Christ s sake don t cross your legs Why one guy in our squadron just started to cross his legs and they kicked him out then and there

Q "What sort of questions do they ask you?

A "Anything in the world All kinds of current events All kinds of math questions—why they asked one guy to tell them what 73 % of 876 535 was *in his head* Why do you want to be an officer (and you d better have a good answer ready for that one) How far is it to Wake Island? Where is Murmansk? Is Eisenhower a Lt or a Major General? Name all the Aleutian Islands

Q Gee that sounds pretty tough

A "Tough! It s damned near impossible I tell you

that board doesn t want anybody to be officer except themselves

So anyway I put in my papers for OCS and the next morning while I was drilling busily they called out my name and I went over to the Sergeant who said "Allen you re to report to the OCS board at 12 15

It was then eleven and the drill field is two miles from the OCS board and both the drill field and the OCS board are three miles from my hotel And I was in a filthy uniform and I needed a haircut so badly that I looked like a shepherd and I hadn t read *Time* that week and my good shoes were at the shoemaker s Besides I was scared to death

Well I was nearest to a ba bershop so I bought a copy of *Time* and a newspaper and raced in There an elderly of the 1864 draft swathed me in a filthy cloth while I roared at him that I was in a hurry because I was going up before the OCS board at 12 15 He set to work while I tried to read *Time* without my glasses and twenty minutes later when I again urged him to be quick he said Now don t you worry I m going to give you a nice olive-oil shampoo after I get done with this" So then I thought I d better quit so I jumped out of the chair with one side of my hair off (the effect was rather like Albert Carroll playing Brenda Frazier on one side and Arthur Guy Empey on the other) and dashed for a bus which was just passing outside I made it and then discovered that I didn t have any money So I got off still reading *Time* and saw a res taurant where I occasionally bought a hot-dog I went in gave them my watch to hold and took twenty cents Then on the next bus and so home All the whil say ing to myself Morocco—Algiers—Tunisia M A T Re

member it that way Eisenhower is a Lieutenant General The Solomons are north east of Australia Private Allen reporting to Major Smith as ordered sir Well he could through Turkey or down through Italy or possibly by way of Gibraltar Murmansk is a port—

And then I was at the hotel And I opened the closet and my uniforms were still at the laundry which I should have remembered all the time So over to the laundry where I changed into my clean uniform then to the shoemakers where I put on my good shoes and had them shined by a colored boy (and if hes the same one who writes Irving Berlins music I dont know how Irving *ever* has a hit) And then on a bus again and so to the OCS board at 12 14 Oh I forgot While at the hotel I took a sodium amytal because by this time I was trembling so I couldnt comb my hair

And then I waited from 12 14 until four oclock and nothing happened at all except that all the other candidates went in one after one looking incredibly competent and intelligent And they all came out haggard white faced creatures incapable of speech except to murmur Jesus! That Lieutenant Or Christ! That Captain is a son of a bitch

Meanwhile the sodium amytal was taking its effect (I had thought of course to wait at the most a half hour go in calm and collected then be out in time for lunch with lots of coffee and instead of being calm and collected I was acting like something in *The Moonstone*) Finally to fight it off I stood up and walked the floor This had unfortunately the effect of creating in me an irresistible desire to pee So instead of pacing I began hopping And finally when the last man but me went in and I knew I was next I could stand it no longer I had to go to a mens room quick So I asked where one was and they said there wasnt any on that

floor Oh yes There was one but it was reserved solely for officers But I took a chance—I had to—and went in

Then with trembling fingers I proceeded to— Well the trembling fingers did it All down the front of my trousers I looked as if I'd been holding Baby So then I thought well all right, what the hell do you want to be an officer for anyway Besides you're going to be court martialed for using this lavatory anyway if any one catches you and just then the door opened and a Captain came in He looked sharply at me and I cringed And then he said Aren't you Campbell Allen? And I said yes and as I said it I recognized him We'd gone to VMI together And he said Campbell how the hell are you? And I said Fine for Christ's sake lend me your pants

And then while the Captain waited in his shorts in the can I raced down the hall and the other guy had just come out and they were calling my name And I slowed down to a walk entered saluted and said Major Allen reporting to Private Smith as ordered sir

THE NEW COLOSSUS

BY *EMMA LAZARUS*

Give me your tired your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to be free
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these the homeless tempest tossed to me
I lift the lamp beside the golden door

Inscription
on the Statue of Liberty
in New York Harbor

HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY AN
AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD

Inscription
on the Tomb
of the Unknown Soldier

INDEX OF AUTHORS
INDEX OF TITLES
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF TITLES

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

D Applet C turv C p y Th T wnbe ghs f om V, M x by Ch l M mb Fl dra pyright 9 8 by D Apple t n d Comp ny 193 by Charl M omb Fl d S g E il from W s th N ght by Al ce D Mill copyr ght 9 8 b Th C t rv C mp v
Ben l ley R b t A T lk t Y g Men
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B ndt & B dt Agent My Sw et Old Etcet f o C I lect d P m p bl h d by H co rt B & C mpa y c py ght 9 3 9 5 93 935 938 by E E C mmi g R pe C ll s Th Im t t C l d T oop A t f om P d H Compl te St rv p bl h d by D bl day D & Comp y c p ght 9 4 by B th T k gton L m t' f m S d Ap il p bl hed by H p & B th s opy ght 9 ly I d a St V cent M lla F t F g f m A Few I g fr m Th tl p bl h d by H rp & B th s py ht 9 8 19 9 9 2 by Ed St V c t M ll Aft rn Hill f m R na p bl h d by Ha pe & B the copy ght 19 7 by Ed St V nt Millay M n P f m th p f c t Flow rs of E l p blish d by H rp & B oth copy ight 936 by Ge g D ll d Ed St V cent Millay Na cy Hanks by Ros ry Benét f A B k f Am by R sem ry d St phe V c t Benét, py ght 933 by R m ry Benét Th D il I D I W b t f om Th te O l k copy ght 936 by Stephen V ce t Benét Th N T l A by W L. Wh t opyright 194 by The C ts P bl h g Comp y
Dodd M d & Comp y T Whippl by W lte D Ed m d copy ght 94 Scum th Earth f om New nd S l t d P m by R b t H n S h ll copy ght 94
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Th E t t f J l Ch dl H s The Wo d f l T B by d How M R bb t w Too Sha p f M Fo f m U cl R m by Joel Cha dl r H rris

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